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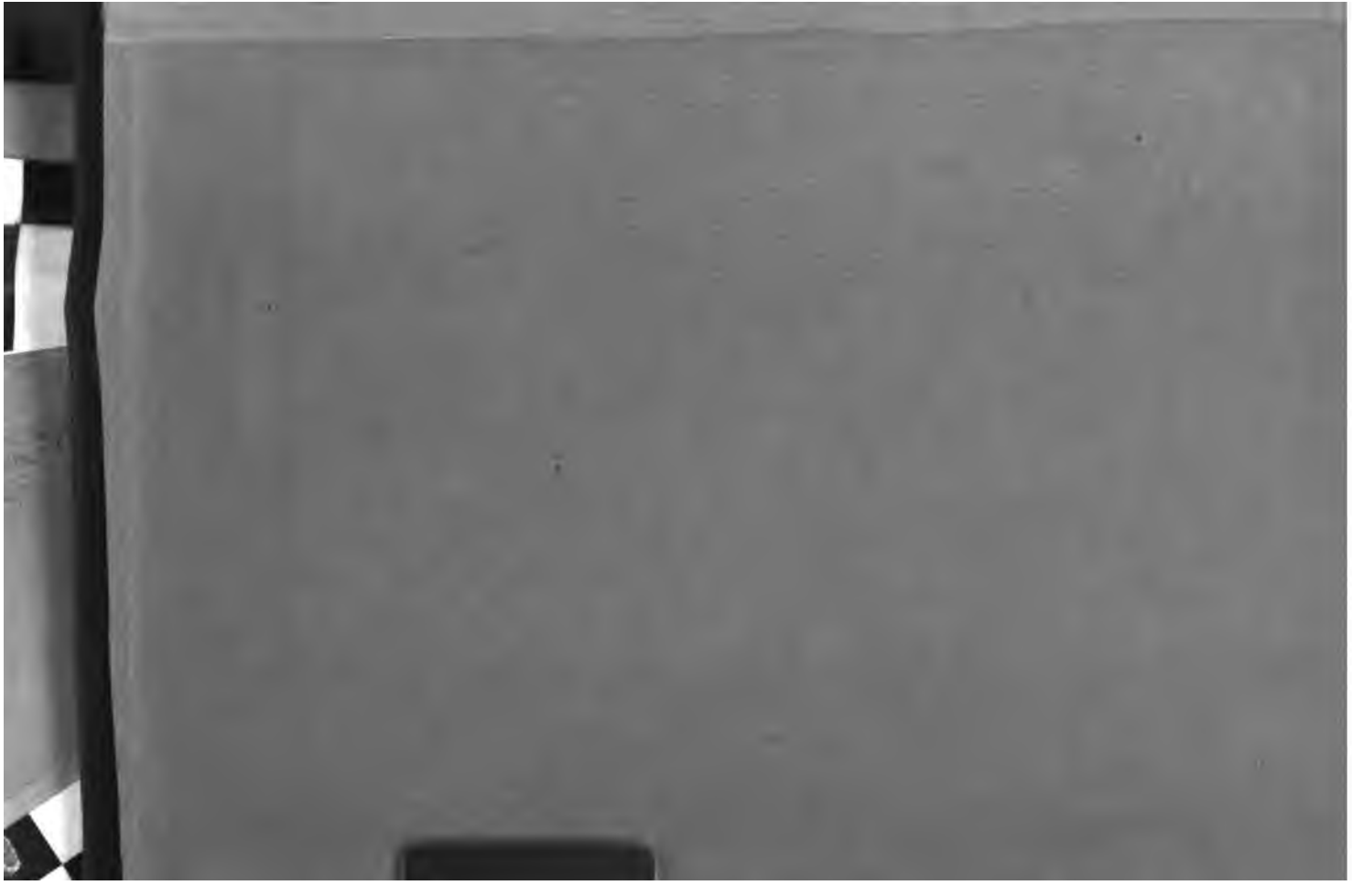
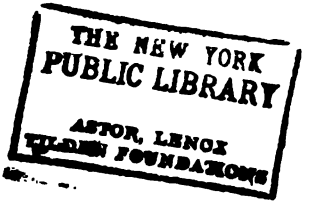


LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

WASHINGTON IRVING.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THE

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

WASHINGTON IRVING.

BY HIS NEPHEW

PIERRE M. IRVING.

VOLUME II.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER I.

LETTER TO WILLIAM IRVING—A STEAMBOAT ENTERPRISE—EMBARKS THE VALUE OF HIS LITERARY PROPERTY IN IT—HOW WILLIAM AND JOHN REGARDED THE PROJECT—LODGINGS IN PARIS—GROWING POPULARITY OF THE SKETCH-BOOK IN ENGLAND—ITS PARENTAGE ASCRIBED TO SCOTT—CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT—CHRISTMAS INVITATION—MURRAY AUTHORIZES DRAFT OF ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS FOR SKETCH-BOOK, IN ADDITION TO THE TERMS AGREED UPON, AND PUBLISHES KNICKERBOCKER—LETTER TO LESLIE—HIS DESIGNS FOR KNICKERBOCKER—HIS MAY-DAY—HIS LIKENESS OF GEOFFREY—PETER POWELL'S BURLESQUE ACCOUNT OF ITS COSTUME—THE AUTHOR'S SENSITIVE COMMENT, AND LESLIE'S REPLY—SUBJECTS CHOSEN BY LESLIE FOR KNICKERBOCKER—THE AUTHOR'S OPINION OF THEM—INCREASING REPUTATION IN ENGLAND.

THE two brothers left London for Paris on the 17th of August, taking Havre in their way. Here a prospect seemed to open of starting Peter in a safe enterprise, as Washington thought, and the following letter to William, the last I have found addressed to that brother, will show with what ready zeal he embarked in it. I do not hesitate to give this letter, be-

cause it serves to illustrate one of the most beautiful traits in his character—his fidelity to the fraternal relation. "Brotherhood," is his language to me, in a letter many years later, "is a holy alliance made by God and imprinted in our hearts, and we should adhere to it with religious faith. The more kindly and scrupulously we observe its dictates, the happier for us." His whole life was an exemplification of this sentiment.

I ought to have mentioned before, that Peter and he had occupied the same lodgings in London for about a year, during which this brother gave anonymously to the world a Venetian tale, taken from the French, entitled Giovanni Sbogarro, which he had written at Birmingham. It was published in London and in New York, but belonging as it did to a school of fiction that was passing away under the brilliant advent of Scott, its pecuniary success was not very encouraging.

[*To William Irving.*

PARIS, Sept. 22, 1820.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I have just drawn two sets of Exchange on you, one at 60 and another at 90 days for $1,000 each. I presume Peter has written at large about the project to promote which these bills are drawn. I will, however, give a few particulars. On our way from England here we stopped at Havre, where we unexpectedly found Mr. Edward Church, who had just put a steamboat on the Seine, to run between Havre and Rouen. It had made but one trip; but the prospects were so favorable

that Mr. Beasley, our consul, who is well acquainted with the river and its localities, had entered warmly into the enterprise. We took passage in the steamboat for Rouen, and were struck with the populousness of the banks of the river, the quantity of traffic carried on upon its waters, and the magnificence of the scenery. It appeared to be one of the most advantageous places possible for steam navigation, both as to procuring freight and passengers; and we both at the same time conceived the idea that a share in a new enterprise of the kind would be a most promising mode of turning a small amount of money and some activity of talent and exertion to large account. It was not like a mere random experiment, for Mr. Church, the conductor of the enterprise, had already proved his capacity by his very successful attempts on the Garonne. The circumstance, too, of the parties owning the boat being such intimate friends was greatly in favor of a participation in the concern. After our arrival in Paris, we talked the matter over with one another and with Mr. Church, and Peter wrote to Beasley. He has since been at Rouen and is at present at Havre, where, after making minute examinations, all which tend to confirm us more and more in our anticipations, he has made arrangements for taking a share in the general concern (which will include two other boats about to be built) to the amount of ten thousand dollars. I have agreed to embark one-half of the amount, ($5,000,) which I trust is not more than the value of my literary property in the hands of E. I., and shall draw on you to that amount. As it will no doubt be in advance of the proceeds of my writings, you must avail yourself of them as they come in; or, if it is necessary to your convenience, you may dispose of the copyrights.

I am induced to take this share in the enterprise, not from

a desire of making money for myself, but to enable Peter to lay hold of what I consider the *best*, and indeed what is the *only* chance for getting into fortune's way again, that has presented since our disasters. It will once more give him employment, and employment to which he is particularly adapted by the turn of his mind and his personal activity; and I think it will pay him largely for his trouble. I shall not enter any further into the scheme myself, nor shall I take any active part. The part we take will be entirely in his name. I shall turn my attention entirely to literary pursuits; and I think I shall pursue them with more cheerfulness when I see prosperity once more dawning around us.

Peter, who had the most confident anticipations that the enterprise would prove very lucrative when it got into further operation, had just written to his brothers William and John, requesting that one or both of them, as they found convenient, should advance him a loan of five thousand dollars, (his proportion,) and either send it to him, or authorize him to draw for the amount. It is in reference to this application that Washington adds: "I trust you will all exert yourselves to launch him fairly in this enterprise, which he seems to look upon as his last cast."

The brothers, however, to whom he made the appeal, were very far from seeing the matter in the same favorable light. They were annoyed at their remaining abroad, and recoiled from the idea of launching them in an adventure which threatened to prolong their stay, without, as they thought, any prospect of advan-

tage. With every disposition to promote their true interests, therefore, but wishing to frustrate the whole scheme as far as they were concerned, they refused to furnish the capital required. John wrote for further explanations to Peter and then declined, while William, whose health was failing and whose life was soon to close, felt himself compelled to withhold acceptance from the drafts of Washington, that he might not facilitate the fulfilment of a purpose which, in his foreboding spirit, might only lead anew to sordid entanglement, without benefiting either him or Peter. "They have acted as they thought for my interest," wrote Washington to Brevoort, "and were no doubt persuaded that by refusing my drafts they would prevent my engaging in what they thought an injudicious enterprise." It would have been well if it could have had that effect, but unfortunately for Washington he had already committed himself. The drafts were for an interest actually purchased in the concern, and he was obliged, in consequence, to have recourse to other means for raising the necessary advance.

Alluding to the well-intended refusal of his brothers to honor his drafts, he writes to Brevoort: "I am confident they do it out of a zeal for my interest, but a man may be killed even by kindness."

The result of the enterprise vindicated the brotherly anxiety of William and John in shrinking back from aiding him to embark in it. Meanwhile, as Peter had failed of a share of the property, an agency was opened

to him in the management of the concern, while Washington, after the money he had embarked in it, considered himself, as he expresses it, as pretty much in the situation in which he was before he published the Sketch Book.

In explanation of the motive by which he was actuated in engaging in the concern, and adverting to a pecuniary sum remitted from America, the proceeds of some literary property, he writes:

If Peter would have accepted the money and lived on it, until something turned up; if he would have shared my morsel with me as I made it, it was at his service. I have repeatedly told him so. I have urged it upon him in a variety of ways. I have endeavored to foist a loan of money on him, but it has been all in vain. He has a tenacious, and, as I think, a false and squeamish delicacy on that head; and will not take a farthing from me. Were I in his situation and he had the fullest purse, I would share it without hesitation. I would think I did not do him justice in declining to share his better luck. I have therefore done the best I could to serve him; and if the steamboat business fails and all that I advance is lost, my only regret will be on his account.

Mr. Irving took lodgings at Paris at No. 4 Rue Mont Thabor, in the vicinity of the Tuilleries; but he had become so unsettled in mind by shifting his quarters to new scenes, and his thoughts had become so occupied by the steamboat scheme then opening, that it was some time before he was able to resume his pen.

I have been about a month in Paris, [he writes to William in the letter of September 22d, already quoted in part,] and begin to feel a little more at home. Mr. Gallatin * has been extremely attentive to me. I have dined with him repeatedly. Either Paris or myself has changed very much since I was here before. It is by no means so gay as formerly; that is to say, the populace have a more grave and triste appearance. You see but little of the sprightliness and gaiety of manner for which the French are proverbial. However, as I have been here but a little time I will not begin to give opinions; and as I wish my letter to go safe, I will not interlard it with any speculations on national character or concerns.

Meanwhile, the Sketch Book was making a fame for him in England. The Edinburgh Review, in an article written by Jeffrey, contained a handsome tribute to his talents, and perhaps not the least flattering circumstance connected with its publication in the eyes of Mr. Irving, was a rumor which ascribed its parentage to Sir Walter Scott.

This fact was brought to his knowledge in a most gratifying manner in a letter from Mr. Richard Rush, our minister at the court of St James, transmitting one from the accomplished Lady Lyttleton, the daughter of Earl Spencer, whose high character and attainments caused her afterwards to be chosen to superintend the early education of the children of Queen Victoria. As it forms a curious and interesting anecdote, I give the

* Albert Gallatin, the American Minister.

correspondence; a portion of it being from copies retained by Mr. Irving.

[*From the Hon. Richard Rush to Wash. Irving.*]

LONDON, Oct. 20, 1820.
11 Blenheim Street.

MY DEAR SIR:

I value the enclosed letter very highly, and would not trust it out of my own hands but to pass it to yours, and almost tremble at risking it to Paris. Pray, therefore, do not fail to return it, and I must say the sooner the better, as I shall wait impatiently for your answer before returning a final one to my fair correspondent.

She is Lady Lyttleton, the daughter of Earl Spencer, and is among the most accomplished and lovely women of England; worthy, as I think, of another monody from Hayley, should fate ever snatch her from her almost equally estimable husband. If you do not write to me soon all that you have to say upon her letter, I shall certainly give her to understand, and perhaps under my official seal, that *you* are the author of Waverley, Rob Roy, and some two or three more of the Shakspearean novels; for as Sir Walter Scott is to have the credit of the Sketch Book, I can see no good reason why a portion of his laurels should not be transferred to you by way of indemnification.

* * * * *

[*From Lady Lyttleton to Mr. Rush.*]

DEAR SIR:

I hope your Excellency will not think that I am presuming too far upon your goodness in taking the liberty of making an inquiry which relates to a subject of some interest, I think to yourself as well as to me. A report has lately prevailed in the literary world, I do not know exactly upon what grounds, that

the *Sketch Book*, which you first procured us the very great pleasure of reading, was written, not as it professes to be, by a countryman of yours, but by Sir Walter Scott, whose very numerous disguises and whose well-known fondness for literary masquerading seem to have gained him the advantage of being suspected as the author of every distinguished work that is published. It appears to me that the merits of the Sketch Book are so very unlike those of Scott, and that the style and nature of the work are so new and peculiar, that it puts me out of all patience to hear the surmise, and I could not rest till I had applied to your Excellency for *some proof* of its falsehood. I am told that nobody has yet *actually seen* a copy of the book printed in America; that Sir Walter Scott, a great friend, as he calls himself, of the pretended author, inadvertently asserted one day that Mr. Washington Irving had resided in *London* all the time he was in England; he *could* not, therefore, it was inferred, have written the admirably just descriptions of English *rural* life; and upon my appearing obstinately incredulous, I was assured that if Sir Walter Scott did not write the whole, he at least revised the language, and had all the merit of the style. Let me entreat your Excellency to send me a *triumphant* proof that all this is groundless, and that the very prettiest and *most amiable* book we have read for a long time has not the defect of being a trick upon readers. * * * *

[*From Washington Irving to Mr. Rush.*]

PARIS, Oct. 28, 1820.
4 Rue Mont Thabor.

MY DEAR SIR:

I feel very much obliged by your letter of the 20th, and am highly flattered by the letter of Lady Lyttleton, which you were so good as to enclose, and which I herewith return. It

is indeed delightful to receive applause from such a quarter. As her ladyship seems desirous of full and explicit information as to the authorship of the Sketch Book, you may assure her that it was entirely written by myself; that the revisions and corrections were my own, and that I have had no literary assistance either in the beginning or the finishing of it. I speak fully to this point, not from any anxiety of authorship, but because the doubts which her ladyship has heard on the subject seem to have arisen from the old notion that it is impossible for an *American to write decent English*. If I have indeed been fortunate enough to do any thing, however trifling, to stagger this prejudice, I am too good a patriot to give up even the little ground I have gained. As to the article on Rural Life in England, which appears to have pleased her ladyship, it may give it some additional interest in her eyes to know that though the result of general impressions received in various excursions about the country, yet it was sketched in the vicinity of Hagley* just after I had been rambling about its grounds, and whilst its beautiful scenery, with that of the neighborhood, were fresh in my recollection.

I cannot help smiling at the idea that any thing I have written should be deemed worthy of being attributed to Sir Walter Scott, and that I should be called upon to vindicate my weak pen from the honor of such a parentage. He could tenant half a hundred scribblers like myself on the mere skirts of his literary reputation. He never saw my writings until in print; but though he has not assisted me with his pen, yet the interest which he took in my success; the praises which he

* The seat of Lord Lyttleton, where the old customs were kept up, as elated by Geoffrey Crayon in his Christmas Eve and Christmas Dinner

bestowed on some of the first American numbers forwarded to him; the encouragement he gave to me to go on and do more, and the countenance he gave to the first volume when republished in England have, perhaps, been more effectually serviceable than if he had revised and corrected my work page by page. He has always been to me a frank, generous, warm-hearted friend, and it is one of my greatest gratifications to be able to call him such. Indeed, it is the delight of his noble and liberal nature to do good and to dispense happiness; those who only know him through his writings know not a tithe of his excellence.*

Present my sincere remembrances to Mrs. Rush, and believe me, dear sir, With very great respect,

Yours faithfully, WASHINGTON IRVING.

The information contained in this letter, or perhaps the letter itself, was communicated by Mr. Rush to Lady Lyttleton, and was succeeded by a message from Lord and Lady Spencer, her parents expressing an earnest desire to become acquainted with the author of the Sketch Book, and inviting him to spend the approaching Christmas at their place. The invitation was conveyed through Mr. Rush, in a note from Mr. Lyttleton. The following is Mr. Irving's reply, which I give from a copy preserved among his papers.

[*To the Hon. Richard Rush.*]

PARIS, Dec. 6, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR:

I feel very much indebted to you for your letter of the 27th, and hardly know how to express myself as to the very

* From a draft of Mr. Irving's reply.

flattering communication from Mr. Lyttleton. It is enough to excite the vanity of a soberer man than myself. Nothing would give me greater gratification than to avail myself of the hospitable invitation of Lord and Lady Spencer, but at present it is out of my power to leave Paris, and would be deranging all my plans to return immediately to England. Will you be kind enough to convey to Mr. Lyttleton my sincere acknowledgments of his politeness, and also of the honor done me by Lord and Lady Spencer; but above all, my heartfelt sense of the interest evinced in my behalf by Lady Lyttleton, which I frankly declare is one of the most gratifying circumstances that have befallen me in the whole course of my literary errantry.

Excuse all this trouble which circumstances oblige me to give your Excellency, and believe me, with my best remembrances to Mrs. Rush, Yours very faithfully,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

At a later period he accepted an invitation to Wimbledon, one of the noble country seats of Earl Spencer, about twelve miles from London, and where he first met the poet Rogers.

Some weeks prior to the date of this letter, (October 26,) Mr. Murray informed the author that his volumes had succeeded so much beyond his mercantile estimate, that he begged he would do him the favor to draw on him at sixty-five days for one hundred guineas, in addition to the terms agreed upon.

He had also been encouraged to publish the History of New York.

I did not know you [he writes] as I ought and might have known you until I read Knickerbocker, of which I am equally

happy and proud to have been, though tardily, the publisher. After all, it is at present, and only at present I trust, your opus magnum; it is the Don Quixote or Hudibras of your country, and connected with your age at the time it was written, displays most certain marks of genius. It is very generally liked here; and if so, how much more it must be felt, and therefore much more enjoyed by your own countrymen. I am quite delighted with the novelty of character and scenery, which you have so admirably dramatized, and so vividly painted. I have printed it in one octavo volume to range with the Sketch Book; but I think this is not the form most appropriate to it, and I now propose to reprint it in four or five small volumes like Lord Byron's works, and denominated foolscap octavo.

In the same letter, Mr. Murray informs him that he had been very much struck with the exquisite humor and correct taste of Leslie's first design, and had engaged him to look over the volume and see if he could make eight or twelve designs equally happy with the first. He also urges him no longer to conceal his name from the world, but to accept openly the wreath the public had in store for him, give his name to the works, and write a simple preface announcing it.

At this time Murray had already reprinted the second volume of the Sketch Book, and was preparing a new and uniform edition of both volumes in a smaller size.

In another part of his letter he says: "By the way, Lord Byron says in his pithy manner, in a letter re-

ceived to-day, of date Oct. 8, "Crayon is [very] good," interlined as I have written it.*

It is very evident, if Mr. Murray had placed too low an estimate upon Mr. Irving at first, he was fully alive to his merits now. "I am convinced," he says, "I did not half know you, and esteeming you highly as I did, certainly my esteem is doubled by my better knowledge of you." It was something of a triumph to receive such a letter from the bookseller who had first declined being his publisher.

On the receipt of this letter he writes to Leslie, who had told him of the progress he was making in his picture of the May-day:

I have just received a very long and friendly letter from Mr. Murray, who in fact has overwhelmed me with eulogiums. It appears that my writings are selling well, and he is multiply-

* In a manuscript account of a visit to Byron at Ravenna in June, 1821, now before me, by a young American, whom Byron describes as "intelligent, very handsome," "a little romantic," the poet, after a high encomium upon the Knickerbocker history, thus breaks off about the Sketch Book: "His Crayon—I know it by heart, at least there is not a passage that I cannot refer to immediately."

In alluding to this American visitor, Mr. Coolidge of Boston, Byron says in a letter to Moore: "I talked with him much of Irving, whose writings are my delight. But I suspect that he did not take quite so much to me, from his having expected to meet a misanthropical gentleman, in wolf-skin breeches, and answering in fierce monosyllables, instead of a man of this world. I can never get people to understand that poetry is the expression of *excited passion*, and that there is no such thing as a life of passion any more than a continuous earthquake, or an eternal fever."

ing editions. I am very glad to find that he has made your acquaintance, and still more that he has taken a great liking to you. He speaks of you in the most gratifying terms. He has it in his power to be of service to you, and I trust he will be. He tells me he has requested you to look over Knickerbocker for subjects for eight or ten sketches, and the Sketch Book for a couple, and he wishes me to assist you with my opinion on the subject. I will look over the books and write to you in a day or two. Murray is going to make me so fine in print that I shall hardly know myself. Could not Allston's design be reduced without losing the characteristic humor of it? I am delighted to think that your labors are to be thus interwoven with mine, so that we shall have a kind of joint interest and pride in every volume.

My dear boy, it is a grievous thing to be separated from you, and I feel it more and more. I wish to heaven this world were not so wide, and that we could manage to keep more together in it; this continual separating from those we like is one of the curses of an unsettled life, and with all my vagrant habits I cannot get accustomed to it.

I am glad to hear that you are getting on with your picture, and that you are more and more pleased with it. Depend upon it, it is one of those pictures that will do you very essential service. It will give you a standing with men whose opinions have great weight in society—men curious in literature and in antiquities. The picture will please them, as showing not merely technical skill and the ordinary eye for the picturesque, but as displaying research, mind, and strong literary feeling. It is a highly classical English subject. I hope you will follow it up by something in the same line; the researches you have made for the picture will make you feel more at home in

another. I feel a continual want to be with you and Newton, to see how you both get on.

* * * Mr. Tappan, who bears this letter, told me that it was the wish of Fairman and yourself that an engraving should be made from the likeness you have of me. It is a matter I do not feel so much objection to as I did formerly, having been so much upon the town lately as to have lost much of my modesty. And as I understand that there has been some spurious print of my phiz in America, I do not care if another is made to push it out of sight. You will only be careful to finish the picture so as not to give it too fixed and precise a fashion of dress. I preferred the costume of Newton's likeness of me, which was trimmed with fur. These modern dresses are apt to give a paltry, commonplace air.

This caution to Leslie about the costume proved the occasion of a piece of waggery on the part of a facetious friend, Peter Powell, one of his little circle of intimates in London, consisting of Leslie, Newton, the "Childe," as he was nicknamed, and Willis, an Irish landscape painter, more frequently spoken of in his letters as Father Luke. In writing to him, Powell informed him that he understood the world was soon to be gratified by an engraving of his physiognomy, to grace the next edition of his works. "Leslie's picture is very much like you," he writes, "but I think plain, unsophisticated people will be monstrously puzzled to know why you should be drawn in the habiliments of a Venetian nobleman of the sixteenth century, though as far as effect goes it is *picturesque* enough."

This supposed change in Leslie's portrait of him called out the following sensitive comment in a letter to the artist, of Dec. 19.

I received a letter from Peter Powell, in which he speaks of my portrait being in the engraver's hands, and that it is painted in the old Venetian costume. I hope you have not misunderstood my meaning when I spoke about the costume in which I should like to be painted. I believe I spoke something about the costume of Newton's portrait. I meant Newton's portrait of *me*, not of *himself*. If you recollect, he painted me as if in some kind of an overcoat, with a fur cape; a dress that had nothing in it remarkable, but which merely avoided any present fashion that might in a few years appear stupid. The Venetian dress which Newton painted himself in would have a fantastic appearance, and savor of affectation. If it is not too late, I should like to have the thing altered. Let the costume be simple and picturesque, but such a one as a gentleman might be supposed to wear occasionally at the present day. I only wanted you to avoid the edges, and corners, and angles with which a modern coat is so oddly and formally clipped out at the present day. "I received yesterday yours of the 19th," writes Leslie in reply, "and hasten to relieve your mind from any apprehensions you may entertain with regard to the costume of your portrait, which is still in my room exactly in the state in which you last saw it. I shall finish it in a day or two strictly according to your wishes. The Venetian dress was only a phantom of Peter Powell's imagination, conjured up to disturb your evening dreams.

The whimsical personage who had thus amused himself at the expense of the author, I have heard Mr.

Irving characterize as a fine, honorable little fellow, with a fund of humor and a special gift for mimicry. One of his performances was a burlesque of the opera of Moses in Egypt; another, an Oratorio in which he began by handing in his imaginary female singers, and Leslie hints at a third, in an allusion to his "gallanting that imaginary flock of geese." It was a great treat to his friends to witness these comic exhibitions, but in all his travesties, said Mr. Irving, in attempting an exemplification of one of them, there was nothing overdone. He made his acquaintance when preparing the first number of the Sketch Book, and introduced him afterwards to Leslie and Newton, with the first of whom he became a great crony.

November 30, 1820, he writes to Leslie:

I hear that you are getting on with the sketches for Knickerbocker, and that you have executed one on the same subject Allston once chose, viz., "Peter Stuyvesant rebuking the cobbler." I wish you would drop me a line and let me know what subjects you execute, and how you and Murray make out together. I hear that you have taken the "Childe" to Murray's; you have only to make him acquainted with Willis and Peter Powell, and he will then be able to make one at your tea-kettle debauches.

"The Childe" had just written to him that Willis had sent them home at four in the morning, "reeling with Bohea."

The letter proceeds:

I have just made a brief but very pleasant excursion into

Lower Normandy in company with Mr. Ritchie. I must refer you to a letter scribbled to Peter Powell for a full and faithful narrative of this tour.

I have not this letter, but some pencil memoranda of the tour show that he started on the 8th November, and that his travels extended to Honfleur, at the mouth of the Seine, the scene of his story of Annette Delarbre in Bracebridge Hall.

In his answer, dated December 3, Leslie says:

The subjects I have chosen are a Dutch fireside, with an old negro telling stories to the children; William the Testy suspending a vagrant by the heels on his patent gallows; Peter Stuyvesant confuting the cobbler; and Anthony Van Corlear taking leave of the young vrows. All of them I have finished except the last, and Mr. Murray appears to be highly pleased with them.

He is delighted with Allston's picture of "Wouter Van Twiller," which will be engraved with the rest. He talks a great deal about you, whenever I see him, in terms of the highest praise and friendship. The "Sketch Book" is entirely out of print.

I like all the subjects that you have chosen for the designs, [writes the author in reply,] except that of William the Testy suspending the vagabond by the breeches. The circumstance is not of sufficient point or character in the history to be illustrated.

Leslie, in explanation, assigns as a reason for the selection, that Murray wished one design at least from the reign of each governor, and he was puzzled in find-

ing one that could be brought within a small compass from that part of the book. "I was somewhat fearful of it myself," he adds, "but Newton thinks you would like it."

Meanwhile the new candidate for fame was steadily gaining in reputation in England. "I think you are a most fortunate fellow of an author," writes Peter Powell, Dec. 3, "in regard to your debut amongst us in this critical age, for I have not heard of your having so much as a *nose* or a member of any kind cut up by the anatomists of literature; on the contrary, there seems to be almost a *conspiracy* to hoist you over the heads of your contemporaries." And Leslie writes, Dec. 24: "Miller says Geoffrey Crayon is the most fashionable fellow of the day. I am very much inclined to think if you were here just now, 'company would be the spoil of you.'" Then, begging to be remembered to his brother Peter, he concludes: "All the lads join in wishing you both a merry Christmas and happy New Year. I intend appropriating a part of to-morrow to reading your Christmas article. I shall stick up your portrait before my face, and bury myself in an enormous elbow-chair I have got, over which 'Murphy often sheds his puppies,' relying on the book I shall hold in my hand to act as a charm against the seductions of the seat. These associations are the best means by which I can console myself for your absence."

CHAPTER II.

MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THOMAS MOORE, THE POET—VISIT TO THE PRISON OF MARIE ANTOINETTE—LETTER TO BREVOORT—REASONS FOR REMAINING ABROAD—MOORE—CANNING—MOORE'S HINT OF THE ORIGIN OF BRACEBRIDGE HALL—ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF IRVING FROM MOORE—JOHN HOWARD PAYNE—TALMA—HIS PERFORMANCE OF HAMLET—LETTER TO LESLIE—KENNEY, AUTHOR OF RAISING THE WIND, ETC.—LUTTRELL—INTRODUCED TO THE HOLLANDS—MURRAY BEGS HIS ACCEPTANCE OF AN ADDITIONAL ONE HUNDRED POUNDS FOR THE SKETCH BOOK—THE AUTHOR'S LETTER THEREUPON—READS MANUSCRIPT TO MOORE—BANCROFT—SETS OFF FOR ENGLAND JULY 11TH, HOPING TO HAVE SOMETHING READY FOR THE PRESS BY AUTUMN.

IT was at the close of this year that Mr. Irving made the acquaintance of one of the most brilliant and delightful of his contemporaries, Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, then an absentee in Paris, on account of some pending liabilities of government against him, arising out of the defalcation of his deputy at Bermuda, which he was hoping to adjust. Moore has this entry on the subject in his diary:

December 21, 1820.—Dined with McKay at the *table d'hôte* at Meurice's for the purpose of being made known to Mr. Washington Irving, the author of the work which has lately had success, the "Sketch Book"; a good-looking and intelligent-mannered man.

McKay, who brought the two authors together, was an Irish gentleman who had come to the French capital from England on a mission to inspect the prisons; and two days after (Dec. 23) he, Lord John Russell, Moore, and Mr. Irving, were visiting in company the room in which the ill-fated Marie Antoinette was confined.

I find loose among his papers this brief record of the visit to a place seldom open to a stranger's inspection.

I have just returned from the prison of Marie Antoinette. Under the palace of Justice is a range of cavernous dungeons, called the Conciergerie, the last prison in which criminals are confined previous to execution. We were admitted through grated doors, and conducted along damp dark passages, lighted in some places by dim windows, in others by lamps. On these passages opened the grates of several dungeons in which victims were thrown during the revolution, to indulge in the horrible anticipation of certain death. My flesh crept on my bones as I passed through these regions of despair, and fancied these dens peopled with their wretched inhabitants. I fancied their worn and wasted faces glaring through the grates, to catch, if possible, some ray of hope or mitigation of horror, but seeing nothing except the sentinel pacing up and down the passage, or perhaps some predecessor in misery, dragged along to execution. In this were confined the victims of Robespierre, and finally Robespierre himself.

From this corridor we were led through a small chapel into what at present forms the sacristy, but which was once the

dungeon of the unhappy Queen of France. It is low and arched; the walls of prodigious thickness, lighted dimly by a small window. The walls have been plastered and altered, and the whole is fitted up with an air of decency; nothing remains of the old dungeon but the pavement. In one part is a monument placed by Louis XVIII., and around the dungeon are paintings illustrating some of the latest prison scenes of her unhappy life. The place is shown where her bed stood, divided simply by a screen from the rest of the dungeon in which a guard of soldiers was constantly stationed; beside this dungeon is the black hole—I can give it no better term—in which the Princess Elizabeth was thrust a few hours prior to her execution.

Never have I felt my heart melting with pity more, than in beholding this last abode of wretchedness. What a place for a queen, and such a queen! one brought up so delicately, fostered, admired, adored.

The next scene in which I trace an association of the two authors, was at Moore's cottage in the Champs Elysées, where Mr. Irving and Lord John Russell took dinner with the poet on the 28th. Moore pronounces "the evening very agreeable," but gives no particulars, except this mention of his new acquaintance. "Mr. Irving complains grievously of the last thing Lord Byron has sent, as unworthy of himself, and likely to injure Murray's property in the former works."

The acquaintance with Moore thus commenced grew speedily into intimacy, as will be seen by the following letter to Brevoort, in answer to one urging his return to New York.

PARIS, March 10, 1821.

DEAR BREVOORT:

* * * * * * *

You urge me to return to New York; and say, many ask whether I mean to renounce my country. For this last question I have no reply to make, and yet I will make a reply. As far as my precarious and imperfect abilities enable me, I am endeavoring to serve my country. Whatever I have written has been written with the feelings and published as the writing of an American. Is that renouncing my country? How else am I to serve my country? by coming home and begging an office of it; which I should not have the kind of talent or the business habits requisite to fill? If I can do any good in this world it is with my pen. I feel that even with that I can do very little, but if I do that little and do it as an American, I think my exertions ought to guarantee me from so unkind a question as that which you say is generally made.

As to coming home, I should at this moment be abandoning my literary plans, such as they are. I should lose my labor in various literary materials which I have in hand, and to work up which I must be among the scenes where they were conceived. I should arrive at home at a time when my slender finances require an immediate exercise of my talents, but should be so agitated and discomposed in my feelings by the meetings with my friends, the revival of many distressing circumstances and trains of thought, and should be so hurried by the mere attentions of society, that months would elapse before I could take pen in hand, and then I would have to strike out some entirely new plan and begin *ab ovo*. As to the idea you hold out of being provided for *sooner or later* in our *fortunate* city, I can only say that I see no way in which I

could be provided for, not being a man of business, a man of science, or, in fact, any thing but a mere belles-lettres writer. And as to the fortunate character of our city; to me and mine it has been a very disastrous one. I have written on this point at some length, as I wish to have done with it. My return home must depend upon circumstances, not upon inclinations. I have, by patient and persevering labor of my most uncertain pen, and by catching the gleams of sunshine in my cloudy mind, managed to open to myself an avenue to some degree of profit and reputation. I value it the more highly because it is entirely independent and self-created; and I must use my best endeavors to turn it to account. In remaining, therefore, abroad, I do it with the idea that I can best exert my talents, for the present, where I am; and that, I trust, will be admitted as a sufficient reply from a man who has but his talents to feed and clothe him.

I have not been able to call on L'Herbette; the fact is, I am harassed by company and engagements which it is impossible to avoid, and which take up more of my time than I like to spare; as well as dissipating my thoughts. I shall be obliged to quit Paris on that very account, though I intend to see L'Herbette before I leave this.

I have become very intimate with Anacreon Moore, who is living here with his family. Scarce a day passes without our seeing each other, and he has made me acquainted with many of his friends here. He is a charming, joyous fellow; full of frank, generous, manly feeling. I am happy to say he expresses himself in the fullest and strongest manner on the subject of his writings in America, which he pronounces the great sin of his early life. He is busy upon the life of Sheridan and upon a poem. His acquaintance is one of the most

gratifying things I have met with for some time; as he takes the warm interest of an old friend in me and my concerns.

Canning is likewise here with his family, and has been very polite in his attentions to me. He has expressed a very flattering opinion of my writings both here and in England, and his opinion is of great weight and value in the critical world. I had a very agreeable dinner at his house a few days since, at which I met Moore, Sir Sidney Smith, and several other interesting characters.

"You keep excellent company in Paris," Brevoort answers. "Anacreon Moore and Mr. Canning; these are names that set one's blood in motion." Brevoort would have been glad if he had enriched his letters with more particulars of the interesting characters he was meeting, but his friend used jestingly to say that he was now living by his pen, and must save up all his anecdotes and good things for his publishers.

Nine days after the date of this letter, March 19, Moore furnishes this interesting glimpse of the author, and of the origin of Bracebridge Hall, the work which Mr. Irving was next to give to the world.

19*th*—Too happy to dine at home to-day. Bessy in low spirits at parting with our dear Anastasia, who goes to-day to Mrs. Forster's. Irving called near dinner-time; asked him to stay and share our roast chicken with us, which he did. He has been hard at work writing lately; in the course of ten days has written about one hundred and thirty pages of the size of those in the "Sketch Book;" this is amazing rapidity. Has followed up an idea which I suggested, and taken the charac-

ters in his "Christmas Essay," Master Simon, &c., &c., for the purpose of making a slight thread of a story on which to string his remarks and sketches of human manner and feelings · left us at nine.

A week later we have from Moore this further glimpse of Irving at a dance at the poet's new apartments, in celebration of the tenth anniversary of his marriage to Bessy, for whom, with all his devotion to the gay world, Mr. Irving used always to bear witness, his affection was deep and unchanging.

26*th*.—Bessy busy in preparations for the dance this evening. * * * Went into town too late to return to dinner, and dined at Very's alone. Found on my return our little rooms laid out with great management and decorated with quantities of flowers, which Mrs. Story had sent. Our company, Mrs. S. and her cousins, Mrs. Forster, her two daughters and Miss Bridgman, the Villamils, Irving, Capt. Johnson, Wilder, &c., and the Douglases. Began with music; Mrs. V., Miss Drew, and Emma Forster sung. Our dance afterwards to the pianoforte very gay, and not the less so for the floor giving way in sundry places; a circle of chalk was drawn round one hole, Dr. Yonge was placed sentry over another, and whenever there was a new crack, the general laugh at the heavy foot that produced it, caused more merriment than the solidest floor in Paris could have given birth to. Sandwiches, negus, and champagne crowned the night, and we did not separate till near four in the morning. Irving's humor began to break out as the floor broke in, and he was much more himself than ever I have seen him.

A few loose leaves of an imperfect journal of the author, found among his papers after his death, give an interesting account of his first meeting with Talma, the great French tragedian, in company with John Howard Payne, the young American Roscius of former days. Payne was a fellow townsman of Mr. Irving, who had appeared with great eclat at the Park Theatre in New York in his sixteenth year, in the character of Young Norval. He had outgrown all tragic symmetry after leaving his country in 1813 to try his success in England, and from being an actor, had assumed at one time the management of Sadler's Wells; had failed in this and got in debt. He afterwards brought out Junius Brutus, a tragedy which he had manufactured out of two or three plays. It had a great run, and Mr. Irving called on him in London to congratulate him on his success; but alas! its success had proved his ruin. It brought his creditors down upon him, and he was thrown into prison. Here he wrote Teresa, or the Orphan of Geneva, which was successful and extricated him. Then he escaped to Paris, where Mr. Irving met him. Payne was a fluent writer, and for a while a successful performer; but he is most favorably known at the present day as the author of Home, Sweet Home, a popular song which he introduced in his opera of Clari, or the Maid of Milan. The profits arising from it, realized by the manager and not by Payne, have been stated to have amounted to two thousand guineas in two years.

Paris, April 25th, 1821.—Breakfasted this morning with John Howard Payne. He has the first floor of a small house, in a garden No. 16 Petit rue de St. Petre, Pont aux choux. The morning was fine and the air soft and spring-like. His casements were thrown open, and the breezes that blew in were extremely grateful. He has a couple of canary birds, with a little perch ornamented with moss. He stands it in the window, and they fly about the garden and return to their perch for food and to rest at night.

Payne is full of dramatic projects, and some that are very feasible.

After breakfast we strolled along the Boulevards, gossipping, staring at groups and sights and signs, and looking over booksellers' stalls. He proposed to me to call on Talma, who had just returned to Paris. He has a suite of apartments in a hotel, No. — rue des Petites Augustines. He has a seat in the country, about — miles from Paris, of which he is extremely fond, and is continually altering and improving, though he can seldom get there above once a week. He is about to build a town residence, and at present lives in lodgings. I got Payne to mount before me, as I did not wish to call on Talma so unceremoniously. Payne found him changing his linen. He requested him immediately to bring me up. On entering he received me in a very friendly, frank way, and turning to Payne, said: "Why he is quite a young man;" it seems he had expected to see an old one; his room was full of furniture, and books, &c., rather confused. I remarked a colored engraving of John Kemble.

Talma is about 5 feet 7 or 7½ inches English, rather inclined to fat, with large face and thick neck. His eyes are blueish, and have a peculiar cast in them at times. He speaks English

well, and is very frank, animated, and natural in conversation; a fine, hearty simplicity of manner. Asked me if this was my first visit to Paris; told him that I had been here once before —about fourteen years since. "Ah! that was in the time of the Emperor," said he. He remarked that Paris was very much changed; thinks the French character greatly changed; more grave. You see the young men from the colleges, said he; how grave they are; they walk together, conversing incessantly on politics and other grave subjects; says, the nation has become as grave as the English.

We spoke of the French play of Hamlet. I asked if other of Shakespeare's plays were adapting for the French stage. He believed not. He thinks there is likely to be a great change in French drama. The public feel greater interest in scenes that come home to common life and people in ordinary situations, than in the distresses of heroic personages of classic literature. Hence they never come to the Théâtre Français except to see a few great actors, but they crowd to the minor theatres to see the representation of ordinary life. He says the revolution has made so many strong and vivid scenes of real life pass before their eyes, that they can no longer be affected by mere declamation and fine language; they require character, incident, passion, life.

Says if there should be another revolution it would be a bloody one. The nation (*i. e.* the younger part, children of the revolution) have such a hatred of the priests and noblesse, that they would fly upon them like sheep. Mentions the manner in which certain parts of plays have been applauded lately at Rouen; one part which said, "Usurpers are not always tyrants." When we were coming away he followed us to the door of his ante-chamber; in passing through the latter I saw

childrens' swords and soldiers caps lying on the table, and said, your children, I see, have swords for playthings. He replied with animation, that all the amusements of the children were military; that they would have nothing to play with but swords, guns, trumpets, drums, &c.

It was after this interview that Mr. Irving saw Talma's performance of Hamlet, and I find among his papers this allusion to the tragedy and the actor.

The successful performance of a translation of Hamlet has been an era in the French drama. It is true the play has been sadly mutilated; it has been stripped of its most natural and characteristic beauties, and an attempt has been made to reduce it to the naked stateliness of one of their own dramas; but it still retains enough of the wild magnificence of Shakespeare's imagination to give it an individual character on the French stage. Though the ghost of Hamlet's father does not actually tread the boards, yet he hovers in idea about his son, and the powerful acting of Talma gives an idea of this portentous visitation far more awful and mysterious than could be presented by any spectral representation. The effect of this play on the French audiences is astonishing. The doors of the theatre are besieged at an early hour on the evening of its representation; the houses are crowded to overflowing; the audience continually passes from intervals of breathless attention to bursts of ungovernable applause. I have seen a lady carried fainting from the boxes, overcome by the acting of Talma in the scene with his mother, where he fancies he sees the spectre of his father.

The following letter to Leslie, dated "Paris, 1820," in the published extracts from his correspondence, by Taylor, belongs unmistakeably to the spring of 1821. Newton had at this time acquired a good deal of distinction from a picture, Le Facheux, which had got one of the best places at the exhibition, between Wilkie and Jackson. It had made quite a sensation in the papers, and had been purchased by Thomas Hope, the author of Anastasius. He could hardly have been more fortunate in the character of the purchaser or the gallery to which it was destined, Hope having the finest collection in London. "I have something of your feeling," he writes to the author of the Sketch Book, Feb. 10, 1821, "on occasion of this distinction, and am terribly nervous lest I should not get as good a subject for my next."

My dear Leslie:

I have been intending this long time past to write to you, and a good intention of long standing is a matter to boast of in this naughty world. How comes on your picture? I presume it is nearly finished. Did you call on Sir Walter Scott while he was in town, and ask him to look at it? If not, you have behaved shabbily. * * * * * * *

I presume the "Childe's" new-fledged reputation will introduce him into a great deal of dilettanti society, and that good company will come nigh to be the ruin of him. I have been sadly bothered with the same evil of late, and have had to fight shy of invitations that would exhaust time and spirits. The most interesting acquaintance I have made in Paris, is Moore

the poet, who is very much to my taste. I see him almost every day, and feel as if I had known him for a life-time. He is a noble-hearted, manly, spirited little fellow, with a mind as generous as his fancy is brilliant. I hope you have better weather in London than we have in Paris. Such a spring! Nothing but rain in torrents; and cold, boisterous winds. They may say what they please of London weather; I never passed a more dirty, rainy season in London than this last winter has been in Paris; and then the streets are so detestable in dirty weather, that there is no walking in them. My only consolation at such times is the vicinity of the garden of the Tuilleries, which is but a short distance from my lodgings; and which I consider as a park attached to my mansion; though I must own I prefer my park of St. James and Kensington Gardens; the latter particularly, as it has glorious lawns of green grass that I can roll on; whereas in the Tuilleries there is no place to rest, except one sit on a cursed cold stone bench, or pay two sous for a vile straw-bottomed chair.

I wish you would take pen in hand at once, and let me know how you are getting on with your picture; what else you are about; when you go to Windsor; how long you stay there; who you are to paint the pictures for; what subject you have in view for your next painting; what Newton is doing; what Luke is doing, and what Peter Powell is doing? Answer these questions, and then you may add what you please.

At the date of the leaf or fragment which follows, and which, like the note of his visit to Talma, I gleaned from some literary rubbish of the author, Moore had changed his quarters for a cottage in the neighborhood of St. Cloud; and Kenney, the delineator of "Jeremy

Diddler," had found a nestling place in the elbow of an old royal castle on the crest of a hill opposite.

May 16th, 1821—I took an early dinner at 4 o'clock, and rode out afterwards to see Moore. Took a place in a cuckoo to St. Cloud. It was a lovely afternoon, and the walk through the park of St. Cloud was delightful; views of the Seine, with boats drifting down it; bridges crossing it. Found Moore at his cottage in the park of Mr. Villamil's seat, La Butte; a very pretty cottage; magnificent scenery all about it. It stands on the side of the hill that rises above Sèvres. To the left is St. Cloud and its grand park. The Seine winds at the foot of the hill, and the great plain of Neuilly lies before you, with the Bois de Boulogne and Paris in the distance; glorious effect of sunset on Moore's balcony; the gilded dome of the Invalids flaming in the sunshine.

Accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Moore, and the Villamils to Mr. Kenney's, author of Raising the Wind, &c. He married the widow of Holcroft who had several children; her stock and his own make eight children. They have apartments in one of the wings, or rather the offices of the old chateau of Bellevue, built by Louis XV., where he and Madame Pompadour lived. The old chateau is a picture of grandeur in decay; the windows broken; the clock shattered; the court-yards grass-grown; apartments in a ruined and dilapidated state. Kenney's establishment squalid; remains of magnificent furniture; old sofa, with griffin head arms; old stools, which had doubtless been for the courtiers in the royal apartments.

Kenney a very worthy and a very pleasant fellow; a thin, pale man, with a gentleness of demeanor and manner, and very nervous. He gave some descriptions of scenes in London with

admirable truth and character. Moore told me that he was once giving Kenney an account of his misfortunes; the heavy blow he sustained in consequence of the default of his agent in Bermuda. Kenney expressed the strongest sympathy. "Gad, Sir, its well you were a Poet; a Philosopher never would have borne it."

June 21, we have this mention in Moore's diary of a dinner at his cottage, in which Lord John Russell, Luttrel, the author of Advice to Julia, then newly arrived, and Irving, were his guests. "In speaking of my abuse of the Americans, Irving said it was unlucky that some of my best verses were upon that subject; "put them in his *strongest* pickle," said Luttrel.

Luttrel was noted for the grace and delicacy of his wit, and I have heard Mr. Irving express admiration of an impromptu specimen which occurred about this time in his presence.

Moore, Luttrel, and himself were walking together, when Moore alluded to the uncertain fate of a female aeronaut who took her flight into the empyrean and continued to ascend in her "airy ship," until she was lost to view, and, added the poet, never heard of more. "Handed out by Enoch and Elijah," was Luttrel's immediate and happy response.

In Moore's diary we have this further glimpse of his friend at Paris.

July 2d, 1821.—Took Irving to present him to the Hollands; my lady very gracious to him.

Mr. Irving was at this time so anxious to get on with his literary pursuits, that he rather avoided the gay world.

I have advances made me by society, [he writes to Brevoort not long before,] that were I a mere seeker of society, would be invaluable; but I dread so much being put out in my pursuits and distracted by the mere hurry of fashionable engagements that I keep aloof and neglect opportunities which I may perhaps at some future day look back to with regret.

About this time he received from his London publisher the following concise authority to draw on him for a hundred pounds, a second gratuitous contribution for the Sketch Book, of which, writes Newton, "Murray says its success, considering all things, is unparalleled."

LONDON, June 29, 1821.

MY DEAR IRVING:

Draw upon me for a hundred pounds, of which I beg thy acceptance, and pray tell me how you are and what you are about; and above all, pardon my short letter. Believe me ever, Thy faithful friend,

JOHN MURRAY.

There is a review of the Sketch Book in the Quarterly, which you will like.

The following is the author's reply.

[*To John Murray.*]

PARIS, July 6, 1821.

MY DEAR SIR:

I write in very great haste to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th ult. I am extremely happy to hear

that the Sketch Book has been favorably noticed in the Quarterly. I have not seen the Review, but I doubt whether any criticism in it can be so emphatic as that in your letter. You were certainly intended for a critic. I never knew any one convey so much meaning in so concise and agreeable a manner. In compliance with your request, I have drawn on you for an hundred pounds in favor of Mr. Samuel Williams of London. The supply came opportunely. I am on the point of leaving Paris for Bruxelles, and where I shall go from thence is at present undetermined; but I shall write to you from the Netherlands, should I make any stop there.

I have been leading a "miscellaneous" kind of life at Paris, if I may use a literary phrase. I have been rather distracted by engagements, in spite of all my efforts to keep out of society. Anacreon Moore is living here, and has made me a gayer fellow than I could have wished; but I found it impossible to resist the charm of his society. Paris is like an English watering-place, with the advantage of the best kind of amusements, and excellent society.

I have scribbled at intervals, and have a mass of writings by me; rather desultory, as must be the case when one is so much interrupted; but I hope, in the fulness of time, to get them into some order.

I write in extreme haste, having to pack up and make other preparations for departure.

With my best regards to Mrs. Murray and the rest of your family, I am, my dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

In this letter the author is "on the point of leaving

Paris for Brussels;" but a sudden change of purpose comes over him, and he determines to start for London at once, to be in time for the approaching coronation of George IV.; hoping also to get something ready for the press by autumn. One of his last acts in Paris is to read to Moore a portion of the manuscript of Buckthorne and his friends, originally designed for Bracebridge Hall, his next work, but forming part of the contents of The Tales of a Traveller which succeeded it. He had already read a portion of it to the poet, "sitting on the grass in the walk up the Rocher."

July 9th.—Moore has the following: Irving came to breakfast for the purpose of taking leave, (being about to set off for England,) and of reading to me some more of his new work; some of it much livelier than the first he read. He has given the description of the booksellers' dinner so exactly like what I told him of one of the Longmans, (the carving partner, the partner to laugh at the popular author's jokes, the twelve edition writers treated with claret, &c.,) that I very much fear my friends in Paternoster Row will know themselves in the picture.

Subsequently, he affords the author an opportunity to improve the picture by personal observation, a part of his record of May 22, 1822, in London being: "Introduced Irving to the Longmans, and dined with him there."

It is no disparagement of the poet, however, to say, as has been said by a critical authority, that the picture "owed every thing to Irving's handling."

It must have been about this time, also, that Mr.

Irving read to our distinguished historian, George Bancroft, then fresh from two years' study at Göttingen, a portion of the work he was preparing for the press. "During a summer in Paris," says that gentleman in his commemorative remarks before the New York Historical Society, "I formed with him that relation of friendly intimacy, which grew in strength to the last. Time has in a measure effaced the relative difference in our years, but then he was almost twice as old as I. * * One evening, after we had been many hours together, he took me to his room, and read to me what he had written at one sitting. * * I remember it to this day: it was his *St. Mark's Eve*, from the words 'I am now alone in my chamber,' to the end."

The last glimpse we have in Moore's Diary, of Irving at Paris, is the following:

July 10th.—Went in to dine at Lord Holland's. Company, Lord John, Fazakerly, Irving, Allen. * * Kenney and Irving set off for England to-morrow.

The poet does not mention what I have heard Mr. Irving speak of as an impressive recollection of the occasion, that Talma came in after dinner, with the news of the death of Napoleon.

The next day he set off for England, accompanied by Kenney, who by the way, was the personage alluded to in his Life of Goldsmith, as the author whom he had seen with his back to a tree and his foot to a stone, trying to bother out a scene in a farce which he could not manage to his satisfaction.

CHAPTER III.

THE CORONATION OF GEORGE IV.—MEETING WITH SCOTT—DETAINED IN LONDON ABOUT A PLAY OF PAYNE—DRAGGING OF THE STEAMBOAT AFFAIRS—LETTER TO PETER THEREUPON—LITERARY CONCERNS—EXCURSION TO BIRMINGHAM WITH LESLIE—THE STOUT GENTLEMAN—ITS MORAL—KEPT AT BIRMINGHAM BY ILLNESS—LETTER TO EBENEZER ABOUT LITERARY MATTERS—LETTER TO LESLIE—THE CHILDREN—GEORGE—NEWTON'S INTRODUCTION TO LA BUTTE BY HIMSELF—LESLIE AND POWELL'S JOINT ACCOUNT OF THEIR HOUSEKEEPING IN BUCKINGHAM PLACE—LETTER TO LESLIE—LETTER TO EBENEZER IRVING, NOV. 1, AFTER TIDINGS OF A SISTER'S BEREAVEMENT—DEATH OF HIS BROTHER WILLIAM—LETTER FROM NEWTON—MOORE.

MR. IRVING arrived in London the day before the coronation, and the next morning got a stand on the outside of Westminster Abbey, with Newton and Leslie, to see the procession pass. The following day he called on Scott, who congratulated him in his hearty manner on his success, and asked him if he had seen the coronation. He told him he had seen the procession on the outside. "Oh you should have been inside." "Why I only came over the day before, and I did not know how to manage it." "Hut man," said Scott, "you should have told them who you were, and you would have got in any where." At parting, Scott expressed his regret that he would not probably see

any thing more of him in London, as he was *engaged up to the hub.*

Mr. Irving had not meditated any stay in London, but was kept there some time in a fruitless attempt to bring upon the stage a petite comedy of John Howard Payne, entitled "The Borrower," which he had sent him from Paris. The circumstances of Payne were such as to call for prompt action in the matter, and as England was not open to him by reason of his debts, he had availed himself of Mr. Irving's kindness, to send him the manuscript. He wrote July 14, apprising him of its transmission, but the letter would seem not to have taken a very direct course, and to have kept Mr. Irving in London waiting its receipt some time after he had hoped to have joined his sister in Birmingham. Payne laments, in a letter of August 12, that his kind dispositions towards him should have been the source of any derangement of his plans.

His brother Peter writes him from Havre, August 20, a statement of the steamboat concerns, which were rather troublesome and vexatious, and did not go so smoothly as could be wished, and expresses an anxiety to hear what he was doing with the booksellers.

I insert some extracts from his reply, dated London, Sept. 6, 1821.

I received your letter giving an account of the steamboat concerns. I am sorry they are not more productive; not on my own account, but on yours, but I hope they will grow better and better. I do not calculate on any proceeds from

that quarter, so that you need not feel solicitous for me; but only manage that you may do something for yourself. * *

I have a mass of writings by me which I am endeavoring to bring into shape for publication, but question whether I shall get any ready in time for the fall season. I have been kept in town by a correspondence with Payne, and an ineffectual attempt to get a little piece of his played at one or other of the theatres. I shall go to Birmingham in a few days and take Leslie with me. Had I been there, I would go off at once with Newton for France. I could finish my writings as well in France as here, and there is no comparison between the countries as a residence. London is terribly dull and monotonous after Paris.

When I have been a little while at Birmingham, unless I am detained by literary concerns, I shall return to Paris by the way of Havre; but if I should have a prospect of getting any thing ready for the press, I will do it first.

I have a variety of writings in hand, some I think superior to what I have already published; my only anxiety is to get them into shape and order. * * * *

I have fagged hard to get another work under way, as I felt that a great deal depended upon it, both as to reputation and profit. I feel my system a little affected now and then by these sedentary fits to which, until two or three years past, I have not been accustomed. When I get my present manuscript finished and off of hands, I think I will give myself holiday.

Mr. Irving brought with him to London the manuscript of the chief part of Bracebridge Hall, in the rough, intending or hoping to make arrangements for

its publication in the autumn. On reading to Leslie, "Buckthorne," the part of his "writings in hand" which he had in view in the letter to Peter, just quoted, as in his judgment "superior to what" he had "already published," the artist suggested that he should retain that as the groundwork of a novel, and substitute something else. He accordingly threw it by, and replaced it with the Student of Salamanca; an ill-judged change, as he afterwards regarded it, but he was prone to yield too readily to the suggestions of others.

It was about the 9th of September, that Mr. Irving and Leslie started on the excursion to Birmingham, of which the latter speaks in the extract given below. Irving had been previously suggesting to Leslie for his pencil, the subject of Shakespeare brought up for deer stealing, having a picture in his own mind, which the artist, after repeated efforts, could not make out. He caught at the idea at first, however, and was in pursuit of materials, when they started off together, intending to bring up at the residence of Mr. Van Wart, Irving's brother-in-law.

In the account of the expedition which follows, Leslie touches upon the origin of "The Stout Gentleman," the gem of Bracebridge Hall. I transcribe from his Autobiography.

Towards the close of the summer of 1821, I made a delightful excursion with Washington Irving to Birmingham, and thence into Derbyshire. We mounted the top of one of the Oxford coaches at three o'clock in the afternoon, intending only

to go as far as Henley that night; but the evening was so fine, and the fields filled with laborers gathering in the corn by the light of a full moon, presented so animated an appearance, that although we had not dined, we determined to proceed to Oxford, which we reached about eleven o'clock, and then sat down to a hot supper.

The next day it rained unceasingly, and we were confined to the inn, like the nervous traveller whom Irving has described as spending a day in endeavoring to penetrate the mystery of "the stout gentleman." This wet Sunday at Oxford did in fact suggest to him that capital story, if story it can be called. The next morning, as we mounted the coach, I said something about a *stout gentleman* who had come from London with us the day before, and Irving remarked that "The Stout Gentleman" would not be a bad title for a tale; as soon as the coach stopped, he began writing with his pencil, and went on at every like opportunity. We visited Stratford-on-Avon, strolled about Charlecot Park and other places in the neighborhood, and while I was sketching, Irving, mounted on a stile or seated on a stone, was busily engaged with "The Stout Gentleman." He wrote with the greatest rapidity, often laughing to himself, and from time to time reading the manuscript to me. We loitered some days in this classic neighborhood, visiting Warwick and Kenilworth; and by the time we arrived at Birmingham, the outline of "The Stout Gentleman" was completed. The amusing account of "The Modern Knights Errant," he added at Birmingham, and the inimitable picture of the inn-yard on a rainy day, was taken from an inn where we were afterwards quartered at Derby.

If I may venture to add any thing to this delightful

sketch by Leslie, which harmonizes with all that Mr. Irving has told me relative to the composition of that story, one of the few things he had written, of which from the first, as I have heard him say, he had never doubted, it is that he gave the concluding touch to it, sitting on a grave stone in Lillington churchyard close by Leamington, while Leslie was sketching a view of Warwick castle, which the yard commanded.

Another anecdote rises to my memory, connected with that light and frolicsome specimen of his pen.

I was once reading aloud in his presence, a very flattering review of his works, which had been sent him by the critic in 1848, and smiled as I came to this sentence: "His most comical pieces have always a serious end in view." "You laugh," said he, with that air of whimsical significance so natural to him, "but it is true. I have kept that to myself hitherto, but that man has found me out. He has detected the moral of the Stout Gentleman."

Mr. Irving had intended but a short visit to the residence of his sister at Birmingham, but was detained there nearly four months by illness, most of the time confined to the house.

I have been upwards of two months in England, [he writes to his brother Ebenezer, Sept. 28.] I came over in hopes of getting some manuscript ready for the press this autumn, but ever since my arrival in England I have been so much out of health as to prevent my doing any thing of consequence with

my pen. I have been troubled with bilious attacks, to which I had never before been subject. It is the consequence of being too much within doors, and not taking exercise enough. I am now dieting myself and taking medicine, and I trust I shall, with a little care and attention, get myself in fine order again. I am very anxious to get something into print, but find it next to impossible, in my present state of health, to do any thing material. Murray is also extremely desirous; and indeed the success of my former writings would ensure a run to any thing I should now bring forward. * * * * *

You have wished for an additional number of the Sketch Book, but I have not been able to prepare one, being occupied with other writings. If you could clear off the stock of odd numbers that remain, even though it should be at considerable sacrifice, I wish you would do it. We could then publish a complete and corrected edition in two volumes.

The following letter to Leslie is written eleven days later from his sister's house, which he designates with characteristic playfulness, Edgbaston *Castle*, as he had styled her husband Van Wart, on a former occasion, Baron Von Tromp, and his residence the *Castle* of the Von Tromps. His sister's family consisted at this time of six children, of whom George, who figures in the letter to the diversion of Leslie, was about four years of age.

EDGBASTON CASTLE, Oct. 9, 1821.

MY DEAR LESLIE.

I have been looking for a letter from you every day. Why don't you drop me a line? It would be particularly cheering

just now. I have not been out of the house since you left here; having been much indisposed by a cold, I am at the mercy of every breath of air that blows. I have had pains in my head, my face swollen, and yesterday passed the greater part of the day in bed, which is a very extraordinary thing for me. To-day I feel better; but I am sadly out of order; and what especially annoys me is, that I see day after day and week after week passing away without being able to do any thing. The little folks lament your departure extremely. George has made his appearance in a new pair of Grimaldi breeches, with pockets full as deep as the former. To balance his ball and marbles, he has the opposite pocket filled with a peg-top and a prodigious quantity of dry peas, so that he can only lie comfortably on his back or his belly. The three eldest boys kept the house in misery for two or three days by pea-blowers, which they had bought at an enormous price of a tin-man. They at last broke the blowers, and George pocketed the peas. He says he means to take care of them till his brothers come home at Christmas. Have you begun any new picture yet, or have you any immediately in contemplation? I received a letter from Newton, which I presume was forwarded by your direction. Why did you not open it? It was dated the 15th September. He had arrived but two or three days; had sailed up the Seine from Havre to Rouen with my brother in the steamboat. He had dined with Moore, had passed a day in the Louvre, where he met Wilkie, and strolled the gallery with him. He speaks in raptures of the Louvre. He says it strikes him in quite a different way from what it did when he was there before. He intended to go to work a day or two afterwards, and expected to pass the greater part of his time there.

Have you seen Murray? when you see him you need not say where I am. I want the quiet, and not to be bothered in any way. Tell him I am in a country doctor's hands at Edgbaston somewhere in Warwickshire. I think that will puzzle any one, as Edgbaston has been built only within a year or two. Get me all the pleasant news you can, and then sit down in the evening and scribble a letter, without minding points or fine terms. My sister is very anxious to hear of you. You have quite won her heart, not so much by your merits as by your attention to the children. By the way, the little girls have become very fond of the pencil since you were here, and are continually taking their dolls' likenesses.

Ever yours,

W. I.

In the postscript, dated the 17th, of the letter here alluded to, Newton mentions his dining with Moore the day preceding, and in the body of the letter, he gives this account of his introduction to La Butte:

I was presented last night at La Butte in a most characteristic manner. As Mr. Moore leaves town in a day or two, Mr. Story thought no time should be lost to introduce me, so set off for that purpose after dark and in the rain, which, as you know the place, will of itself give you an idea of the enterprise. I, of course, was ignorant of the situation, or I should have opposed it, as it was undertaken on my account. As it was, figure to yourself Mrs. Story equipped with an old gentleman's shoes, (who sat in the carriage the while,) and me with a lanthorn and umbrella, slipping about, drabbled, and sometimes lost in those mazes of which I have only still a sort of night-

mare recollection. I was extremely mortified at being the cause of so much disaster, but they did not seem to think it so much out of the way, and as we came off happily, I was on the whole glad of the oddity of the adventure. This and some other little traits amused me extremely, as corresponding with the idea you had given me of this coterie.

October 22, Leslie writes him:

Powell and I commenced housekeeping a week ago. It is probable that nothing will more astonish you on your return than the metamorphosis at Buckingham Place. Not to speak of window curtains, a pianoforte, *small knives* and plates at breakfast, you will be surprised to find an *academy* established on the principle of mutual education in various branches of learning and the fine arts. During breakfast, Powell gives me a lesson in French. At five we both study carving. After tea I teach him to draw the figures, and at odd times he instructs himself in German and the pianoforte, and once a week he unfolds to me the mysteries of political economy according to Cobbett. Instruction is even extended beyond our walls, as far indeed as Sloane Street, where Powell delivers a weekly lecture on perspective. In this way we pass the time; and I am quite sure that if I get through the winter as I have passed the last week, and with you and Newton here, it will be the most agreeable one I shall have spent in London. I was glad to hear of Newton from you. I did not see his letter or I should have opened it. I am at present painting the portraits of two little girls, and making a drawing from the "Royal Poet," the incident of the dove flying into the window. Powell has promised to fill up the sheet. I must therefore bid you good-bye.

Powell fills up the sheet after this burlesque fashion:

I am beginning to be ashamed of the prejudices I had imbibed about Buckingham Place. All prejudices are hateful, and people ought to live in every spot they do not like, in order to ascertain whether their opinions are well or ill-founded. There are many charms about this place, the enjoyment of which I never contemplated. While I am now writing, in addition to the enjoyment of my tea and rolls, a sort of troubadour is warbling beneath my window, together with the partner of his bosom, and a little natural production between both, equally regardless of fame and weather, and seemingly smitten only by the love of half-pence; the pleasure of getting which in this neighborhood must, I suppose, like that of angling, be greatly increased by the rarity of the bite. Those things about us here, that to the common view appear disagreeable, tend to increase our happiness. The repose and quiet of our evening talk or studies is rendered still more so by its contrast with a matrimonial squabble in the street, or the undisguised acknowledgment of pain in the vociferations of a whipped urchin up the court.

We are also much more pastoral here than you would imagine.

We have a share in a *cow*, which makes its appearance twice a day in a blue and white cream-jug. We eat our own dinners, and *generally* have enough. Yesterday, to be sure, we came a little short, in consequence of Leslie, who acts as maitre d'hotel, having ordered a sumptuous hash to be made from a cold shoulder of lamb, the meat of which had been previously stripped from it with surgical dexterity by our host

himself during the three preceding days. There have been a great many disputes in all ages about the real situation of Paradise. I have not, to be sure, read all the arguments upon the subject; but if I were to go entirely by my own judgment, I should guess it to be somewhere near the corner of Cambridge court, Fitzroy Square.

Adieu, and increased health to you.

Yours, &c., &c., &c.

P. P.

The following is the author's reply to Leslie; the address to his "friend Peter" being missing.

EDGBASTON, Oct. 25, 1821.

MY DEAR LESLIE:

I thank you a thousand times for your letter. I had intended to have answered your preceding one before, but I am not in mood or condition to write, and had nothing to say worth writing. I am still in the hands of the physician. I have taken draughts and pills enough to kill a horse, yet I cannot determine whether I am not rather worse off than when I began.

On one favorable day of my complaint I rode over to Solihull in a gig to see the boys. I went in a gig with Van Wart and our worthy little friend, George. I wished you with us a dozen times. You would have been delighted with the schoolhouse and the village, and the beautiful old church, and the surrounding landscape. It is all picture. When you are here again, you must by all means visit the boys at school. The young rogues are as hearty and happy as ever school-boys were. They took us about their walks, and the scenes of their enterprises and expeditions; the neighboring park, and several

charming fields and green lanes. The morning's ramble ended at the shop of one of the best old women in the world, who sells cakes and tarts to all the school-boys. Here they all spoiled their dinners, and nearly ruined their papa; and George, with a citizen-like munificence, distributed sundry cakes at the door to some of the poor children of the village. I have no doubt that he has left a most excellent name behind him. The little girls talk of you very often, and wish you here. They always wish to know whether you do not mention them in your letters, and beg that I will give their love to you. I am babbling about nothing but children; but in truth they are my chief company and amusement at present, and I have little else to talk about.

I cannot at this moment suggest any thing for your Christmas piece. I do not know your general plan. Is it to be a daylight piece, or an evening round a hall fire? Is there no news of Newton? If I had thought he would remain so long at Paris, I would have written to him. I am glad to hear that you are so snugly fixed with friend Powell for the winter, though I should have been much better pleased to have heard that you were turned neck and heels into the street. Reconcile it to yourself as you may, I shall ever look upon your present residence as a most serious detriment to you; and were you to lose six or even twelve months in looking for another, I should think you a gainer upon the whole.

What prospects are there of the plates being finished for "Knickerbocker" and the "Sketch Book?" When do you begin a large picture, and what subject do you attack first? It is time you had something under weigh. I must leave a space to reply to friend Peter; so farewell for the present,

Yours, ever, W. I.

Two days after the date of this letter, Mr. Irving received one from his brother Ebenezer, announcing a deep affliction to his sister Catherine, in the death of her eldest daughter not long after she had been called to part with a younger one; and also informing him that his brother William was gradually growing weaker under a seated consumption. The following is his reply:

BIRMINGHAM, Nov. 1, 1821.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I have but a few minutes to reply to your letter of 8th October, which I received this afternoon, but indeed I have little to say; the letter has taken away all spirit to write.

The calamities in poor sister Catherine's family are dreadful. She has had her cup of bitterness filled to the brim, and I fear will suffer seriously in health by these repeated trials. They must have a severe effect upon her nerves, and I fear the composure and resignation which she expresses in her letter to Isaac are but the temporary effects of the stimulus which even severe affliction will sometimes give during the first stages of sudden misfortune. It is the after-sorrow that preys upon and undermines the health. I wish she could be got away from Johnstown for a time, and cheered by the society of friends and the variety of the city.

Brother William's situation, I perceive, is hopeless. I had been persuading myself that there was reaction in his system, and that he might be induced to make a voyage to France in time to produce a complete renovation; but the tenor of all the letters from New York puts an end to all hopes of the kind. I cannot reconcile myself to the thought.

The letter concludes:

Give my most affectionate remembrances to Brother William. I would write to him, but cannot trust my feelings, whenever the thought of him comes over my mind, I feel my heart and eyes overflow.

Weeks before this letter reached its destination, his brother had gone to his rest. He died November 9, 1821.

The letter in which Washington announced the bereavement to his brother Peter has not been preserved. I extract the following from the latter's reply.

I received your letter of Nov. 28, about ten days after its date; and as I had been for some time in expectation of melancholy tidings, I put it in my pocket with an instinctive boding of its contents, and did not open it until I was quite alone. Yesterday, I received a letter from Ebenezer, giving the particulars of poor William's decease. He was clear and collected to the last, and departed with the composure of a virtuous man to whom death had no terrors. In a conversation with Ebenezer, he mentioned his resignation to his fate; but would fain have been spared a little longer to have assisted in extricating him from his present embarrassments. Poor William! a heart of more generous warmth has not been chilled in many a day.

"I had anticipated the event," says Washington to Ebenezer, "from your previous letters; still the news of it was one of the dismallest blows that I have ever experienced."

In alluding to the loss of this brother, whom he describes as having been "a kind of father to them all," he speaks of him in a later letter as "a man full of worth and talents, beloved in private and honored in public life." Paulding has also recorded his appreciation of him as "a man of wit and genius." William died at the age of 55. His decease was thought to have been hastened by over anxiety in business. He had been about retiring at the close of the war with a handsome fortune, when a cloud came over the commercial world, and though not involved in the embarrassments of his brothers, he found himself a serious sufferer from the times, and obliged to continue a life of exertion when his health required entire repose.

About this time Mr. Irving received from Newton the following letter, which gives some tidings of Moore.

LONDON, Friday, [Nov. 8.]

MY DEAR IRVING:

I arrived in town last Friday, and have been ever since so occupied, together with much distress of mind, finding on my arrival here intelligence of the death of my mother, that I have not really been able to write to you, and now do so in great haste, and chiefly to enclose a letter which Mr. Story sent by Moore some weeks since, but which he did not know how to forward. I am really grieved to hear of your illness, and were you not exactly where you are, would wish you to be with us; but as it is, you are certainly better off. Keep up your spirits though, for I am convinced *that*, particularly with you, is half the battle. I wish you had published a volume of your book,

and that it was making the noise I am sure it would; it would, I believe, prove your best remedy.

Moore's affairs are settled, and he is coming to live in England; he goes to France on Monday next; he is sitting to me. He desires his best regards to you, and had he known you were in Birmingham would have stopped there. He gave me also a message from Lord Holland, full of kind remembrances, regrets for your indisposition, and desire for your presence at Holland House. I am also charged with a world of kind things from men, women, and children in France, but earnestly hope to convey them verbally soon.

Moore had come over incog. from Paris some six weeks before the date of this letter; had settled his affairs; that is, the Bermuda difficulty, with the money arising from the sale to Murray of the memoirs of Byron, which the poet had given him in Italy some two years previous, to make what use of them he pleased, though with the understanding that they could not be published during his life. He was now about to return to Paris, where he remained nearly four months after Mr. Irving had gone up to London. He had passed through Birmingham twice during his incognito, without being aware of Mr. Irving's presence in that city. The last time was October 21, on his way from Ireland to London. His diary gives the following record for the next day.

October 22.—Arrived in London at 7 *incog.* * * Was preparing, as usual, to sneak out in a hackney coach, when

Rees arrived with the important and joyful intelligence that the agent has accepted the £1,000, and that I am now a free man again. Walked boldly out into the sunshine, and showed myself up St. James Street and Bond Street.

Moore had returned to Paris on the 11th of November, and when he visited London again in April, he rescinded his bargain with Murray for the Memoirs of Byron, making himself a debtor to the publisher for the two thousand guineas advanced, and leaving the manuscript in his hands as security for its repayment. These memoirs, which were not destined to see the light, Mr. Irving had read while in Paris with Moore.

CHAPTER IV.

RETURN TO LONDON—LETTER TO EBENEZER—TRANSMITS FIRST VOLUME OF BRACEBRIDGE HALL—MOSES THOMAS—COOPER AND THE SPY—SENDS OFF VOLUME II. BRACEBRIDGE HALL—MAKES CONTRACT WITH MURRAY FOR PUBLICATION IN ENGLAND—LETTER TO PETER—BEGINS TO MAKE CALLS—GOES WITH MOORE TO BREAKFAST AT HOLLAND HOUSE—LETTER TO BREVOORT—JOHN RANDOLPH—MRS. SIDDONS—VISIT TO WIMBLEDON, ONE OF THE COUNTRY SEATS OF EARL SPENCER—MEETING WITH ROGERS—LETTER TO MRS. PARIS—VISIT TO THE COUNTRY SEAT OF THOMAS HOPE—LINES WRITTEN IN THE DEEP DENE ALBUM—LETTER TO BREVOORT—ANASTASIUS—ROGERS—MATHEWS, THE COMEDIAN—PREPARING FOR AN EXCURSION INTO GERMANY.

MR. IRVING returned to London on the 26th of December, and took up his quarters temporarily in the house of his friend and countryman, Mr. Hoffman of Baltimore, from whom he had received repeated and urgent invitations to do so during his indisposition at Birmingham. Here he was most comfortably accommodated for more than six weeks, experiencing from Mr. Hoffman and his family the most hospitable and delicate attentions, and being made to feel completely at home, with "his time and every thing else perfectly at his command." The tormenting malady in his ankles, with which he had been troubled at Birmingham, still continued, so that he could not walk without pain and difficulty. He was, therefore, obliged to confine him-

self to the house, and indeed for a considerable period had to keep his legs in a horizontal position. He had been subject to great depression of spirits during his long and painful indisposition at Birmingham, partly from being rendered nervous and debilitated by confinement and the medicines he took, and partly from the saddening reports from home. His general health and spirits were now, however, improving; and in the following letter we find him transmitting across the Atlantic the first volume of Bracebridge Hall, which he had hoped to have had ready for the press the preceding autumn, but which had been retarded by indisposition, depression, and the fact that when he had got it nearly complete he was induced, as has been before stated, to subtract from it a large portion, which would form the foundation of a work by itself, and task himself in the height of his illness to supply its place.

[*To Ebenezer Irving.*]

LONDON, Jan. 29, 1822.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

By the packet from Liverpool which brings this letter I forward you a parcel, containing the first volume of BRACEBRIDGE HALL, or THE HUMOURISTS, a MEDLEY in two volumes. I had hoped to have sent both volumes, but I have not been able to get the second volume ready in time for this opportunity, though I have tried until the last moment. You will receive it, however, by the next opportunity, and very probably before you can have made the necessary arrangements for printing. At any rate, put the first volume to press *imme-*

diately and publish it *as soon as possible*, with or without the second volume. As it is not like a novel, but rather a connected series of tales and essays, it is of no great importance that they should be published together; but it is of the greatest importance that some part of the work should appear as early as possible, to give me some chance of securing copyright. I shall have to put it to press here in a very short time, as the season is advancing, and my publisher is very impatient; besides, the public has been expecting something from me for some time past, and it will not do to let expectation get too high. If the work is not got out very soon therefore in America, there will be a chance of an English copy getting out beforehand, and thus throwing me at the mercy of American publishers. Should the number of copies make any material difference in the time of getting out the work, you had better let the first edition be rather small; and put another to press the moment I furnish you with proof sheets of the English edition, in which there will doubtless be many alterations, as I have not had time to revise some parts of the work sufficiently, and am apt to make alterations to the last moment.

The work had better be printed in duodecimo; and to save time in binding, let the volumes be put up in lettered covers like the Sketch Book. The second edition can be got up in better style. The first volume runs, as near as I can guess, between 340 and 350 pages of the American edition of the Sketch Book. The second volume will be about the same size. You can make your estimates accordingly. Put what price you think proper. I do not care about its being a very high one. *I wish, expressly, Moses Thomas to have the preference over every other publisher.* I impress this upon you, and beg you to attend to it as earnestly as if I had written three sheets

full on the subject. Whatever may have been his embarrassments and consequent want of punctuality, he is one who shewed a disposition to serve me, and who did serve me in the time of my necessity, and I should despise myself could I for a moment forget it. Let him have the work on better terms than other publishers, and do not be deterred by the risk of loss.

I have not had time to page the work, but must beg you to do it. I have given a table of contents in the order in which the papers are to be put, and have numbered each with a pencil for *your* direction. These numbers are *not* to be printed over the papers. Perhaps it will be best to advertise the work as in the press, to secure orders in time.

I have no time left to say any thing further. I have fagged until the last moment, and am now fit to go to bed. My health is still unrestored. This work has kept me from getting well, and my indisposition on the other hand has retarded the work. I have now been about five weeks in London, and have only once been out of doors, about a month since, and that made me worse.

From what Mr. Irving has told me, I infer he must have left his sick chamber this "once" to confer with Murray respecting the publication of "The Spy," the first of Cooper's novels which created his reputation, and laid the foundation of his claim to enduring literary distinction. Wiley, his American publisher, had sent the printed volume to Murray, accompanied by a letter from Cooper, referring him to Mr. Irving for terms. Mr. Wiley at the same time wrote to Mr.

Irving, apprising him of this proceeding, and requesting him, should Murray decline to make such an offer for the work as in his opinion it might be worth, "to call on some other respectable house." Murray retained the work until Mr. Irving grew impatient for an answer, and then declined its publication. Meanwhile, it found its way to the English public through another channel. Mr. Irving reported its fate in a letter to Wiley not in my possession, if it be still in existence, and it is that communication which led to this direct epistle from Cooper, prior to his adoption, as will be seen from the signature, of his middle name of Fenimore.

DEAR SIR.

The friendly interest you have taken in the success of my books, demands of me a direct acknowledgment of your kindness. I was not very sanguine as to the success of the "Spy" in England, nor was I at all surprised when I learnt that the book was referred to Mr. Gifford, that Mr. Murray declined publishing it. If the latter is made sensible of the evil guidance that he has been subjected to, one good purpose, at least, will follow the success which you are so good as to communicate. Mr. Benjamin W. Coles, of this city, is now in Europe, and has been so kind as to take charge of my new work, "The Pioneers;" I should be pleased to have him aided by your experience. If you meet he will probably call on you, and you will find him a gentleman of acquirements, and modest, pleasing manners.

By a Mr. Halleck, the admirable Croaker, I have sent to

J. Fenimore Cooper

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Mr. Coles the first hundred pages of the work in print. I shall take proper caution to secure the copyright in both countries, if it can be done.

I desire, Sir, to thank you again for your attention to my interests, and the advice for my future government.

Very respectfully,

Your servant,

NEW YORK, July 30, 1822. JAMES COOPER.

Fitz-Greene Halleck, mentioned above, who shared with Joseph Rodman Drake the authorship of the satirical effusions first published in the New York Evening Post, under the signature of Croaker and Croaker and Co., was soon destined to a wider and more exalted celebrity in the front rank of American poets. Drake, whose genius gave promise of a brilliant career, died at the early age of twenty-five, leaving behind him in manuscript that exquisite creation of fancy, The Culprit Fay.

Mr. Irving was in Germany when this letter of Cooper was received, and did not return to London for some time, so that he had no opportunity of conferring with Murray respecting the Pioneers, of which he [Murray] became the publisher.

The second volume of Bracebridge Hall was despatched to New York the last of February, a month after the other, but reached its destination within eight days of it; the first having a passage of sixty days. They were received in April, and hurried through the press by Ebenezer for fear of being anticipated by the

copy on the English side. The work was printed in the style of the Sketch Book, and for want of time only a thousand copies were printed in the first edition; "it would have been more profitable," says Ebenezer, "to have made the edition larger, but it would not do to venture on it." It appeared May 21, 1822. Soon after Mr. Irving had sent the second volume to America, and thus given it a fair start, he proceeded to make a contract with Murray for its publication in England.

When the author came up from Birmingham to London with the MS. of Bracebridge Hall, Colburn called on him, introduced by Campbell the poet, and offered him a thousand guineas for it, but he would not entertain a proposition to leave Murray. The latter had been very anxious to have something from him as the season was advancing, and when Mr. Irving went to him, at the instance of his friends, who probably knew his too easy acquiescence in any sum that might be offered, he was induced to name his own price, which was fifteen hundred guineas. This staggered Murray, who, after a moment's hesitation, began: "If you had said a thousand guineas;" you shall have it for a thousand guineas," said Mr. Irving, breaking in. Murray was taken aback by this. He had probably been prepared to divide the difference, and go the length of twelve hundred and fifty guineas. When he found Mr. Irving respond so promptly to the lesser sum, he sat down at once, and drew out the notes for

the amount, and gave them to him, although he did not receive the manuscript until nearly two weeks afterwards. He also threw in a handsome donation of books, which the author sent to his sister at Birmingham.

After all, as his brother Peter writes him on hearing of the bargain with Murray, "a thousand guineas has a golden sound."

The letter which follows to Peter, contains the announcement of the contract.

85 Maddox Street, Hanover Square
London, March 24, 1822.

My Dear Brother:

I have been looking for a letter from you for some time past. I suppose the steamboat must have resumed its voyages during the present month, and I want to know how it operates and whether it holds out better prospects.

I have sold my new work to Murray, and it is in the press. It will form two volumes nearly about the size of the Sketch Book, to be entitled Bracebridge Hall, or the Humourists, being of a miscellaneous nature like the Sketch Book, but connected by a set of characters and incidents. Murray gives me a thousand guineas for it, in his notes at three and six months. My friends thought I ought to have had more for it, but I am content. I am glad to find that Gifford thinks it superior to the Sketch Book, as to composition, and calculated to increase my reputation.

As the steamboat may continue as dry as the bull that the Irishman undertook to milk, I send you a couple of hundred pounds to keep you in pocket money until the boat begins to

pay better. I beg you won't be squeamish about the thing. If you don't want the money, it may as well lie idle in your hands as in mine; and if you do want it, why you must get it from some source or other, and I don't know any one more unexceptionable than from one who has been a great part of his life under such pecuniary obligations to you. But the best way is not to say any thing pro or con about the matter, but let it be as it should be, a matter of course between us. I hope and trust to get more writings ready for the press long before I shall exhaust my funds in Europe, independent of what will be accumulating in America.

In announcing the receipt of the bill for £200, Peter writes:

This unlooked-for remittance is most grateful to me, not from its arrival at a moment of want, for I have no call for it, but as a testimony of the affection and generosity of your disposition.

I shall not affect any fastidious scruples on the subject, for I trust I am free from any affectation of the kind. When I have declined your repeated offers of pecuniary aid, it was at a period when I seemed precluded by some fatality from every exertion of industry. * * * *

The remittance you have sent I will hold as a *corps de reserve* for us both, and make use of it without hesitation if I should find myself in want.

Mr. Irving sent the last proof of Bracebridge Hall to press in London, May 11, 1822. He had made great alterations and additions as the work was printing, so

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that the first English edition differed considerably from the first American one. The two editions were published within two days of each other, the American appearing on the 21st, and the English on the 23d of May.

Some time before the appearance of Bracebridge Hall in London, Mr. Irving found himself getting the better of his eruptive complaint. He had been at a grievous expense with doctors to but little purpose, and he finally determined to undertake his own cure; "for I fancy," he says, "I understand the complaint as well as any of them." His first step was to give up keeping to the house and nursing, and to go out and to take exercise every day. He found his general health to improve under this regimen, without any increase in the irritation in his ankles. He then began to pay visits, and soon found himself in a constant hurry of engagements, in the midst of which Moore came over to London from Paris for a brief sojourn, arriving April 16, and leaving May 7. During this interval his diary, for Mr. Irving kept none at this period, gives us a few glimpses of the author, of which I select the following:

May 2d.—Went with Irving to breakfast at Holland House. The Duke of Bedford came in after breakfast, fresh from his duel with the Duke of Buckingham.

May 5th.—Irving walked about with me; called together at Lady Blessington's, who is growing very absurd. "I have felt very melancholy and ill all this day," she said. "Why is

that," I asked. "Don't you know?" "No." "It is the anniversary of my poor Napoleon's death."

In the following letter to Brevoort, which continues the picture of his life in London, we find mention of John Randolph and Mrs. Siddons.

[*To Henry Brevoort.*]

LONDON, June 11, 1822.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:

It is a long time since I have heard from you. Your visits to Charleston seem always to interrupt our correspondence. For my part, between ill health, hard scribbling to make up for lost time and get another work into the press, and the many engagements and interruptions that consume time and distract my mind since my return to England, I find it impossible to keep up punctual correspondences, and am now overwhelmed with epistolary debts. About three weeks since I launched a new work which you have doubtless seen long since in America. The English edition has many alterations and additions, as I got into better health and spirits after I sent my manuscript to America, and was enabled to improve the work while printing. It seems to give satisfaction here, and I am nearly killed with kindness. I have not a moment to myself, and am so fatigued with company and dinner and evening parties, that I find it impossible to regain a perfect state of health, but am still troubled with lameness and inflammation in the ankles, the lingerings of my tedious malady. I shall, however, soon leave this scene of bustle and dissipation and go to a watering-place on the continent (Aix-la-Chapelle) where I hope thoroughly to reinstate my health. Within these two months past I have

given myself up to society more than I have at any time since I have been in Europe, having for the last four or five years been very much shut up and at home. I was determined this spring to give myself a holiday, and make use of the opportunity presented me of seeing fashionable life. I have done this to a considerable degree, though I have suffered much drawback on account of the indifferent state of my health.

The success of my writings has given me ready access to all kinds of society, and I have been the rounds of routs, dinners, operas, balls, and blue-stocking coteries. I have been much pleased with those parties in which rank, and fashion, and talent are blended; and where you find the most distinguished people of the day in various departments of literature, art, and science brought into familiar communion with leading statesmen and ancient nobility. By the bye, I had many inquiries made after you by Sir James Mackintosh, who retains a most friendly recollection of you.

John Randolph is here, and has attracted much attention. He has been sought after by people of the first distinction. I have met him repeatedly in company, and his eccentricity of appearance and manner makes him the more current and interesting; for in high life here, they are always eager after any thing strange and peculiar. There is a vast deal, too, of the old school in Randolph's manner, the turn of his thoughts, and the style of his conversation, which seems to please very much.

Young Hammond also was much liked here, and I only regretted that he did not stay a little longer. He is one of the best bred young men that I have met with from our country, and one who, I think, will be distinguished in the society of New York for good manners and good sense. There seems a strong

disposition to be pleased with every thing American just now among the better classes in England, and a great curiosity awakened respecting our literature.

Among other interesting acquaintances that I have made is Mrs. Siddons. She is now near seventy, and yet a magnificent looking woman. It is surprising how little time has been able to impair the dignity of her carriage, or the noble expression of her countenance. I heard her read the part of Constance at her own house one evening, and I think it the greatest dramatic treat I have had for a long time past.

Four days after the date of this letter, Mr. Irving received an invitation from Lady Spencer to dine with her at Wimbledon, one of the country seats of Lord Spencer, about twelve miles from London. This was the lady whose Christmas invitation he had not been able to accept. At this dinner he first met the poet Rogers, who had lately returned from the continent; and who, though a stranger, received him with the hearty cordiality of an old friend. Irving at this time was overrun with invitations from many of whom he knew nothing. Rogers cautioned him to be on his guard, or the common-place would hunt him down. "Shew me your list of invitations," said he, "and let me give you a hint or two. This accept," to one; "that decline," to another; to a third, "this man avoid by all means; oh! he's a direful bore." Mr. Irving was quite amused at this worldly advice of the poet, and especially at the decided emphasis of the last sentence. Who the individual was, so impres-

sively complimented, he did not specify when the anecdote fell from him.

I have heard Mr. Irving relate the following curious incident, as occurring at Wimbledon, where it seems he passed the night. He was reading, as was his custom through life, in bed. His door suddenly opened cautiously, and in stalked a grim apparition in the shape of a man with a lantern, who quietly walked up to his light, and with some muttered sentence which escaped him, extinguished it, and then walked out, shutting the door after him, and leaving Geoffrey in a maze at the mysterious intrusion. Lady Spencer laughed heartily when he mentioned the incident the next morning at breakfast. "Oh," said she, "that was my fireman; we once lost a country seat by fire, and ever since he has had orders to walk the corridors at night, and when he detects a light from under the door, to extinguish it."

The next trace of him is June 21, when he is passing a few days at the country seat of Mr. Thomas Hope, author of Anastasius; from which the following letter to his sister Catherine bears date.

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

THE DEEP DENE, SURREY, June 21, 1822.

* * * I am still very much troubled by a lingering cutaneous complaint, which I have long been endeavoring to cure, and had almost succeeded; but I have been so much occupied in preparing my new work for the press, and since its publication have been so harassed by society, and by con-

tinual invitations which I found it in vain to withstand, that my recovery has been impeded; and I am frequently quite lame with the inflammation of my ankles. Literary success, if it has its charms, has likewise its disadvantages; and in so huge a place as London, where there is such a world of people living at their ease, with nothing to consult but amusement and society, the least notoriety takes away from a man all command of his time or person, unless he becomes absolutely rude and churlish. If I remain any time in England when I return from the continent, I shall pass it almost entirely in the country, where I can be more to myself, and have my mind undisturbed by visitors and invitations. I cannot, however, but feel sensible of the extreme kindness and hospitality that is lavished on me by all ranks, though it is apt to be a little too engrossing. I am now writing from a country seat in a beautiful part of the country where I am passing a few days. It is the residence of Mr. Thomas Hope, one of the richest and most extraordinary men in England, not more famous for his wealth and magnificence than for being the author of Anastasius, a work of great merit and curious character. His wife, the Hon. Mrs. Hope, is one of the loveliest women in the kingdom, and one of the reigning deities of fashion. Their country-seat is furnished in a style of taste and magnificence of which I can give you no idea. With all this, they are delightfully frank, simple, and unpretending in their manners, especially in their country retreat; which is the true place to see English people to advantage. There are several persons on a visit here, besides myself, and time passes away very pleasantly. * * * *

You cannot think how much you have gratified me by expressing the satisfaction derived from my writings, and from the public sentiments expressed about them. One of the purest

pleasures which literary success can yield me is the satisfaction it may give my relatives. My life has been for the greater part a desultory and unprofitable one, owing perhaps to the great ascendency of my imagination over the more valuable faculties of the mind. I have often felt distressed by the idea that I must be an object of censure among my friends; you may judge then how heartfelt is my gratification at finding you and my dear sister Sally expressing a pride in what I have done, and what others say of me. Believe me, my dear sister, the fondest wish of my heart will be gratified if I can enjoy the affection of my relatives while living, and leave a name that may be cherished by the family when my poor wandering life is at an end.

The following contribution to the Album at Deep Dene, which I take from the Cornhill Magazine of May, 1860, in which it appeared after his death, is in unison with this strain of thought.

WRITTEN IN THE DEEP DENE ALBUM.

June 24, 1822.

Thou record of the votive throng
That fondly seek this fairy shrine,
And pay the tribute of a song
Where worth and loveliness combine—

What boots that I, a vagrant wight
From clime to clime still wandering on,
Upon thy friendly page should write—
Who'll think of me when I am gone?

Go plough the wave, and sow the sand;
Throw seed to every wind that blows;
Along the highway strew thy hand
And fatten on the crop that grows.

For even thus the man that roams
On heedless hearts his feeling spends;
Strange tenant of a thousand homes,
And friendless, with ten thousand friends!

Yet here for once I'll leave a trace,
To ask in aftertimes a thought;
To say that here a resting-place
My wayworn heart has fondly sought.

So the poor pilgrim heedless strays,
Unmoved, through many a region fair;
But at some shrine his tribute pays,
To tell that he has worshipped there.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

June 30, he writes to Brevoort from London:

I had thought to have been off to the continent before this, but yet here I am. However, I am resolved to go in the course of a week.

I have made so many very interesting and agreeable acquaintances of late, that I find it hard to get away from them. Indeed I have got on sociable terms with most of the men of letters and the leading artists of the day that are in London, and am continually meeting with curious and entertaining characters. A few days since I was made acquainted with old Lady Jones, widow of Sir William Jones. I had no idea of her being yet alive. She is lively and cheerful, and in full

possession of her faculties and animal spirits. She is the daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, who voted against the American war. She remembers Dr. Franklin, who was a friend of her father; and relates two or three anecdotes of him. She has always been a very strong friend of America.

I lately passed a few days at the country seat of Mr. Thomas Hope, author of Anastasius. You have read his work, I presume; which I think one of the most extraordinary productions of the day. He is an extremely interesting man, somewhat shy and reserved to strangers, but full of knowledge and talent, and most amiable in his manners when you become acquainted with him. He has written a vast deal that he has never published, and is now busy upon a metaphysical work. He has voluminous travels in manuscript, and is a masterly draughtsman. It is a thousand pities that he cannot be persuaded to publish more. His travels must be full of interesting incident and observation.

Rogers, the poet, returned not long since from the continent, and I breakfast occasionally with him, and meet Crabbe and others of his literary friends. He has one of the completest and most elegant little bachelor establishments that I have ever seen. It is as neat, and elegant, and finished, and small, as his own principal poem.

July 1st.—I have scrawled this letter at intervals; for I have many to write to, and am so distracted by engagements and occupied by making preparations to go to the continent, that I have hardly a moment of leisure time or quiet thought.

Mathews, the comedian, is coming out to make a tour in America, which I have no doubt will be a successful one. His powers of entertainment are wonderful. By his talents at imitation, he in a manner raises the dead and makes them walk

and talk for your amusement; for his specimens of Tate Wilkinson, Macklin, Wilkes, &c., &c., are among the best of his imitations. He is a very correct, gentlemanlike man in private life, and at times the life of a dinner-table by his specimens of characters of the day. I shall give him letters to America, and among others to yourself.

I have written a letter to that honest tar, Jack Nicholson, and am ashamed that I have not done so before; but really I have no time to write often, and find myself more and more getting into habits of procrastination.

I wish you would make interest, through James Renwick, to get the college to employ John Miller, bookseller, Fleet Street, as a literary agent in London. He is a most deserving and meritorious little man, indefatigable in the discharge of any commission intrusted to him, and moderate and conscientious in his charges. He devotes himself almost exclusively to American business. I would strongly recommend him to yourself should you at any time want books from London. He could hunt up any rare works; and I believe you would save money by employing him.

Give my sincere regards to Mrs Brevoort, and remember me affectionately to the Renwicks and to your father's family.

I am, my dear Brevoort,

Ever most truly yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

When Mr. Irving returned from Deep Dene to his lodgings in London, he found his table covered with invitations which had accumulated during his absence.

I have been leading a sad life lately [he writes to his brother Peter, June 30], burning the candle at both ends, and

seeing the fashionable world through one of its seasons. The success of my writings gave me an opportunity, and I thought it worth while to embrace it if it were only for curiosity's sake. I have therefore been tossed about "hither and thither and whither I would not;" have been at the levee and the drawing-room, been at routs, and balls, and dinners, and country-seats; been hand-and-glove with nobility and mobility, until like Trim I have satisfied the sentiment, and am now preparing to make my escape from all this splendid confusion.

He was intending to make the best of his way to Aix-la-Chapelle, for the benefit of the baths and waters.

CHAPTER V.

FROM LONDON TO HEIDELBERG—AMSTERDAM—AIX-LA-CHAPELLE—THE CATHEDRAL—OLD CUSTOM—AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE—CONVOY TO WISBADEN—THE GERMAN STYLE OF LIVING—SCENE OF THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM—A GERMAN CARRIAGE AND DRIVER—MAYENCE—A CONTINENTAL INN—INTRODUCTION TO THE TALES OF A TRAVELLER—KATRINA—A TEDIOUS MALADY—THE HUDSON AND THE RHINE—FRANKFORT—THE FAIR—THE VINTAGE—HEIDELBERG—LETTER FROM MOORE.

THE restless life which the author had been leading in London, had thrown him back in his recovery, and when he started for Aix-la-Chapelle, he was still rather lame from the lingerings of his cutaneous complaint. From this ancient city it was his intention to make a little excursion into Germany, and then return to Paris in the autumn; but such was not to be the course of his wandering.

On the 6th of July, he left London for Rotterdam, and proceeded thence by the Hague, Leyden, Haarlem and Amsterdam, to the "little old ghost-ridden city," as he terms it in his notes, which he reached June 17.

At Amsterdam his note-book has this record:

Put up at the Arms of Amsterdam; a rambling, ill-conducted hotel. Have to ring several times, and then three or four queer, shabby-looking waiters come tumbling into the room, speaking bad French, bad English, and what is worst of all, good Dutch.

My chamber one of those high old Dutch rooms with long windows that might serve for a church, looking out upon a narrow street of tall houses, with queer faces at every window. The room has overhanging chimney with stove under it. Arcadian scene; shepherd in silk breeches on the wall.

Table d'hôte. Englishman with sour, discontented face, travelling to find whatever is bad out of England; next to him a pleasant-faced Russian, who speaks English well and praises England; Englishman condescends to accept every compliment, but gives none in return.

I bring together some extracts from his letters during the progress of his journeying from Aix-la-Chapelle to Heidelberg, where he expected to make his head quarters, when he set out on his tour.

[*To Mrs. Van Wart.*]

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, August 2, 1822.

MY DEAR SISTER:

I have now been here for upward of two weeks, and have had rather a lonely, uncomfortable time of it. For a greater part of the time I have been almost confined to my room, and have suffered extremely from the inflammation in my legs. I have been without any acquaintance and even without a disposition to make any; for my lameness and suffering almost unfit me for society. I am at times quite dispirited by this re-

turning virulence of my complaint; it is so tedious of cure; it so completely alters all my habits of living and subjects me to such continual baths of a powerful kind, that I sometimes fear it may effect some injury to my constitution, and prepare the way for other maladies. As yet, however, my general health is good, and if I could only get unfettered from this cruel malady, I should have nothing to complain of. I am disappointed in Aix-la-Chapelle. To me it is a very dull place, and I do not find that others seem more pleased with it. The environs of the town are beautiful. There are public gardens that almost surround the walls, and very lovely country in every direction, but I have been unable to avail myself of the delightful walks, and have only once taken a drive in a carriage in the vicinity.

This is the birthplace, and was once the seat of empire of Charlemagne, that monarch so renowned in history and song. His tomb is in the cathedral, and is only marked by a broad slab of black marble, on which is the inscription, *Carolo Magno.* The Cathedral is an extremely ancient, venerable-looking pile. Every night I hear the hours chimed on its bells; and the midnight hours announced by the watchman from its tower. The Germans are full of old customs and usages, which are obsolete in other parts of the world. At eleven, twelve, and one o'clock the watchman on the tower of the Cathedral, when the clock strikes, blows as many blasts of a horn as there are strokes of the clock; and the sound of these warning notes of time in the stillness of the night, has to me something extremely solemn.

The people have an antiquated look, particularly the lower orders. The women dress in peculiar costumes. As to the company at the hotels and public saloons, it is composed of all nations, but particularly northern nations: Russians, Prus-

sians, Germans, Dutch, &c. Everywhere you see military characters, in fierce moustaches and jingling spurs, with ribbons and various orders at their button-holes. Still, though there are many personages of rank here, the place is not considered the most fashionable, and there are many rough characters in the crowds that throng the saloons. Indeed it is somewhat difficult to distinguish a gentleman from a common man among these northern people; there is great slovenliness of dress and coarseness of appearance among them; they all smoke; and I have often been surprised to hear a coarse-looking man, whom I had set down for some common tradesman, addressed as Monsieur the Count or the Baron.

The weather has been very bad for several days past. As soon as it gets more settled, and I feel well enough to venture the journey, I think I shall make another push, and ascend the Rhine to Wisbaden, which is a more pleasant and fashionable watering-place; and where, from all I can learn, I think the waters will be more efficacious than here. At any rate, I shall then have seen the most beautiful part of the Rhine, and if I do not amend pretty readily in my health, I shall make for Paris at once, get in the neighhorhood of a dry vapor bath, and then lay by until I make a perfect cure. It is extremely tantalizing to be here just on the frontiers of Germany, in the vicinity of some of the most beautiful and romantic scenery in Europe, and to be thus fettered and disabled. * * *

The day after this passage was written, good fortune threw in his way a very old acquaintance, Mr. Thomas Brandram, who had ascended the Hudson with him during his first tour to Canada with Mr. Hoffman's

party, and whom he had since met in London, where he was the principal of an opulent commercial house. He was travelling alone in his carriage, and after passing a couple of days together, Mr. Irving found himself so much cheered by having a companion to talk to, that he was induced, lame as he was, to accept his invitation of a convoy to Wisbaden.

Away then we rolled [says he in a letter to Peter]; he had a charming light open carriage in which I could loll at full length; he was a capital traveller, took the management of every thing upon himself; had an excellent servant who was all attention to me, and in spite of my malady I made one of the pleasantest excursions possible. Though too lame to explore the curious old towns and the romantic ruins which we passed, yet I lolled in the carriage, and banquetted on fine scenery in Brevoort's favorite style. After all that I had heard and read, the Rhine far surpassed my expectations. Indeed, I am perfectly delighted with Germany. After posting thus for four days *en prince*, we arrived at Wisbaden.

[*To Mrs. Van Wart.*]

WISBADEN, Aug. 19, 1822.

MY DEAR SISTER:

I have just received the letter from you and Mr. Van Wart, crammed full of very agreeable and interesting matter. How it has cheered and gratified me in my present solitude, for I am here solitary amidst a crowd. My worthy friend with whom I came on here left me last Monday, and I have been without a companion through the week; for at these watering-

places the people are all continually going and coming, making but transient stay, and are too much taken up with their own parties and companions to trouble themselves with a stranger and an invalid, who cannot speak their language. Perhaps the fault rests with myself, for my present indisposition takes away from my spirits, and from that alacrity in conversation which is necessary to make the most of society in travelling.

* * * * * *

Though I have no acquaintances here, yet I contrive to get through my days very tolerably. There are fine public walks and shrubberies immediately opposite my hotel, and a beautiful public garden within five minutes' walk. My windows command a prospect of it, and I limp to it, and pass part of my days there. I have not been able to apply myself to literary labor since the publication of my last work. It seems as if my mind took holiday the moment it was out of the traces, like a horse turned loose in the pasture; and as I am anxious to restore my health perfectly, I have not attempted to task myself in the least. I wish you were here with me to enjoy some of the fine scenery of this neighborhood, and to take a day's tour among the woody glens and charming little valleys that lie among the Taunus mountains, or to coast along the lovely borders of the Rhine where the hills are covered with woods and vineyards, and crowned with mouldering old castles. I am very much pleased with the Germans; they are a frank, kind, well-meaning people, and I make no doubt were I in a place where I could become intimate, I should enjoy myself very much among them. The mode of living here is quite primitive in some respects, particularly as to hours. I am now in a very fine fashionable hotel. I find the house in a bustle between six and seven in the morning, when the com-

pany bathe and then breakfast in their rooms. At one o'clock dinner is served in the grand saloon at a table d'hôte. Some hotels dine at two o'clock, but this is considered rather late. *After* dinner, generally, the toilette is made for the evening promenade, the theatre, the ball, or concert, or whatever may be the amusement of the evening. At some hotels there is a table d'hôte again for supper at about eight o'clock, which is as hearty a meal as the dinner; but at the hotel where I stay the guests order supper according to their inclination. The play goes in at six o'clock and comes out at nine. The balls begin at seven, or at most eight o'clock, and are generally over between ten and eleven. Most commonly the good folks are all quiet and in bed by ten o'clock—after all, there is something very sensible and comfortable in this old fashioned style of living, and it seems to be healthy too, for the Germans, in general, are a very hearty-looking people. * * *

Aug. 20th.—I have had a restless, sleepless night from this tormenting malady. I believe I walked a little too much yesterday, it being Sunday, and the public gardens full of people of all ranks. I think I shall quit Wisbaden in a day or two, and go to the old city of Mayence, or Mentz, about six miles from hence, on the banks of the Rhine. There is a bath there of the kind I require, and I shall have the resource of a large town to interest me, besides being able to make excursions on water among the beautiful scenery of the Rheingau, and up the Mayne to Frankfort, for the river Mayne empties into the Rhine just at Mayence. By-the-bye, the fair at Frankfort commences in a few days, which is one of the greatest fairs in Europe. * * *

8 *o'clock, evening.*—I am just returned from a delightful drive among the mountains, and up to a place called Du Platte, where

the Duke of Nassau (in whose territories I now am) had a hunting lodge. I set off about five o'clock, that I might enjoy the sunset among the mountains. I cannot express to you how charming these drives are among beautiful woody mountains, with every now and then prospects over an immense tract of country, with the Mayne and Rhine winding through it. The weather is temperate and serene, especially in the evenings. The landscape is dotted with villages. Mayence is a striking object in every view, and far off to the south the prospect is bounded by the blue heights of the Odenwald. It is in this latter region you may recollect that I laid the scene of my little story of the Spectre Bridegroom. It would amuse you to see me in a crazy, clumsy open carriage, drawn by two ragged, bony, long-tailed horses, and harnessed with old ropes and rotten strips, which are the kind of hackney vehicles in German towns. Here I sit with my legs coiled up something like a Turkish bashaw, and hold a mongrel conversation, made up of English, French, and German, with the driver. The one that drove me this afternoon was full of admiration of the Kerzog von Nassau, (the Duke of Nassau,) whom he seemed to regard as the greatest potentate on earth. He was continually breaking out into eulogies of the forests, the hills, the vineyards, all which belonged to the Kerzog; and then the vast number of deer and wild boars in these forests, all belonging to the Kerzog; and then the fine hunting seat, where the Kerzog came in the autumn to hear the belling of the deer; all his raptures were expressed in bad and broken German to enable me the better to understand him, and accompanied by great grimace and gesticulation. * * *

I have determined to shift my head-quarters after dinner

to-day to Mayence on the banks of the Rhine, about five or six miles from this, and I will continue my letter from that place.

Aug. 21, *Evening.*—Here I am safely quartered at Mayence; and though I felt some regret at leaving the splendid hotel and pleasant environs of Wisbaden, yet I find much to compensate me at this place. The bath here is a kind of private property of an old gentleman, a kind of half philosopher and Jack-of-all-trades, who constructed it for his own cure. He knows, therefore, how to administer it, which is a great advantage; for I suffered much pain from the ignorance of the attendants at Wisbaden, who made the baths too hot, which nearly occasioned fainting, and produced severe pain in my ankles. This place is remarkably well situated for enjoying the scenery of the Rhine. From the bridge of boats which crosses the river in front of the town, there is a beautiful view down the Rheingau with several little islands covered with trees, while along the opposite side of the river lie the warm sunny hills which produce the finest Rhine wines. They lie exposed to the south, and sheltered by the range of Taunus mountains from the north winds, so that their grapes have the choicest influence of sun and weather. Nothing can be more charming than this look down the river, with the fine range of mountains closing the view; and then, on looking up, there is the little chateau and village of Hockheimer, famous for its wine; the confluence of the Mayne, and the purple heights of the Odenwald away in the distance.

Mayence is one of those old battered warrior towns that enjoy the advantage of being knocked about, and battered, and taken, and retaken in every war. The old cathedral bears marks of the last siege, some of the towers being in ruins, and the traces of a bombshell in the interior. The town has two

or three fine streets, and several huge rambling old German palaces; some turned into hospitals, some into barracks for soldiers, and some shut up and inhabited, I presume, by ghosts and hobgoblins. Many parts of the town are very old with time-worn and war-worn towers. The place is now garrisoned by German confederates, so that there are troops of different powers here. At the inn where I put up, and which is kept by a fat, jolly, waggish old Frenchman, a great Bonapartist in his heart, there is a table d'hôte frequented by several officers, Russian, Austrian, Prussian, &c. I have dined here on a visit I made some days since to Mayence, and was very much pleased with the motley group, who were all acquainted with each other, and full of conversation. One of the pleasantest things in travelling on the continent is to meet with table-d'hôtes of this kind in garrisoned towns. You find at them always a variety of strongly marked characters; men who have led a rambling campaigning life, and seen a great deal of the world.

Aug. 22d.—I have taken a bath at the old philosopher's, who is quite an original; an author, a lawyer, a chemist, and for aught I know, an alchemist, for he is poor and fanciful enough to be one. He lives in a huge old mansion, that has once had some claims to magnificence, but it is now rather *rattish*, and stands in a silent, grass-grown street. Had I known the old gentleman a little earlier, he would have given me some excellent hints for my alchemist; as it is, I shall turn him to account some way or other, and mean to study him attentively.

I am quite pleased with my quarters. The hotel is quite a specimen of one of these frontier hotels, and abounds with characters. * * * *

It was from the Hotel de Darmstadt here spoken of, that the introduction to the Tales of a Traveller is dated. The author was thrown back in his recovery after his arrival at Mayence, and was detained there some time by indisposition, as stated in that introduction, nor was Katrina, the pretty daughter of mine host, under whose tuition he conjugated ich liebe a fiction, but the tales really were written partly in Paris, and partly in England. As, however, he tells Peter, he was in hopes to have something under way for spring publication, it is probable he attempted some scribbling under the roof of the jolly publican, John Ardnot, from which the fancy took him to date his lucubrations from that Hotel.

[*To Mrs. Sarah Van Wart.*]

MAYENCE, Sept. 2, 1822.

MY DEAR SISTER:

I despatched a very well-filled letter to you from this place about ten days since. I have now been here nearly a fortnight, but do not yet find myself in condition to travel. I have been obliged to abandon the dry vapor baths, at least for the present. I found myself nearly overcome by them two or three times, and that they were followed by severe pains in the legs for several hours, as if the muscles were contracted.

* * * * * *

I am now convinced, though reluctantly, that this malady has an internal origin, and arises from a derangement of the system, and particularly of the stomach. The anxieties that I suffered for three or four years in England used frequently to affect my stomach, and the fits of study and literary application,

and the disuse of exercise to which I frequently subjected myself, and to which I had not previously been accustomed, all gradually prepared the way for some malady, and perhaps the one under which I at present suffer has prevented one of a more dangerous nature. I now foresee that it will take me some time, and patience, and care to restore my system to a healthful tone; all these external applications are but palliative; they relieve me from present pain and inconvenience, but it must be by diet, by gentle and slowly operating remedies, by easy recreation and tranquillity, and moderate exercise of mind, that I must gradually bring my constitution once more into vigorous activity, and eradicate every lurking evil.

I feel the value of life and health now in a degree that I never did before. I have always looked upon myself as a useless being, whose existence was of little moment. I now think, if I live and enjoy my health, I may be of some use to those who are most dear to me.

Notwithstanding the continuance of my complaint, I think the change of country and climate has been of service to me. The beautiful scenery among which I have lived of late, the fine weather and the pure and healthful air of these parts have had a most genial effect upon mind and body. I do not know when I have been more alive to the influence of lovely landscapes. * * I am most kindly attended by every one belonging to the hotel; am quite one of the family of mine host, and have daily lessons in French and German from one of his daughters, la belle Katrina, a pretty little girl of sixteen who has been educated in a convent.

I am leading a very idle life. I read considerably, but I do not pretend to write; and my mind has complete holiday,

so that it will be some time before I get another work under way.

Sept. 9th.—I returned last night from a delightful tour of three days. The weather was so fine and I felt so comfortable that I was tempted to visit some of the beautiful scenery of the Rhine. Accordingly I set off early one morning in company with a young English officer in one of the passage boats of the river, and made a voyage to Coblentz, about sixty miles down the river, where we arrived late in the evening. This took me through some of the finest scenery through which I had passed in my journey up the Rhine; I then saw it from the land; I now had an opportunity of seeing it from the water. I cannot express to you how much I am delighted with these beautiful and romantic scenes. Fancy some of the finest parts of the Hudson embellished with old towns, castles and convents, and seen under the advantage of the loveliest weather, and you may have some idea of the magnificence and beauty of the Rhine. * * *

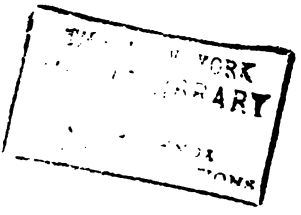
[*To Mrs. Sarah Van Wart.*]

HEIDELBERG, Sept. 18, 1822.

MY DEAR SISTER:

I despatched a long letter to you just as I was leaving Mayence. I broke up my encampment there on the 13th, and set off for Frankfort about twenty miles distant, in company with Captain Wemyss, a young English officer of the dragoons. We reached Frankfort in the evening, but found some difficulty in getting lodgings, for though the town is large, with enormous inns, yet the place is so crowded during the fair that every house is full. At one inn where we applied, we could not get admittance; another which made up one hundred and

NONNENWERTH IN THE RHINE.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eighty beds, had but one room vacant—at length the servant at the inn procured us two neat rooms at a shoemaker's, which we took for three days at the rate of two Brabant crowns a day; a huge price for Germany. This fair of Frankfort is held twice a year, in spring and autumn, and lasts several weeks each time. You must not judge of it, however, from your fairs. It is an assemblage of merchants and traders from all parts of Germany, Holland, France, &c., who meet here to transact business, and trade on a large scale, while the public squares and the quay along the river are built up with streets of little wooden booths, shops of small traders, where all kinds of wares and merchandise are exhibited. In one of the squares are a few shows and a temporary circus, but business seems to be much more attended to than pleasure. The whole city swarms like a beehive, and the streets are like moving pictures, for the various dresses, the peculiar costumes of the peasants, the antique German buildings, and the intermingling of soldiery strolling about, continually put one in mind of the scenes depicted in the works of the old painters. In Frankfort, as usual, every one dined at a table-d'hôte about one o'clock, and supped about nine in the evening. The saloon of the hotel where I ate, was very large, with a gallery for musicians, who played during the repast. Throughout Germany the table-d'hôtes are always attended by strolling musicians, singers, &c., who perform several tunes and then make a collection from the gentlemen at the table (the ladies are always excepted), who pay each a piece of six kreutzers (i. e. about a penny half-penny); sometimes the music is very good. I like the custom. * * * *

Frankfort is a beautiful town, and the only one that I have seen in Germany that appears to be thriving and increasing.

In most of the German towns, in consequence of the breaking up of the little German principalities and courts during the time of Bonaparte, and the merging of these petty governments into large states, you see continually the traces of former splendor; the ruins of petty aristocracies; old palaces deserted and falling into ruin; or turned into barracks, hospitals, &c. Frankfort, on the contrary, is an independent commercial town; its palaces are built by bankers and merchants, and are continually increasing. Some of the new streets are superb; but as I have a taste for the antique, particularly for the antique of the middle (or gothic) ages, I was more interested by the old parts of the town, particularly the part that faces along the river Maine, with the old bridge, the ancient towers, and the mountains of the Odenwald in the distance. I met with great civility at Frankfort from Mr. Kock, one of the first bankers of the place, to whom I happened to have a letter of introduction. I was a little indisposed, however, during my stay, and could not walk about much, or I should have enjoyed highly this scene of bustle and throng. After staying about three days, I left Frankfort in company with Captain Wemyss, and we came on leisurely in a voiture through Darmstadt to this place, which is in the Duchy of Baden. We came by what is called the Berg Strasse, or mountain road, a route famous for its beauty of scenery. Our road lay along the foot of the mountains of the Odenwald, which rose to our left, with vineyards about their skirts, and their summits covered with orests, from which every now and then peeped out the crumbling towers of some old castle, famous in German song and story; to our right spread out a rich plain as far as the eye could reach; with a faint line of blue hills marking the course of the distant Rhine. It is all in vain to attempt to

describe the beauty of these scenes—the continual variety of romantic scenery that delights the eye and excites the imagination, and the happy abundance that fills the heart. The exuberant quantity of fine fruit that I see around me, reminds me of our own country. The roads are bordered by orchards of apples and pears, where the trees are so loaded that the branches have to be supported by stakes, lest they should break. In some parts of the country, through which we passed, they were getting in the vintage, which will be a memorable one. Men, women, and children, were busy in the vineyards on the side of the hills; the road was alive with peasants laden with baskets of fruit, or tubs in which the grapes were pressed. Some were pressing the grapes in great tubs or vats, on the roadside. In the afternoon there was continual firing of guns, and shouting of the peasants on the vine hills, making merry after their labor, for the vintage is the season when labor and jollity go hand in hand. We bought clusters of delicious grapes for almost nothing, as we travelled along, and I drank of the newly pressed wine, which has the sweetness of new cider. The farther we advanced into the Duchy of Baden, the richer the scenery became; for this is a most fertile territory, and one where the peasantry are remarkably well off. The comfortable villages are buried in orchards and surrounded by vineyards, and the country people are healthy, well clad, good-looking and cheerful.

With all my ailments and my lameness, I never have enjoyed travelling more than through these lovely countries. I do not know whether it is the peculiar fineness of the season, or the general character of the climate, but I never was more sensible

to the delicious effect of atmosphere: perhaps my very malady has made me more susceptible to influences of the kind. I feel a kind of intoxication of the heart, as I draw in the pure air of the mountains; and the clear, transparent atmosphere, the steady, serene, golden sunshine, seems to enter into my very soul. There seem to be no caprices in this weather. Day succeeds to day of glorious sunshine. The sun rises bright and clear, rolls all day through a deep blue sky, and sets all night without a cloud. There are no chills, no damps; no sulky mist to take one by surprise, or mar the enjoyment of the open air.

Awaiting his arrival at Heidelberg, which he had expected to reach much earlier, when he set out on his tour, Mr. Irving found the following letter.

From Thomas Moore.

August 5, 1822.

MY DEAR IRVING:

I have been so deplorably lazy about writing to you, that I fear I am now too late to catch you at Heidelberg, and lest it should be the fate of my letter to die in the Dead Letter office of a German town ("la plus morte mort" as Montaigne calls it, that I can imagine), I will only venture two or three hasty lines, to tell you that we are all quite well, and full of delight at the idea of seeing you here in autumn. I have taken up a subject for a poem since I came to Passy, and nearly finished it—only about twelve or thirteen hundred lines in all, which I shall publish singly. Bessy has been for some weeks (with that "John Bull," as Tom now calls himself,) at Montmorenci, drinking the waters. I will just give you

an extract from a letter I received from her yesterday, because I think it is about as good criticism as is to be had (for *love* at least, whatever there may be for *money*), now-a-days. "I have just finished Bracebridge Hall, and am more than ever delighted with the author. How often he touches the heart! at least mine." I think you will agree with me that the modesty of this last limitation is such as critics would do well to imitate oftener. "Parlez pour vous" would dispel the illusions of the plurality exceedingly.

I want you very much here, and often express my wants aloud, though I have not Mrs. Story to give her gentle echo to them. She complains in her last letter to Bessy, that she has no longer any traces of your existence in the world. I could scribble a good deal more, now I have begun, but having the fear of that Epistolary Death at Heidelberg before my eyes, I must stop short, and am, my dear Irving,

Ever faithfully yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

At the receipt of this letter, Mr. Irving was undetermined which way to direct his course, whether to return to Paris, where Moore was expecting to welcome him; to make a tour in the country of the Black Forest, or to strike into the interior of Germany and pass his winter in Dresden or Vienna. Not three weeks before he set out on his tour, he had written to Brevoort:

I shall leave London in two or three weeks for the continent, and so soon as I have reinstated my health, I shall make a hasty tour, that I have been contemplating for several

years past: when that is accomplished, I shall have one grand obstacle removed to my return home; and will endeavor to arrange my concerns so as once more to see my native land, which is daily becoming dearer and dearer to my imagination, as the lapse of time gives it all the charms of distance.

Yet so it was, with this purpose constantly in his thoughts, years were to roll by before he should again revisit its shores.

CHAPTER VI.

LETTERS TO MRS. VAN WART—HEIDELBERG—BADEN—OLD CASTLE—SUBTERRANEAN APARTMENTS—SECRET TRIBUNAL—PAYS D'OR—STRASBOURG—ADIEU TO THE RHINE—THE BLACK FOREST—ULM—THE FIELD OF BLENHEIM—MUNICH—EUGENE BEAUHARNOIS—TRANSLATION OF SKETCH BOOK—BRACEBRIDGE HALL—SALZBURG—VIENNA—THE YOUNG NAPOLEON—CASTLE OF DUNSTEIN—CONVENT OF GOTTWIED.

I BRING together some further extracts from his letters to his sister, Mrs. Van Wart:

Sept. 20th.—I have been three days at Heidelberg, and have passed the time very pleasantly. This is a famous little old town, situated just at the entrance of a narrow valley, between steep mountains. The Neckar, a clear, beautiful river, flows by it, and between the mountains you look out over a vast, rich plain, through which the Neckar winds its course to the Rhine; and the distant horizon is bounded by Mont Tonnere, and the high Vosges mountains that wave along the frontiers of France. On a hill which rises immediately above Heidelberg, are the ruins of the old castle, one of the most splendid and extensive ruins in Germany. There is a public garden and fine shady walks laid out along the brow of the hill, all about the old castle, from whence you have charming views over the plain of the Rhine, and up the valley of the

Neckar. I have received the most hospitable attentions from Count Jennison, who resides at this place, to whom I brought letters from his friends in England. He is a very elegant and agreeable man, and speaks English as perfectly as an Englishman. He was Grand Chamberlain to the late King of Wurtemberg, and was once minister to the Court of St. James, where he married an English lady of rank. His daughters speak English, and the family is very amiable and agreeable. As it is the fashion here to dine at one o'clock, we have long afternoons, which in this serene golden season, are delightful. Count Jennison has taken us out each afternoon in an open carriage, and shown us some of the loveliest prospects in this enchanting neighborhood. We have likewise made the acquaintance of a young Silesian prince, and Count Shoenberg, a young Saxon nobleman, who both reside in the same hotel with us, so that we have plenty of society and amusement. As this neighborhood abounds with old castles, famous in legend and goblin tale, and the country is wonderfully diversified by wild and rich scenery, you may imagine how delightful every little excursion must be. I am now so much recovered from my lameness, as to be able to take long walks among the hills, and to scramble among the ruins of old castles, and I find the exercise has a fine effect upon my general health. There is a good bathing house opposite the hotel, where I take a tepid bath every morning, medicated with sulphuret of potasse, which I find to be extremely efficacious.

[*To Mrs. Sarah Van Wart.*]

HANBACK (BLACK FOREST), Oct. 8, 1822.

MY DEAR SISTER:

My last letter was written from Heidelberg, which place I left on the 30th September in company with Capt. Wemyss,

the same young officer of dragoons that has travelled with me from Mayence to Frankfort, &c. Our first day's journey brought us to Carlsruhe, the capital of the duchy of Baden, a very pleasant, well-built little place, mostly new, with a fine palace, public buildings, gardens, theatre, &c. These little German potentates have fine times of it, living on the fat of the land in the midst of beautiful scenery. They seem to have all the sweets of sovereignty, without its cares and troubles. From thence we went to Baden, one of the most romantically situated watering-places I have ever seen. It is in a small picturesque valley that runs like an inlet from the broad plain of the Rhine into the bosom of the mountains. Among the pine-covered mountains that overlook the town are the ruins of a grim old castle, and another protecting castle crests the hill on which the upper part of the town is built. In this last old castle there are long galleries of pictures of all the Electors of Baden, and the heroes of its reigning family for several centuries back, that have a most martial appearance, clad to the teeth in glistening steel. Underneath the castle we were shown subterraneous apartments that equalled the fabrications of novelists. They were chambers where the secret tribunal held its sittings, and where its victims were confined, and if convicted, tortured and executed. This was a mysterious association that, some centuries since, held all Germany in awe. It was a kind of Inquisition that took cognizance of all kinds of offences. Its sittings were held in secret; all its movements were wrapped in mystery. Its members consisted of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest; all sworn to secrecy; all forbidden to make known their being members; and all sworn by the most imposing oaths to inflict the punishments decreed by the tribunal, without regard to any tie of kindred or affection.

A man, therefore, once condemned by the tribunal had no chance of escape. He knew not where to fly, or in whom to confide; his bosom friend, his very brother might be a member of the terrible tribunal, and, of course, obliged to be his executioner. The subterraneous apartments of the old castle of Baden was one of the places where the secret tribunal was held. The place was worthy of the institution. You can imagine nothing more dismal than the cells and dungeons of which it was composed. There was one vaulted room, black with the smoke of tapers, in which the judges of the tribunal had held their sittings. Narrow winding passages through walls of prodigious thickness led to the dungeons of the prisoners and the places of torture. All these were completely shut up from the light of day, and the doors were formed of immense blocks of stone that turned heavily on their pivots, groaning as they moved. There was one great pitfall, down which, we were told, prisoners were precipitated after execution; but enough of this gloomy picture.

From Baden we continued on up the rich valley, or rather plain of the Rhine; away to our right, at a great distance, waved the blue Vosges mountains on the frontier of France, while near by on our left were the mountains of the Black Forest, with now and then the ruins of an old castle among the woods of birch and pine. The road, as usual throughout the Rhine country, ran along a level at the foot of the mountains. The landscape became more fertile even than those parts of the Rhine through which we had already passed. We had entered into that part of Suabia called the pays d'or (*i. e.* the golden country) on account of its happy fertility. The road was bordered by fruit trees, and ran through fields of grain, or along vine-covered hills. The peasants were all busy in the

fields, getting in their stock of potatoes and other vegetables. The vintage was over, and every now and then we passed wagons bearing great pipes of new wine, with bunches of flowers and streamers of ribbons stuck in the bung. The weather was serene and delightful, and nothing could be more gratifying than the picture of cheerful industry rewarded by abundance, which presented itself on every side.

We stopped at Kehl, a small village on the German side of the Rhine, where we passed the night and left our carriage and trunks, that we might not be incommoded by custom house officers. In the morning we took a hired carriage and drove to Strasbourg, about a league off. This is an important old town on the frontiers of France and on the banks of the Rhine; I assure you, I felt a kindly throb in finding myself in the territories of the gay nation; and I had several strong tugs of feeling that pulled me towards Paris. However, I resisted them all, and having looked at the noble cathedral of Strasbourg, and from its tower looked out over a magnificent reach of country, watered by the Rhine, I turned my back upon Strasbourg and France, and ordering post-horses at Kehl, bade a long and reluctant adieu to my summer friend and companion, the Rhine. It was really like parting with an old friend when I took the last look at this majestic stream about which I had passed so many weeks; our road now lay up the narrow valley of Kenseg that runs into the bosom of the Black Forest. I had bidden adieu to the gay borders of Germany that divide it from France, and was now about to penetrate into its interior. The valley of Kenseg is one of the most romantic and beautiful of the Black Forest; but unluckily for its verdant beauties, we entered it just before dusk. What we wanted

in beauty of scenery, however, was made up in wildness and romance. The uncertain effect of partial moonlight now and then breaking from among clouds, was admirable among these wild scenes. Our road lay sometimes under steep hills with overhanging forests of black pines; sometimes it crossed and re-crossed the narrow valley over wooden bridges with streams rushing under them, and it was not until late that we arrived at the village where I am now writing this letter.

I am now scribbling late at night in a little village in the valley of Kenseg, in the heart of the Black Forest. The inn is such an one as is sometimes shewn on the stage, where benighted travellers arrive and meet with fearful adventures. We were shewn into a great public room, wainscotted with wood, blackened by smoke, in which were waggoners and rustic travellers supping and smoking; a huge, rambling staircase led up to a number of old-fashioned wainscotted apartments. The hostess is dressed in one of the antique costumes of the country, and we are waited upon by a servant man in a dress that would figure to advantage in a melodrama; and a servant maid that is a Patagonian in size, and looks, as to costume, as if she had come out of the ark. This little village is composed of houses of wood and plaster. It is in a narrow part of the valley, with mountains about it covered with the black forests of pine that have given the forest its name. The Kenseg, a wild mountain stream, runs through the valley. The ruins of an old castle are perched upon a hill that rises just above the village, and may be seen from my window while I am writing. I can hear the owl hoot from the ruins of the castle, and the reply of some of his companions from the neighboring wood. Good-night.

Ulm, Oct. 6th.—We arrived here last night. After pass-

ing through the mountains of the Black Forest, we came down into broad open plains, watered by the early windings of the Danube, which we have traced from its source among the mountains. The country became more completely German. We found few, comparatively, that could speak French. The towns were antiquated in fashion; the people peculiar in costume. At length we left the Duchy of Baden, and crossing the little principality of Hohenzollern, we entered the kingdom of Wurtemberg, and, late at night, or rather toward morning, arrived at Ulm. Here we are in a huge, old-fashioned German hotel, with long galleries, or corridors, decorated with paintings, portraits, and stags' horns, and the windows looking out upon the Danube. To-morrow we resume our route, intending to make a bend through the kingdom of Bavaria, and so to travel on to Vienna, where I shall make some stay.

Munich, Oct. 14th.—After leaving Ulm we continued along the Danube for the purpose of visiting the field of Blenheim, where the great battle was fought in 1704, that gave such splendor to the British arms, and reflected such glory upon Marlborough. You know it was this battle that gave the name to Blenheim House, built by government for the Duke. We had fine weather as usual; and I had an excellent opportunity of examining this famous battle-ground. From Donanworth, a village beyond Blenheim, we made a sudden bend, taking our leave of the Danube for a season. I must observe that this river already began to exhibit some beautiful scenery, rambling through very beautiful country, particularly between Blenheim and Donanworth. It was as yet but a moderate stream. However, I shall be on its banks again before arriving at Vienna, and shall then find it wonderfully improved in size. From Donanworth we made a bend into the heart of the kingdom of

Bavaria, and the second day arrived at this place, which is the capital, where we have been nearly a week. This is a most charming little capital. With a population of only about fifty thousand people, it combines more advantages than are to be met with in cities of three times its size. One of the finest libraries in Europe, a magnificent theatre, an Italian opera, a smaller theatre, splendid galleries of paintings, and princely palaces. There has been a grand fête on the king's birth-day, which gave me a fine opportunity of seeing both the court and the populace. The king is a most amiable, worthy man, and extremely beloved by his people. It was quite an affecting sight to see him in public, surrounded by the multitude, without any guards to keep them off, and followed with acclamations and blessings. The royal family is very handsome; there are several princesses. I had a good view also of Eugene Beauharnois, the stepson of Bonaparte. He married a daughter of the King of Bavaria, and is one of the most fortunate of Bonaparte's relatives and followers; for he has ever maintained a character for honor and bravery, and now lives in opulence and ease, with a superb palace, a charming wife and family, beloved by his father-in-law, the old king, and esteemed by the public.

This place is quite remarkable for its musical resources. Mozart composed several of his best operas at Munich, and ever since the place has had a musical turn. The orchestra of the theatre is admirable. There is a female singer here, that to my taste is preferable even to Catalani. We have music, morning, noon, and night, for there are three of the best military bands that I have ever heard, and one or other of them seems to be continually parading the streets. * * * This place is rather more subject to changes and chills than other of the

southern parts of Germany, owing to its vicinity to the mountains of the Tyrol, which stretch along the horizon to the south, and have their cragged summits already covered with snow. To-morrow we shall resume our route for Vienna, going round by the way of Salzburg to visit the salt mines. We shall strike the Danube again at Lintz, and then continue along it, through a most beautiful and interesting country, to Vienna. * * I am happy to say that my health continues to improve, and that I am gradually getting the better of my malady. At present I can walk about without any inconvenience, and indeed am on my legs almost the whole day.

When at Strasbourg, I saw in a bookshop a French translation of the Sketch Book, different from that I had in England, and much superior, ornamented with plates. I find that it has likewise been translated into German, and selections published from it in various German periodical works. A translation of Bracebridge Hall is also about to be published at Berlin. * *

Give my love to all the young folks and to the neighbors. What lots of stories I shall have to tell when I get to Brummy again. * * *

[*To the Same.*]

VIENNA, Oct. 27, 1822.

MY DEAR SISTER:

* * * I left Munich, in company with Captain Wemyss, on the 17th, for Salzburg. We travelled as before, in an open carriage of Captain Wemyss, with a caleche top, which we could put up in case of bad weather. We had thus a fine view of the country on all sides, with the benefit of riding in the open air, which I think has had an excellent effect on my health. * * * *

It took us a day and a half to get to Salzburg. The lat-

ter part of the road was very interesting. We passed along a beautiful lake, called the Chiem Zee, or as they pronounce it Kem See, which lies just at the feet of high and picturesque mountains, some of them already tipped with snow. In this part of Bavaria the country people live on their farms, as in England, which gives the country a much more cheerful and populous look than in other parts of the continent, where the country is all naked plain, and the peasantry huddled together in villages. The peasantry, however, are very ugly; indeed, since I have passed the Black Forest, I have seen nothing of the comeliness among the country people that I saw on the Rhine, particularly the lower part of the Rhine, from Mayence downwards. Before reaching Salzburg, we passed the frontier barrier of Bavaria, and entered the Austrian dominions.

Salzburg is one of the most romantic places, as to its situation and scenery, that I have ever beheld. It is a little old Archiepiscopal city, in a narrow but beautiful valley; surrounded by high mountains, a branch of the Tyrolean Alps, many of which are tipped with snow. The Saal, a rapid clear stream, rushes by the town. A huge old castle frowns down upon it, from a craggy height that rises immediately from the town, while on a height on the opposite side of the river stands a venerable convent of Capuchins. As Austria is a country in which the Catholic religion holds still a powerful sway, the little city of Salzburg is well supplied with convents, and the bells of these and the churches are ringing to prayers almost every hour in the day. The only variety to this solemn steeple music, is a chime of bells in one of the towers, which play a waltz three times a day, and I presume all the street devotees are expected to dance to it. The

season was not yet so far advanced as to destroy the beauty of the landscape; indeed it seemed to me as if the rich yellow tints of autumn increased the effect of this wild mountain scenery, by mingling a hue of melancholy with its grandeur. The heavy mists, too, that prevail among the mountains early in the mornings at this season, produced splendid effects, as they gradually broke up and rolled away; revealing crag after crag, mountain after mountain; and for a long time involving the remote vistas of the mountains in obscurity. The sun always shone out toward midday with extreme warmth, as if to revenge himself on the mist that had tried to obscure him. * * * *

In one of the mountains near by Salzburg, there are famous salines or salt works, which we visited. The whole mountain is perforated and wrought into as many galleries and passages as an ant-hill. We were for a long time under ground, descending great shafts, or being wheeled along subterranean passages on a kind of hand-wagon. These mountain regions are full of fable and elfin story; and I had some wonderful tales told me which I shall keep in mind against I have another match at story-telling with the children. There is one great mountain that towers into the clouds close by Salzburg, which is called the Untersberg, which the common people believe to be quite hollow, with churches and palaces inside; where the Emperor Charles V. and all his army remain spell-bound.

After remaining between two or three days at Salzburg, we resumed our journey, * * * * travelled all night, and the next day about four o'clock, arrived safe at Vienna.

* * * * * * * *

In driving through the town, they pass young Napoleon in a carriage and six.

Vienna, Nov. 10th.—This letter has been lying by me unfinished for a fortnight; for I have been so much occupied in looking about, that I have had no time to write. This is one of the most perplexing cities that I was ever in. It is extensive, irregular, crowded, dusty, dissipated, magnificent, and to me disagreeable. It has immense palaces, superb galleries of paintings, several theatres, public walks, and drives crowded with equipages; in short, every thing bears the stamp of luxury and ostentation; for here is assembled and concentrated all the wealth, fashion, and nobility of the Austrian empire, and every one strives to eclipse his neighbor. The gentlemen all dress in the English fashion, and in walking the fashionable lounges you would imagine yourself surrounded by Bond street dandies. The ladies dress in the Parisian mode, the equipages are in the English style, though more gaudy; with all this, however, there is a mixture of foreign costumes, that gives a very motley look to the population in the streets. You meet here with Greeks, Turks, Polonaise, Jews, Sclavonians, Croats, Hungarians, Tyroleans; all in the dress of their several countries; and you hear all kinds of languages spoken around you. The Emperor is at present in Italy, attending the Congress at Verona. I have seen the other members of the Imperial family several times at the theatre, where they appear in the Imperial box, without any show, nor any sensation on the part of the audience, as it seems quite a common occurrence. The most interesting member of the family, however, was the young Napoleon, son of poor Boney. His mother, now called the Archduchess Marie

Louise, was, as you may recollect, daughter of the Emperor of Austria. She is now at Verona. The young Napoleon, or the Duke of Reichstadt, as he is called, is a very fine boy, full of life and spirit, of most engaging manners and appearance, and universally popular. He has something of Bonaparte in the shape of his head and the lower part of his countenance; his eyes are like his mother's. I have seen him once in an open carriage, with his tutor. Every one took off his hat as the little fellow passed. I have since seen him at the theatre, where he appeared to enjoy the play with boyish delight; laughing out loud, and continually turning to speak to his more phlegmatic uncles, the other young princes.

A few days since, I made a most interesting tour of two days to visit some of the scenery of the Danube, and particularly the ruins of the Castle of Durnstein, where Richard Cœur de lion was confined. You may remember the story of his captivity, which is one of the most romantic in English history, and has been the theme of novels, poems, and operas. He was one of the bravest monarchs that ever sat on the English throne. In returning from a crusade in the Holy Land, he was cast away in the gulf of Venice, and fearful of falling into the hands of the King of France, he attempted to travel across Germany in the disguise of a pilgrim. He was discovered at Vienna by Leopold, Duke of Austria, who sold him to the Emperor of Germany. He was confined in the Castle of Durnstein between one and two years; tantalized with hopes of being released, on paying an enormous ransom, and with fears of being delivered captive to his bitter enemy, the King of France—but I am wandering into a string of ill-told historical anecdotes which you will find much better

related in any English history; though the great charm of his story has been given by poetry and romance. He is the same monarch who figures so gallantly in Walter Scott's romance of Ivanhoe.

I was accompanied in my little tour by an agreeable young Irish gentleman of the name of Brooke. Though it was in the month of November, yet the weather was serene and beautiful. We had that steady golden sunshine which is peculiar to autumn. The country, though nearly stripped of foliage, had still enough of the lingering tints of autumn to render it pleasing. Our route for the first day lay through rather lonely scenes, where there was no high road; among woods and high hills. We visited the chateau of an Austrian nobleman, situated on a hill, with its dependent village gathered round its skirts, and looking over a great extent of sunny valley. It had quite an air of solitary pride and dominion; there being not another residence of any consequence within sight. As the family were absent, we had an opportunity of ranging over the whole castle, which was of great extent, with billiard rooms, and a saloon fitted up for private theatricals. The next morning we started before daylight, and in a fog; after travelling for some time, day dawned, but we were still involved in obscurity, and ascending and descending hills and valleys, without being able to see a hundred yards before us. About seven o'clock, the sound of a matin bell gave us warning that we were in the neighborhood of the convent of Gottwick, or Gottwied; one of the most interesting objects in the course of our route. It is situated on the summit of a mountain that commands one of the grandest prospects of the Danube. We left the carriage at the foot of a steep ascent that forms the highest

part of the mountain, and set off for the convent on foot. The fog was still so thick that we could not see any thing of the convent until we got close to it, when it seemed suddenly to loom upon us out of the mist; its vast buildings and lofty towers looking dim and shadowy, like a great palace of enchantment, just rising into existence. As we approached we heard the sound of the organ, and that mass was performing in the chapel. We found our way there, and entered a magnificent church, with a remarkably rich altar-piece. After mass, we entered the convent, and requested permission to see the interior. The superior, a round, sleek, jolly looking friar, received us with great politeness, and being obliged to attend to the duties of the convent, requested one of the young monks to attend us, who showed us the library, which is very valuable, with many rare manuscripts. He also showed us the cabinet of natural history, &c. The convent is of vast extent; superbly built, very wealthy, and very hospitable, with cellars as well stored with old wine as the library with old books.

From hence we descended to the Danube, and crossing it on a long bridge, we continued on to the old castle of Durnstein. Here we passed some time exploring the ruins. The castle stands on the summit of a rocky height, among stern mountains. The Danube winds below it, and you have a long view up and down the river. The scenery is grand and melancholy, and the story of the Lion-hearted Richard has given a peculiarly romantic interest to the place. Our return from hence was through very beautiful country, frequently in view of the Danube, and we did not reach Vienna until late at night, highly satisfied with our tour.

I must not omit to mention that I lately received a packet

from Mr. Storrow, containing three letters from you, dated Sept. 1, Sept. 21, and October 7. You must imagine how gratifying they were to me. They brought me at once into your dear little family circle, and made me forget for awhile that I was so far adrift from any home. These little tidings of the fireside, to a man that is wandering, are like the breezes that now and then bring to the sea-beaten sailor the fragrance of the land. I feel most sensibly your affectionate solicitude about my health. I am happy to say I am daily improving; and in a little while I trust I shall have no more remains of my complaint. It no longer gives me any trouble; but I continue my foot-baths night and morning, while any traces of it remain, for fear of a relapse; as I am conscious that my constitution is not yet actually what it should be. * * *

I am beginning to think of leaving Vienna. I shall probably stay a week longer and then take my departure for Dresden, which will be my winter quarters. It is a more quiet and intellectual city than this; for here the people think only of sensual gratifications. There is scarcely any such thing as literary society, or I may say literary taste in Vienna. Dresden, on the contrary, is a place of taste, intellect, and literary feeling; and it is the best place to acquire the German language, which is nowhere so purely spoken as in Saxony. Dresden is about three hundred miles from here by the shortest road, which lies through Moravia and Bohemia. I think it very probable that I shall make the journey alone, as there are few persons travelling for pleasure so late in the season; and I prefer travelling alone unless I can find a companion exactly to my mind.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM VIENNA TO DRESDEN—PRAGUE—PUTS UP AT HOTEL DE SAXE, DRESDEN—INTIMACY WITH AN ENGLISH FAMILY—MRS. FULLER'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE AUTHOR—LETTER TO LESLIE—EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOK—PRESENTATION AT COURT—DINNER WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY—PRIVATE THEATRICALS—LETTER TO MRS. VAN WART—LETTER TO PETER—BOAR HUNT—THE CONSPIRACY—PLAYS SIR CHARLES RACKETT IN THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE—PETER—NEW DISCOURAGEMENTS WITH THE STEAMBOATS.

BEFORE he left Vienna, the author visited the Imperial library, where he saw the MSS. of Tasso's Jerusalem. He has this note on the subject: "I thought I saw a similarity between his handwriting and Lord Byron's; many alterations in MSS." Having met with such a travelling companion as he could wish in Mr. Willoughby Montague, a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, he left Vienna for Dresden on the 18th of November, intending to stop a few days at Prague. "I am happy to say," he writes to his sister, "I have scarcely any traces left of my complaint, but I shall continue to take baths for some time."

As his letters give no account of his journey from Vienna to Dresden, I insert here a few of his travelling notes.

Friday, Nov. 22d.—A little after six arrive at Prague—approach to the town—moonlight on the walls—dry moat and gateway—towers of churches dark—streets spacious—fine effect of passing under the old gateways, with sentinels loitering about, lanterns, &c.—put up at the Staat Wien—very civil people—go to theatre—beautiful moonlight night—much pleased with the theatre—spacious and cheerful—good scenery—good dresses—good music. The piece, a German translation of the Barber of Seville—the part of Rosina charmingly played by a beautiful actress of the name of Mademoiselle Sontag—blue eyes, auburn hair, fine teeth, small mouth. The part of Figaro very well played. The whole got up very well. Mademoiselle Sontag is about to leave this for Vienna, where she is engaged at a very high price. Fine contrast after travelling through sombre mountains, country of boors, and rude villages, to arrive in the evening at a fine town, and in half an hour be ushered into a splendid theatre.

Nov. 26th.—Leave Prague for Dresden in the same voiture in which we came—two and a half days to Dresden.

Nov. 28th.—Stop at Peterswald, frontier village of the Austrian empire—our passports examined, endorsed, and we permitted to proceed—enter Saxony—immediate change of the roads for the better—excellent *chausse*—stop at frontier office—questioned whether we have any merchandise, &c., and on our answering in the negative, permitted to proceed without further ceremony. As we descend the mountain the weather improves. * * Extensive and pleasant view over the fields of Saxony—hills away to the right, with gleams of the Elbe—distant view of Dresden—cluster of spires and dome, like mere shadows on the horizon—road continues excellent—neat white mile stones—country more diversified and rural than Bohemia.

Farm houses with enclosures and their dependent patches of varied vegetation. Pass through Pirna—castle on an eminence—shots and shot holes in walls of houses—beautiful evenning and sunset—scenery on the Elbe—distant hills cheerful from evergreens—rosy gleams on the still water, with fishing boats—as the day closes the full moon shines out from among clouds, which gradually draw off and leave her in full splendor in a deep blue sky—fine effect as we approach Dresden—moonshine brings out white buildings, steeples, domes, &c. Enter and drive through tall, spacious streets, though dark—open into broad moonlight squares of fine houses—fountains, churches —put up at Hotel de Saxe.

In this little city, where he remained for six months, the author was destined to find a delightful residence. His literary reputation had preceded him.

He met an old acquaintance here in Morier, the British Minister, whom he had known as Chargé at Washington, in 1811, and through him he soon found himself mingling familiarly with the diplomatic corps, who formed a sort of social brotherhood. Here he also met for the first time, an English family by the name of Foster, with whom he became extremely intimate, and his interourse with whom he remembered with lasting interest. Mrs. Foster was a lady of rank, the daughter of Lord Carhampton, and had been for some time residing in Dresden for the education of her children. Her house soon became a home to him. One of the daughters, in a letter addressed to him long years afterwards, says of this period: "You

formed a part of our daily life." I am permitted to transcribe a letter from another daughter, which gives her charming impression of his character, as exhibited at this period of familiar intercourse. The letter, it will be seen, bears date after the author's death, and was addressed to me in reply to an application for his correspondence with the family.

THORNHAUGH RECTORY, WANSFORD,
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, March 10, 1860.

DEAR SIR:

I have sent a few extracts from Mr. Irving's letters that I thought were characteristic, or might be generally interesting, but only a few, for he expressed so strong a desire that his correspondence should be strictly private, that I have only chosen those that I think he would not have disliked being made public, or I should feel as if I had violated the sacred confidence of a friendship so valued. The passages I have sent give an idea of his life in Dresden. Sought after by all in the best society, and mingling much in the gay life of a foreign city, and a court where the royal family were themselves sufficiently intellectual to appreciate genius; but really intimate with ourselves only, and to such a degree that it gives me a right to judge of some points in his character. He was thoroughly a gentleman, not merely externally in manners and look, but to the innermost fibres and core of his heart. Sweet-tempered, gentle, fastidious, sensitive, and gifted with the warmest affections, the most delightful and invariably interesting companion, gay and full of humor, even in spite of occasional fits of melancholy, which he was however seldom subject to when with those he liked—a gift of conversation that flowed like a full river in sunshine, bright, easy, and abundant.

He stayed at Dresden till we left, and then accompanied us on our return home, even into the packet-boat, and left us in the channel. That was not happily our last parting; he visited us in England, and I saw a good deal of him in London afterwards; but the farewell in that open boat, with the looks of regret on all sides, seemed the real farewell, and left the deepest impression. The picture he received in Paris was the little miniature you mention. I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

EMILY FULLER.

You are quite welcome to make any use of my letter that you please. It is a very faint testimony of a real friendship.

The "picture" referred to at the close of this beautiful tribute to the departed, was a miniature copy of the Head of Herodias, painted by Mrs. Fuller from the Dresden gallery, and which has been for years suspended from the walls of Sunnyside. "I treasure it," says the author in a letter to Mrs. Fuller, a few years before his death, "as a precious memorial of those pleasant days." The extracts from Mr. Irving's letters which she forwards will find a place hereafter.

The first letter written by Mr. Irving after his arrival at Dresden, was the following:

[*To C. R. Leslie.*]

DRESDEN, Dec. 2, 1822.

MY DEAR LESLIE:

I wrote to Newton from Munich, and had hoped before this to have had a reply; but have been disappointed. I am very

anxious to hear from you all, and to know what you are still doing. For my part, my whole summer has been devoted to travelling, gazing about, and endeavoring to acquire a good state of health, in which latter I am happy to say I have in a great measure succeeded. By dint of bathing, and a little attention to diet, I have conquered the malady that so long rendered me almost a cripple; and the exercise, change of air, and refreshment of spirit incident to travelling, have operated most favorably on my general health. Since I wrote to Newton, I have been among the Salzburg mountains; then by the way of Lintz to Vienna, where I remained nearly a month; then through part of Moravia and Bohemia, stopping a few days at the fine old city of Prague, to this place, where I mean to winter. How I should have liked to have you as a travelling companion throughout my summer's tour. You would have found continual exercise for the pencil, and objects of gratification and improvement in the noble galleries that abound in the principal German cities. I shall now take a master and go to work to study German. If I can get my pen to work, so much the better; but it has been so long idle that I fear it will take some time to get it in a working mood. I hope you have made some more designs for my works, and that the engravings are finished of those that were in hand. Take care to get for me Allston's design for the "Judgment of Wouter Van Twiller," and endeavor, if possible, to get all the originals into your hands. How do you come on in housekeeping? Have you got to new and comfortable quarters? How often have I thought of you, in exploring some of these old German towns, where you might have a wing of a deserted palace almost for nothing. Such glorious painting rooms, that might be blocked up or pulled to pieces at your humor! The living, in fact, is

wonderfully cheap in many of the finest cities of Germany. In Dresden, for example, I have a very neat, comfortable, and prettily furnished apartment on the first floor of a hotel; it consists of a cabinet with a bed in it, and a cheerful sitting room that looks on the finest square. I am offered this apartment for the winter at the rate of thirty-six shillings a month. Would to Heaven I could get such quarters in London for any thing like the money. I shall probably remain here until the spring opens, as this is one of the pleasantest winter residences, and peculiarly favorable for the study of the German language, which is here spoken in its purity. Which way I shall direct my wanderings when I leave this, I cannot say; I find it is useless to project plans of tours, as I seldom follow them, but am apt to be driven completely out of my course by whim or circumstance. Do write to me, and direct your letters "poste restante, Dresden." Let me hear all the news you can collect of our acquaintances, and tell me what you are all doing. Have the Bollmans left Paris and returned to America? How goes on Luke's picture of Greenwich? I presume it is nearly finished. What subjects have you in hand, or what in view, &c., &c.? I sent you word in my letter to Newton that I wished you, when the plates illustrating my works were published, to get some sets from Murray for me, and send them to Mr. Van Wart, to be forwarded to my brother in America; one set to be given to Mr. Brevoort of New York.

I find by a letter from my brother, that he met with that worthy personage, Mr. Peter Powell, at Rouen, and that they had a world of pleasant conversation together.

Farewell, my dear boy.

Give my hearty remembrance to the "Childe," Father

Luke, and all the rest of the fraternity, not forgetting my excellent and worthy friend, Peter Powell.

Yours ever, W. I.

His note-book, which is in pencil, and but partially distinct, will give us some further particulars of his mode of life in Dresden. I begin with the record of his presentation at this most peculiar and most antiquated of all the Courts of Europe.

Dec. 22d.—Sunday—presented at court by Mr. Morier—presentation took place about twelve o'clock. First, at Prince Antoine's apartments, where I was presented to Prince Antoine and Prince Max, the king's brothers. Then to Prince Max's sons, Prince Frederick and Prince John, then the Princess of Austria married to Prince Frederick, the Princess Amelia of Bavaria lately married to Prince John, and the Princess Amelia, daughter to Prince Max and sister to Queen of Spain.

The Princess Amelia is a little of a blue-stocking—spoke to me about my works—asked about America—our scenery, &c. Had been aboard one of our ships of war at Naples (probably the Franklin), and was much astonished at it.

Princess of Bavaria very amiable, engaging countenance—much beauty—Prince John talked to me in English about my works—Princess Max and Antoine full of *bonhommie*.

From Prince Antoine's we went, by galleries and corridors, to the king's apartments, where we had to wait some time in a cool saloon. When the king entered and went round the circle, I was introduced, and he spoke to me very flatteringly about my works.

Dec. 23*d.*—Walked out with Col. Livius, who is full of the project of private theatricals—met Trotter and Butler—went together to Mrs. Foster's, where the colonel interested the young ladies in his plans.

Dec. 25*th.*—Went to court. King asked me several questions about America—mode of travelling there—thought the steamboats dangerous.

Dec. 29*th.*—Presented at court to the queen and princess royal—queen very affable—the princess plump and good-humored—court held about twelve o'clock—after court go to Mrs. Foster's—rehearse.

Evening.—A soiree at Prince Frederick's; all the royal family there except the king and queen—had considerable conversation with Prince Frederick and John—Prince John asked me if it was true that in America we had no servants—I assured him that we had servants as in Europe, the only difference was that we had bad servants.

January 1, 1823.—In the morning, half-past six o'clock, hear the military music go by —half-past nine went to court—levee of the princes and princesses to receive the congratulations of the day—every body in full gala dress—Princess Amelia looked very lovely.

Ocean of courtiers through which I had to wade to get into the presence chamber—court dresses scarlet, with profusion of gold lace.

Half-past 12.—Levee of queen—old lady richly dressed with fine diamonds—asked Scott [the son of Sir Walter] when his father would come—said he would *faire ses Delices*—much joking on the subject.

Six o'clock in the evening.—Grand assembly at court in the saloon—ladies and gentlemen in grand toilette—large halls and

anterooms—king, queen, and princesses go round and speak to the company—then the royal family and the foreign ministers and ladies seat themselves at card tables, and the company go round and bow to each table—the whole ends a little after eight o'clock—court livery of nobility, scarlet and gold—Countess Palffy [wife of the Austrian minister] in beautiful Hungarian dress, with train of diamonds.

January 3d.—At home all the morning writing letters. * * * After dinner go to Mrs. Foster's, where Col. Livius read part of the Rivals—fell asleep.

January 5th, Sunday.—Went to court at quarter past twelve o'clock—court held at Prince Antoine's apartments, and afterwards the king's—at Prince Antoine's I was spoken to by each of the royal family present, and at the king's by his majesty—from the king's levee went by invitation to the queen's apartments, being to dine at the royal table—other guests were the Prince Menzikoff, Count Blome, Count ——— (a Pole), Capt. Scott, Capt. Butler, Mr. Price.

Dinner served up in room where there is very good Gobelin tapestry—sat at dinner between Count Vilzthurm and ———, a Russian. The latter a very amiable, agreeable young man of great possessions—speaks English—invited me to visit him at his place in the *Crimea*.

Dinner lasted an hour—not remarkably good—no variety of wines—each man had his little flask of wine and another of water, with an enormous wine glass—dinner quiet and dull—after dinner adjourned to drawing-room—took coffee—talked a little with the royal family, who then bowed and retired—we did the same.

January 7th, evening.—Ball at Count Saxburgh's, the Bavarian minister, in honor of the nuptials of Prince John and

Princess of Bavaria—staircase lighted up and decorated with evergreens, so as to form a green alley—present, Prince Antoine, Princes Max, Frederick, and John, Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, Princess ———, and Princess Amelia of Bavaria—elegant supper—company danced until three o'clock—curtain caught fire—pulled it down, and received the thanks of the princes—made an arrangement with the Forestmeister to accompany him to the chase.

January 20th, Monday.—Morning, German lessons—rehearsal at Mrs. Foster's—dine at Mrs. Williams. * * In the evening call with Capt. Butler at General Canicof's—then to the Baron Lowenstein—pleasant family—ladies speak English—present, a Polish count of eighteen accomplishments—ruddy face—flaxen hair—bright Phœbus or glorious Apollo look—has written a play which was damned.

Thursday, 23d.—Pass the morning at home studying and writing. *Qu.?* Does not the continent continually present pictures of customs and manners, such as formerly prevailed in England? The king's *chasse* at Dresden is quite a picture of ancient hunting in Queen Elizabeth's reign. The table d'hôte at Heidelberg, Munich, Mayence, &c., was the old host's table in England. The manners of the guests are similar—the mixture of civil and military at their tables. The soldiers who have been in Russia, Egypt, &c., may vie with the crusaders.

January 29th—Dined at home at one o'clock—sat for my likeness to Vogel [a portrait painter who had solicited it]. In the evening went to ball at Prince Antoine's—present, the king, queen, and royal family, the second and third sons of the King of Prussia—talked with the youngest—a fine young man—danced a whimsical dance called *de Gross Vader*—danced also an *Ecossais*—partners, the two young Countesses de Loos.

February 4th.—At home all the morning studying—dine at three o'clock at Count Lowenstein's—at dinner met Count Blankinser? (glorious Apollo)—stories of ghosts—Miss Lowenstein told me that the people of Livonia, from whence she comes, are extremely superstitious, and believe in elfs, &c., &c.

February 11th.—At home studying and trying to write. * * In evening at six o'clock go to Court ball—great crowd—fine dresses—populace admitted as spectators—make the room very hot—breaks up about half past ten.

Wednesday, 19th.—At home all the morning writing—pay a visit to General Canicof and to Mr. Bottiger—dine by myself—in evening go to the theatre and see the Italian opera—Cyrus in Babylon, one of Rossini's worst—after theatre go to Mrs. Foster's, and sit there reading and gossipping until near one o'clock.

The following letters give further and curious pictures of his life in this city.

[*To Mrs. Sarah Van Wart.*]

DRESDEN, March 7, 1823.

MY DEAR SISTER:

* * * My winter in Dresden has been extremely agreeable. I have become quite at home among the good people, and am invited to every thing that is going on in the world of fashion and gaiety. The old court has particularly pleased me from its stiff old fashioned formalities, and buckram ceremonies. I have been treated uniformly with the most marked attention, by all the members of the royal family, and am in great favor with the old queen. There is a singular mixture of state and

familarity in some of the court fêtes. There have been for instance, several court balls given by the royal family. At those given by the king, the common people are admitted as spectators, and rows of seats are erected for them on each side of the great saloon in which the company dance. Here then you see the nobility and visitors of the court, in full court dresses, dancing in the centre of the saloon, while on each side are long banks of burly faces wedged together, men, women, and children, and gazing and curtseying as at a theatre. As the court dances are not always the most dignified, one would think this opportunity of seeing royalty cutting capers, would be enough to destroy the illusion with which it is surrounded. There is one romping dance called "the Grandfather," something in the style of *Sir Roger de Coverly*, which generally winds up the balls, and of which the princes and princesses are extremely fond. In this I have seen the courtiers of all ages capering up and down the saloon to the infinite amusement of the populace, and in conformity to the vagaries of the dance, I have been obliged to romp about with one of the princesses as if she had been a boarding school girl. * * * *

I wish I could give you a good account of my literary labors, but I have nothing to report. I am merely seeing and hearing, and my mind seems in too crowded and confused a state to produce any thing. I am getting very familiar with the German language; and there is a lady here who is so kind as to give me lessons every day in Italian [Mrs. Foster], which language I had nearly forgotten, but which I am fast regaining. Another lady is superintending my French [Miss Emily Foster], so that if I am not acquiring ideas, I am at

least acquiring a variety of modes of expressing them when they do come. * * * *

Give my love to Mr. Van Wart and to all the dear young folks. How I long to see them all once more. I shall have a world to talk about, when I once more resume my corner on the sofa. * * * *

[*To Peter Irving.*]

DRESDEN, March 10, 1823.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

What a time have I suffered to pass by without writing to you. I can give no excuse for it but the wretched and unsatisfactory one, of continual procrastination, and too much distraction and dissipation of mind; but I know you to be indulgent in these cases, and not to consider a casual career of dissipation among the *crying* sins. I have been passing a very agreeable, a very idle, but I trust after all, a very profitable winter in Dresden; for though I have done nothing with my pen, and have been tossed about on the stream of society, yet I console myself with the idea that I have *lived into* a great deal of amusing and characteristic information; which after all, is perhaps the best way of studying the world. I have been most hospitably received and even caressed in this little capital, and have experienced nothing but the most marked kindness from the king downwards. My reception, indeed, at court has been peculiarly flattering, and every branch of the royal family has taken occasion to show me particular attention, whenever I made my appearance. I wish you were here with me to study this little court; it is just the thing that would delight you. It is one of the most formal and ceremonious in Europe, keeping up all the old observances that have been laid aside in other

courts. The king is an excellent old gentleman, between seventy and eighty, but a staunch stickler for the old school. He has two brothers, Prince Max and Prince Antoine, and the trio are such figures as you see in the prints of Frederick the Great. Prince Max is one of the most amiable old gentlemen I have ever met with; his countenance and manners peculiarly benevolent; he has two sons, Frederick and John (the former will one day inherit the throne), and two daughters, the youngest of whom is the present Queen of Spain. Prince Antoine, the other brother of the king, is a brisk, lively little gentleman; very religious, but withal as great a hunter as Nimrod, and as fond of dancing as King David. He married a sister of the Emperor of Austria, an old lady that is a complete picture of the dames of the old school. Prince Antoine has always shown a great fancy for me, and I believe I owe much of my standing in the old gentleman's favor, from dancing French quadrilles. I have dined with the king, and been at a number of balls and soirées given by the different members of the royal family; as at these balls every one must be in uniform or court dress, they are very showy.

Among the other institutions which the king keeps up, is a grand hunting establishment in the old style. As this is the only place in Europe where any thing of the kind is maintained in the ancient manner, I have been very much interested by it. The king has his forest masters; his chasseurs, piqueurs, jägers, &c., &c. There are large forests appropriated to the chase, where deer and boars are preserved; and the country abounds with game. I have followed the king twice to the boar hunt; the last time we had a fine run of upwards of two hours. The king was followed by a numerous

hunting retinue, all clad in hunting costumes of green. The *chasse* was in a forest, which is traversed by roads, lanes, and paths in every direction; and the noise of the hounds and horns, the sight of huntsmen dashing about through the forest in every direction, and of the old king and his retinue galloping along the alleys of the forest, formed altogether one of the most animating scenes I have ever witnessed. The boar was not overpowered until he had killed one dog and wounded several.

Finding how much I was interested in their *chasse*, the old queen (who has always shown me great kindness) was so obliging as to order another kind of *chasse*, that I might see how the wild boars were taken in nets; which was very amusing, but by no means so animating and interesting as the *chasse* on horseback.

Among the other amusements of the winter, we have had a little attempt at private theatricals. These have been at the house of Mrs. Foster, an English lady of rank, who has been residing here for a couple of years. She has two daughters, most accomplished and charming girls. They occupy part of a palace, and in a large saloon a little theatre was fitted up, the scenery being hired from a small theatre; and the dresses from a masquerade warehouse. It was very prettily arranged, I assure you. We first tried Tom Thumb, which, however, went no further than a dressed rehearsal, in which I played the part of King Arthur, to Mrs. Foster's Dollalolla; and the other parts were supported by some of the English who were wintering in Dresden. There was then an attempt to get up a little opera, altered from the French by Colonel Livius, a cousin of Mrs. Foster, and some such a character as I have described in Master Simon in

my last work. The colonel, however, who is a green-room veteran, and has written for the London theatres, was so much of a martinet in his managerial discipline, that the piece absolutely fell through from being too much managed. In the mean time a few of the colonel's theatrical subjects conspired to play him a trick, and get up a piece without his knowledge. We pitched upon the little comedy of *Three Weeks after Marriage*, which I altered and arranged so as to leave out two or three superfluous characters. I played the part of Sir Charles Rackett; Miss Foster, Lady Rackett; Miss Flora Foster, Dimity; Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Druggett; and a young officer by the name of Corkran, the part of Mr. Druggett. You cannot imagine the amusement this little theatrical plot furnished us. We rehearsed in Mrs. Foster's drawing-room, and as the whole was to be kept a profound secret, and as Mrs. Foster's drawing-room is a great place of resort, and as especially our dramatic sovereign, Colonel Livius, was almost an inmate of the family, we were in continued risk of discovery, and had to gather together like a set of conspirators. We, however, carried our plot into execution more successfully than commonly falls to the lot of conspirators. The colonel had ordered a dress rehearsal of his little opera: the scenery was all prepared, the theatre lighted up, a few amateurs admitted: the colonel took his seat before the curtain, to direct the rehearsal. The curtain rose, and out walked Mr. and Mrs. Druggett in proper costume. The little colonel was perfectly astonished, and did not recover himself before the first act was finished; it was a perfect explosion to him. We afterwards performed the little comedy before a full audience of the English resident in Dresden, and of several of the nobility that understood

English, and it went off with great spirit and success. We are now on the point of playing *The Wonder*, which I have altered and shortened to suit the strength of the company, and to prune off objectionable parts. In this, I play the part of Don Felix, to Miss Foster's Violante. She plays charmingly; the part of Colonel Briton I have had to alter into a British captain of a man-of-war, to adapt it to the turn of the actor who is to play it, viz.: Captain Morier, of the Navy, brother of the British Minister. I have dwelt rather long on this subject because I know you relish matters of the kind.

While Washington was thus passing his winter most agreeably, and living into a knowledge of men and manners, which he hoped to turn to literary account, the brother, to whom his letter was addressed, was still struggling with new difficulties connected with the steamboats. "Prospects are not flattering," writes the unrepining Peter from Havre, to his sister in America (Mrs. Paris); "but this is a round rolling world, and it will be hard indeed if a gleam of sunshine will not at last fall on the spot on which I am stationed." The conclusion of Washington's letter shows that in the midst of all his enjoyments, he was never forgetful of his fraternal loyalty.

I enclose you a first and second of exchange for one hundred pounds sterling, which I beg you to use as frankly as I should do. I am sorry to find the steamboat does not answer, and I really think it is losing time and trouble to prosecute the matter any further. * * *

At all events, don't suffer yourself to be discouraged. I will join you some time in the course of this year, and then between us we will make the pot boil briskly.

In a previous letter in August, he had written to Peter, when he seemed to be losing his last chance in fortune's wheel:

I am glad to find that you are in good spirits. Never fear about the future. Our means will be gradually accumulating, and when a man has a little money in hand, he can hold up his head and command fortune. Opportunities of profit always increase in proportion to means. One good thing is in your favor; you know how to enjoy life on a little, and I'll engage that that little at least shall not be wanting. Whatever I can do towards your comfort or prosperity is but a scanty return for the favors and obligations you have heaped upon me since childhood. Yours has been a life of practical generosity, of active benevolence and kindness, and it would be hard indeed if you did not reap some trifling harvest from the good seed you have so liberally sown. All that I can do is feebly to follow the generous example you have set. When you were in prosperity, you made it a common lot between us; so it shall remain as far as our situations and pursuits permit. Let there be one main end in view, which I trust we shall accomplish before any great length of time—the securing for each of us a little annual certainty wherewith to buy *bread* and *cheese*, then we can trust to fortune for the *oil* and *wine*.

CHAPTER VIII.

LETTER TO LESLIE—EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOK—PERFORMANCE OF DON FELIX IN THE WONDER—BIRTHDAY TABLEAUX—PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN OF BAVARIA—FINED FOR FIRING A PISTOL—ITALIAN, FRENCH, AND GERMAN STUDIES—LINES TO MISS E. FOSTER, ON HER BIRTHDAY—LEAVES DRESDEN ON A TOUR WITH CAPTAIN COCKBURN TO THE GIANT MOUNTAINS—DETAINED AT PRAGUE BY THE ILLNESS OF HIS COMPANION—EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO MRS. FOSTER—RETURNS TO DRESDEN—JOURNEY FROM DRESDEN WITH MRS. FOSTER AND FAMILY—STORM—ADVENTURE—EXTRACTS FROM LETTER TO PETER—ARRIVES AT PARIS.

[*To C. R. Leslie.*]

DRESDEN, March 15, 1823.

I HAVE just been seized with a fit of letter writing, after having nearly forgotten how to use my pen, so I take the earliest stage of the complaint to scribble to you. I had hoped to receive a gratuitous letter from you before this, but you are one of those close codgers who never pay more than the law compels them. I am extremely sorry to hear from Newton that he has been so ill, though I am by no means surprised at it, as he played all kinds of vagaries with a constitution naturally delicate. I trust this fit of illness will teach him the necessity of daily and regular attention to exercise and diet; which all the advice in the world will not beat into a young man's head.

There is more time lost by these daily attempts to gain time than by any thing else; and he who will endeavor to

cheat his health out of an hour or two a day in extra fasting, or extra application, will in the end have to pay days and weeks for those hours.

How often I have wished for you and Newton during the last eight or nine months, in the course of which I have been continually mingling in scenes full of character and picture.

The place where I am now passing my time is a complete study. The court of this little kingdom of Saxony is, perhaps, the most ceremonious and old-fashioned in Europe, and one finds here customs and observances in full vigor that have long since faded away in other courts.

The king is a capital character himself. A complete old gentleman of the ancient school, and very tenacious in keeping up the old style. He has treated me with the most marked kindness, and every member of the royal family has shown me great civility. What would greatly delight you is the royal hunting establishment, which the king maintains at a vast expense, being his hobby. He has vast forests stocked with game, and a complete forest police, forest masters, chasseurs, piqueurs, jägers, &c., &c. The charm of the thing is, that all this is kept up in the old style; and to go out hunting with him, you might fancy yourself in one of those scenes of old times which we read of in poetry and romance. I have followed him thrice to the boar hunt. The last we had extremely good sport. The boar gave us a chase of upwards of two hours, and was not overpowered until it had killed one dog, and desperately wounded several others. It was a very cold winter day, with much snow on the ground; but as the hunting was in a thick pine forest and the day was sunny, we did not feel the cold. The king and all his hunting retinue were clad in an

old-fashioned hunting uniform of green, with green caps. The sight of the old monarch and his retinue galloping through the alleys of the forest, the jägers dashing singly about in all directions, cheering the hounds; the shouts; the blast of horns; the cry of hounds ringing through the forest, altogether made one of the most animating scenes I ever beheld.

I have become very intimate with one of the king's forest masters, who lives in a picturesque old hunting lodge with towers, formerly a convent, and who has undertaken to show me all the economy of the hunting establishment. What glorious groupings, and what admirable studies for figures and faces I have seen among these hunters.

By this time your painting of "Autolycus" must be nearly finished. I long to have a description of it from Newton. Do tell me something about it yourself. Have you thought of a subject for your next? and have you entirely abandoned the scene of Shakespeare being brought up for deer-stealing? I think it would be a subject that you would treat with peculiar felicity, and you could not have one of a more general nature, since Shakespeare and his scanty biography are known in all parts of the world. Upon my soul, the more I think of it, the more I am convinced it is a subject that you might make a masterpiece of; it is one you should paint at least as large as your "May Day," and introduce a great number of figures. Do think of it. You might make a great impression by such a picture.

I have done nothing with my pen since I left you, absolutely *nothing!* I have been gazing about, rather idly perhaps, but yet among fine scenes of striking character, and I can only hope that some of them may stick to my mind, and furnish me with materials in some future fit of scribbling.

I have been fighting my way into the German language, and am regaining my Italian, and for want of more profitable employment have turned *play actor.*

We have been getting up private theatricals here at the house of an English lady. I have already enacted Sir Charles Rackett in "Three Weeks after Marriage," with great applause; and I am on the point of playing Don Felix in "The Wonder." I had no idea of this fund of dramatic talent lurking within me; and I now console myself that if the worst comes to the worst I can turn stroller, and pick up a decent maintenance among the barns in England. I verily believe nature intended me to be a vagabond.

P. S. I hope you intend to make some designs for Bracebridge Hall. I would rather have the work illustrated by you than by any one else.

I continue the sketch of his life at Dresden, with some further extracts from his note-book, beginning three days after the date of the letter to Leslie, just given.

March 19*th.*—Evening at Mrs. Foster's. Rehearsal, and then to the soirée of Count Luxbourg, the Bavarian minister.

March 23*d.*—Make alterations in play. 24*th.*—Walk along the Elbe with Mrs. and Miss Foster—in evening a party at Mrs. Foster's. 25*th.*—At home writing letters—in evening rehearsal of "The Wonder." 26*th*, 27*th*, 28*th*, 29*th*, 31*st*, rehearsal.

April 1*st.*—Write letters all the morning—little Madame de Bergh * makes an April fool of me. 2*d.*—In evening, dressed

* Wife of the Danish minister.

rehearsal of "The Wonder" at Mrs. Foster's. 3*d.* [*Thursday.*] —My birth-day—at one o'clock drive into the country with the Fosters and Col. Livius; * * return before dark. In the evening a small party at Mrs. Foster's to keep my birth-day. The Miss Fosters prepare a surprise by getting up tableaux of scenes in the Sketch Book and Bracebridge Hall and Knickerbocker. The picture by Leslie of Dutch courtship admirably represented by Madame de Bergh and Capt. Morier. Annette Delarbre by the young Countess Hernenbern, Mad. Foster, and Capt. Morier. Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, by Mrs. Foster, Miss Flora Foster, and Capt. Morier—conclude the evening by waltzing.

Friday, 4*th.*—Busy all day getting dress for the character of Don Felix—Mrs. Foster assists in new trimming a very handsome velvet dress, and makes a new scarf—in the evening we performed the play of "The Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret," with great alteration.

Don Felix,	Mr. Irving.
Col. Briton,	Capt. Morier.
Don Pedro,	Mr. Pigott.
Lissardo,	Col. Livius.
Donna Violante,	Miss Foster.
Isabella,	Miss Flora Foster,
Marguerite,	Mrs. Foster.

Among the audience were the Austrian Ambassador, Count and Countess Palffy, Count and Countess Luxbourg, Count Rumigny, Chevalier Campazano, Countess Loos and daughters, Mons. and Madame de Bergh, the Lowensteins, Malsburg, Miss Fitzthern, Countess Lubinski, &c., &c., &c.

April 8, 1823.—At one o'clock went to a court held by the King and Queen of Bavaria—was presented by the Bavarian minister, Count Luxbourg—king and queen very affable—a good, hearty-looking man—plain and downright—the queen thin, interesting—very affable—four princesses present—one is twin-sister to Princess John, and wonderfully like her.

April 10*th.*—* * Go to Ponic to hear decision about my having fired a pistol out of my window. The legal penalty twenty dollars and forfeiture. I am let off for two dollars eight groschen fine, and two dollars some groschen cost, and the pistol returned to me. Very lenient on the part of Mr. Rarow, the President.

[The pistol was a small one, borrowed of Colonel Livius, to be used in playing Don Felix in "The Wonder," in the mock drunken scene. Finding it loaded, he opened a pane of one of the windows, and fired it off; making himself unconsciously amenable to the law.]

April 11*th.*—Read Italian with Mrs. Foster—dine there —after dinner read them some MSS.

12*th.*—* * Go to the Foster's, and pass the evening reading from scrap books, and telling ghost stories until eleven o'clock.

Sunday, 13*th.*—At ten o'clock prayers at Mr. Morier's, read by the Rev. Mr. Austin—go at twelve o'clock to court—at the king's and Prince Antoine's—the latter just returned from Vienna—asked me if I thought of him sometimes—king joked me about the pistol—* * * go to the Lowenstein's and pass the evening there until near eleven—Mademoiselle Annette very curious about my early history.

17*th.*—* * Determine to quit Dresden soon. * * Italian lesson at Mrs. F.'s—dine there—converse at dinner about Egmont—Emily makes some excellent observations—after dinner E. looking over letters, &c.—Flora drawing—Mrs. F., I, and children playing together. * *

18*th.*—* * Mrs. F. calls on me in carriage and carries me home—take French lesson—I leave my book to be written in.

20*th.*—* * Half past two go to Mrs. F. and read Italian till dinner—dine there—return and dress for court—concert in the queen's apartments at six—Weber played some of his own music on piano.

Sunday, April 27*th.*—Go to Mrs. F.—read Italian till two—dine there early as there is a court ball at six—return home to dress—at six go to ball given by Prince Max in Prince Frederick's apartments—the King and Queen of Bavaria and of Saxony there—dance with E. and F. Foster—Queen of Saxony sent the master of ceremonies to bring me to her—said she had not seen me for a century—that she had just received my works from Paris, and made many compliments on it—said she expected I would write something about Dresden, &c., and about the *chasse* [a purpose entertained by him, but never fulfilled].—King of Bavaria told me he knew Franklin in Paris, and after Franklin's departure he had bought a horse and cabriolet which belonged to him—returned home about ten or half past.

30*th.*—* * * Went to Baron Lowenstein's—found Baroness and Miss Annette—Madame de Bergh soon came in—had singing from Mad. de Bergh and Miss Pigott. * * read Jean Paul early in the evening—very pleasant evening—returned home in very good spirits.

Thursday, May 1, 1823.—Walk in *grosse garten* from half past five till seven o'clock—beautiful sunshiny morning—birds singing—partridges bursting on the wing—hares—squirrels—clouds and breeze come up toward seven—take German lesson from seven till nine—walk in *grosse garten* from half past twelve till half past two—call at Foster's—read Italian—dine—pass evening there talking of battles—Waterloo, Blenheim, &c.

May 2*d.*—Morning walked in Prince Antoine's garden from six to seven—German lessons from seven to nine—went to Mrs. Foster's—read Italian till dinner time.—* * After dinner drove out in carriage with the ladies.—* * * What a snug little world this might be made, leaving out seas, deserts, and other unprofitable parts—doing away with distance—distance does not prevent enemies from getting by the ears, but friends from embracing.

May 4*th.*—Early up—finish lines to Miss F. on birth-day—send them and get note of thanks from Mrs. F.—* * Dine there—pleasant dinner.

As it was but rarely that Mr. Irving kindled into poetry, the reader may not object to see this further specimen of his rhymes, which I preface with the note transmitting the effusion.

DRESDEN, May 4, 1823.

MY DEAR MRS. FOSTER:

I will be with you at two to-day, to be ready for dinner at whatever time it may be served. I had declined an invitation that I might dine with you, as I recollected it was Miss Foster's birth-day. I send you a few lines which I have scribbled

on the occasion. If you think them in any way worthy of the subject and that they would give her any pleasure, slip them into her scrap-book; if not, slip them into the stove, that convenient altar, and sacrifice them as a burnt-offering to appease the Muses. I have no confidence in my rhymes.

God bless you,

ours truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

TO MISS EMILY FOSTER ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

'Twas now the freshness of the year
When fields were green and groves were gay,
When airs were soft and skies were clear,
And all things bloomed in lovely May—

Blest month, when nature in her prime
Bestows her fairest gifts on earth—
This was the time, the genial time,
She destined for her favorite's birth.

And emblems delicate she chose,
Thy gentle virtues to bespeak—
The lily and the pale, pale rose
She faintly mingled in thy cheek.

The azure of her noontide sky
With dewy gleams of morn combining,
She took to form thy speaking eye
With heaven's own blue serenely shining.

She bade the dawning's transient blush,
The light and warmth of day revealing,
At times thy pallid beauty flush
With sudden glows of thought and feeling.

But oh! the innate worth refined
She treasured in thy gentle breast;
The generous gifts of heart and mind,
They best can tell who know thee best.

Bloom on—bloom on—frank nature's child
Her favorite flower, her spotless one,
Still may she keep thee pure, unsoiled,
Still fresh, though ever shone upon.

About a fortnight after the date of this effusion, Mr. Irving set out on a tour to the Riesen Gebirge, or Giant Mountains, a chain of mountains that separate Silesia from Bohemia, in company with a young English officer, Mr. John Cockburn, of the artillery. He returned to Dresden on the 26th of June, after an absence of five weeks. "Breakfast at Mrs. Foster's—then to Hotel—pack up &c.—Little Fosters come to see me off," is the record of May 20 in his diary, when he is about to start on his journey.

I give some extracts from his letters to Mrs. Foster during his absence, for which I am indebted to the kindness of her daughter, Mrs. Emily Fuller, whose epistle, transmitting them, the reader has already seen. The first of the extracts which follow, would appear to have been scribbled at the ruins of the convent of Oüwein, to which he had driven out from his hotel at Zittau.

May 21, 1823.

I do not remember whether you mentioned having been at the ruined convent where I am scrawling this, though, as you

are all such explorers of glens and visitors of ruins, you can hardly have missed it. The whole way from Zittau hither is full of fine scenery; we came through after five o'clock. I don't know when I have been more delighted with fine scenery, excepting perhaps at Tharanadt, but then I had such companions to help me to enjoy it. The valley that leads up to the ruin put me in mind of English scenery, as indeed many of the places in this part of Saxony do. The cottages are so surrounded by garden and grass plat, so buried in trees, and the moss-covered roofs almost mingling and blending with the surrounding vegetation, the whole landscape is completely rustic. The orchards were all in blossom, and as the day was very warm, the good people were seated in the shade of the trees spinning near the rills of water that trickled along the green sward. But I must stop scribbling, for I see Cockburn is finishing his sketch. He has made a couple of very pretty ones, one of a part of the noble old ruin, another a peep from it, between the rocky depths of the valley to the fine plain that stretches beyond, sprinkled with cottages, with Zittau glittering in the distance.

Zittau.—We have had a lovely walk home from Oüwein. We stopped so long on the way that the moon was out in all her splendor long before we reached Zittau, so I sauntered along, pursuing that chain of speculation we were all amusing ourselves with the other evening, when leaning over the balcony that looks into your garden and gazing at the stars. I like to enter a strange town by moonlight; if the houses are high and spacious it makes every thing look splendid and stately. The fine white light it sheds freshens up the colors of the buildings and makes them all look clean, and then the broad masses of light, the deep shadows, throw every thing

into such grand proportions, that you seem to be wandering among palaces. Such was the case even with little Zittau, as I strolled under its arched gateway and up the principal street.

FRIEDLAND, May 22, 1823.

We have ransacked the castle of Wallenstein, and I have seen his sword, and a drum with his name on it, and his portrait. I was all in a glow while looking at these things and thought it was with the recollection of this great man; but it was with the recollection of the glowing poetry in which Schiller has embalmed him. I'd rather have conceived and written that noble poem than have achieved Wallenstein's greatest victory. I have been to the spot from which I presume Emily took her sketch of the castle. I hope she will excuse my apparent familiarity in using her beautiful name instead of the formal one of Miss Foster. Were I writing to any one but yourself I should not do it; I would have given any thing at the time to have heard her in her own delightful way talk about Schiller's play and the scenes she preferred. Cockburn has just finished a very slight and hasty, but pretty and correct sketch.

At the picturesque old city of Prague, which he revisited, his travelling companion fell ill with the scarlet fever, and he had to confine himself to the house and nurse him. The following letters to Mrs. Foster were addressed to her from his sick room.

PRAGUE, June 1, 1823.

I thank you a thousand times, my dear Mrs. Foster, for your letter of Wednesday; I cannot tell you how interesting it was to me, placing the dear little circle of the Pavilion so

completely before my eyes. I was so impatient to read it that I could not wait till I got to my lodgings which are distant from the post office; yet I could not read it in the bustle and confusion of the streets. I tried to get admitted to the Wallenstein garden; it was closed, so I scrambled up to the grassy ramparts and read it in quiet, with old Prague and the Moldau at my feet. I have since read it over half a dozen times, for whenever I read it, it seems to bring me among you all again. I am scribbling in poor Cockburn's room, who is quite ill with a fever and sore throat. We have called in a physician, who appears to be one of the Langsams; he has prescribed a number of doses, but I trust nature will fight her own battle against the disease and the doctor. All Prague is in an uproar with a religious fête. The great street below my window is swarming with crowds of priests, bürgerschaft in regimentals, the different trades, crafts, and mysteries, with banners and garlands of flowers, and peasant men and women in a variety of color and costume, until the whole street looks like one great moving flower-bed. Just opposite the hotel is a temporary altar erected, to which there is a grand procession, and the air resounds with music from a variety of bands attending different corps, which, mingling with the ringing of bells and the chaunting of priests and school children, make the oddest confusion of sound you can imagine. A few days since we had a grand ceremony of the kind at which all the artillery assisted, and there was a procession on the fine bridge which bestrides the Moldau. It had a noble effect, and looked like a conquering army entering old Prague. There is something very striking and interesting to me about the old city. It has more of a continental look than Dresden; the latter, in fact, seems to have been altered and repaired, and pulled down and built up

again, until it has become quite a decent looking, commonplace, handsome town, like a disbanded soldier tamed down into a sober, respectable citizen; but old Prague still keeps its warrior look, and swaggers about with his old rusty corslet and helm, though both sadly battered. There seems to me to be an air of style and fashion about the first people of Prague, and a good deal of beauty in the fashionable circles. This, perhaps, is owing to my contemplating it from a distance, and my imagination lending it tints occasionally. Both actors and audience seen from the pit of a theatre look better than when seen from the boxes and behind the scenes. I like to contemplate society in this way occasionally, and to dress it up by the light of fancy to my own taste; when I get in the midst of it it is too apt to lose its charm, and then there is the trouble and *ennui* of being obliged to take an active part in the farce; but to be a spectator is amusing. I am glad, therefore, I brought no letter to Prague. I shall leave it with a favorable idea of its society and manners from knowing nothing accurate of either, and with a firm belief that every pretty woman I have seen is an angel, as I am apt to think every pretty woman till I have found her out.

PRAGUE, June 8, 1823.

* * * I am impatient to hear from you, my friend. How glad I shall be, when I have seen what I want to see of strange lands and strange places, and begin to tread back my steps in the traces of old friendships. I am tired of being among strangers; my eye begins to be sated with seeing, and my ear with hearing; but I have prescribed to myself certain places to see, as certain books are prescribed to study, and I see them, as we often read, for information, but not for entertainment. It seems to me at times as if I am the least fitted

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being for this wandering life, into which chance and circumstance have thrown me. I have strong domestic feelings and inclinations, and feel sometimes quite dreary and desolate when they get uppermost. The excitement of variety and gay society soon subsides with me and leaves a sad vacancy, and I feel as if I could exclaim in the words of Schiller: "Das herz ist gestorben; die welt ist leer.* At such times my only consolation is that in a little while more, I shall have seen enough of the world, and then I will have done with strange sights, strange faces, and all the phantasmagoria of society, and give myself up to the society of those I like and those that care for me. But I am writing in a sad, humdrum vein, though you must not expect any thing better from one shut up in a sick room. * * * *

Thank you, my dear Miss Foster, for you kind attention in sending me the plan of my route, and still more for your kind note accompanying it. You talk of my coming back; I am ashamed to say it, I am almost wishing myself back already. I ought to be off like your bird, but I feel I shall not be able to keep clear of the cage. I wish I liked you all only half as much as I do. Yours ever,

W. I.

PRAGUE, June 13.

I have just got your letter, my dear Mrs. Foster. I thank you a thousand and a thousand times for the very kind solicitude you express about me, you who have so many dear, delighted things at home to occupy heart and soul, to trouble yourself about a wanderer like me. * * * * There are really delightful walks in the vicinity of this place. I often wish for

* The heart is dead; the world is empty.

you all here, that I might show you some charming strolls; there are several small islands in the Moldau, that are laid out in walks; one that particularly delights me is called, I think, "der Grosse Venedig." It is covered with trees, and has the most beautiful shady avenues and rambling foot paths, that wind among groves and thickets, along the banks of the Moldau. * * * *

Will you tell Emily and Flora, that their kind wishes are more gratifying to me than I can express? Good heavens! what would I give to be with you all this evening at the strawberry supper you speak of.

* * * * The evening is coming on; I shall amuse myself in picturing you all seated, I suppose in the little saloon, and recalling the many evenings of homefelt enjoyment I have passed among you; they are the sweetest moments that I have passed in Dresden. * * * I would not give one such evening spent in varied, animated, intelligent, but unforced and unostentatious conversation, with now and then, but too rarely, a song, and now and then a recollection from some favorite author or a choice morsel from a scrap-book, given with beaming looks and beaming eyes—I would not give one such evening for all the routs and assemblies of the fashionable world. * * * * I am sick of fashionable life, and fashionable parties. I have never let myself into the current for a time but I have been ultimately cast exhausted and spiritless on the shore. What a sacrifice of the nobler and better feelings there is in this kind of intercourse. We crowd together into cities, and bring down our minds to the routine of visits and formalities, and associate ourselves with littleness and insipidity, "and say unto the worm, thou art my brother and my sister." We subject ourselves to the

claims and importunities of people we dislike, and the censorship of people we despise. The whole swarm of insects that buzz around us cannot administer to our pleasure, but one, by his paltry sting, may torment us. Dresden, Dresden, with what a mixture of pain, pleasure, fondness, and impatience I look back upon it. * * * *

A few days after the date of this extract, Mr. Irving returned by the way of Toplitz to Dresden, where he remained until the 12th of July, when he took his final departure for Paris, travelling part of the way in company with his friends, the Fosters, who were on their return to England.

They had made their house absolutely a home to me [he writes to Peter] during my residence in Dresden. I travelled in an open carriage with Mrs. Foster; the two Miss Fosters and her two little boys followed on in a post chaise with their German tutor.

The commencement of our tour was most auspicious, but after leaving Leipsic, as we approached the Hartz regions, we met with one of the most tremendous squalls of wind, dust, rain, hail, thunder and lightning I ever experienced.

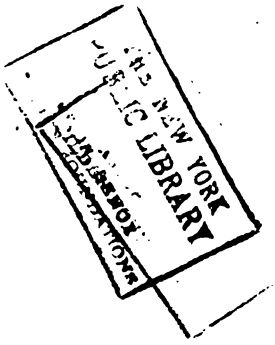
I extract the particulars of this travelling incident from some scarcely legible pencilled memoranda.

Mrs. Foster gets on the box with me—fine and warm—country begins to grow more varied—see a storm gathering ahead—it advances rapidly—I see that it is a thunder-gust and likely to be a severe one—get Mrs. Foster into carriage—make

the carriage all fast and ready—mount the dicky with box coat and a fur mantle about my legs, and umbrella—gust comes on with a hurricane of wind, raising clouds of dust—the earth seems thrown up into the air—the clouds brown with dust—the whole atmosphere thickened and darkened—gust comes more and more terrible—horses can hardly draw on the carriage—begins to rain—rain driven with incredible violence—hail—large as hazel-nuts—storm increases—one horrible blast of wind succeeds another—umbrella breaks and is whirled off into a neighboring field—mantle flies after it—horses get frightened—I descend from coach-box—fear the carriage will be blown over—the two leaders become unmanageable—postilion jumps off and tries to hold them—they turn round and go down a bank—try to keep them quiet—they continue restive—drag carriage after them down a steep bank into a ditch—pole breaks—carriage overturns—rush to the place and get the ladies out—none hurt materially—bruised a little—drenched to the skin in an instant—leave them there and run to a house about half a mile off—find a smith's shop with a small country inn beside it—send workmen to look after the carriage, and order rooms to be prepared for ladies—run back to carriage—the storm is already over—find them all drenched to the skin, but in good spirits and unhurt—they walk to the inn—the carriage is with much trouble righted and dragged up the bank backward by two horses and six or eight men—get safe to the inn—a new pole is made—we all change our clothes, and after a repast of cold tongue and wine, set off in good spirits—the ladies give their hats, which were quite wet, to a pretty maid servant at the inn—and likewise a shawl—she will be the belle of the neighborhood.

This storm was "the overture to a long series of bad weather" [he writes to Peter], that lasted during our tour. Still there were intervals of beautiful sunshine which we enjoyed the more from contrast. We accomplished a tour through the Hartz mountains, which surpassed my expectations; not from their height, but from the magnificence of the forest scenery, which reminded me of our American forests. We then passed through the *Golden arc* or golden meadow, which lies between the Hartz and the Kyffhauser mountains, and continued on to Hesse. I was delighted with the beauty of this last country, of which, some how or other, I had no expectation. In about ten days from our leaving Dresden, we arrived at the beautiful little city of Cassel, the capital of Hesse, where we remained a couple of days to repose from the fatigues of travelling, and to have a little pleasant time together before we parted, as I had intended making the best of my way for Paris from that place. When it came to the last evening, however, it seemed hard to part thus in the midst of a tour, so the next morning I resumed my seat in the carriage, determined to see my fair companions safely on board the steamboat at Rotterdam. We had better weather during the remaining part of the journey, and passed through some lovely country; a part of what was formerly Westphalia. At Rotterdam the Fosters embarked. I accompanied them down to the Brille and then bade them adieu as if I had been taking leave of my own family; for they had been for nearly eight months past more like relatives than friends to me.

I now made the best of my way for Paris, travelling day and night, excepting a short stay of a night and part of a day at Antwerp. I arrived here the day before yesterday [August 3], and have taken lodgings in the *Hotel de Yorck, Boulevard*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G. P. R. James

Montmartre. I shall now put myself *en train* for literary occupation, as it is high time for me to do something, having been so long unsettled. I am rejoiced to be once more so near to you. Do let me know how you are coming on, and how the boat answers.

CHAPTER IX.

AT PARIS—OUT OF SPIRITS FOR LITERARY OCCUPATION—THINKS OF GERMAN SUBJECTS — FALLS IN WITH PAYNE, THE AMERICAN DRAMATIST—EMBARKS WITH HIM IN DRAMATIC LABORS—PETER'S ECONOMY—WASHINGTON'S PHILOSOPHY THEREUPON—BUSY ON RICHELIEU — VISITS PETER AT HAVRE—NEW LODGINGS ON HIS RETURN—PAYNE GOES TO LONDON WITH RICHELIEU, MARRIED AND SINGLE, AND A ROUGH COPY OF AZENDAI — LETTER FROM PAYNE — REPRESENTATION OF CHARLES II.—PAYNE'S OPINION OF IT—COPP'S SONG AND CHARLES LAMB—RESULTS OF THE JOINT THEATRICAL SPECULATIONS—THE FATE OF RICHELIEU—DEDICATION BY PAYNE.

MR. IRVING had been so long idle with his pen that on his arrival at Paris he began to feel strongly the necessity of exertion. "When I once get going again with my pen," he writes to Peter, "I mean to keep on steadily, until I can scrape together enough from all my literary property to produce a regular income, however moderate. We shall then be independent of the world and its chances." The getting under way, however, was the great difficulty. The most likely thing for him to prepare speedily for the press was his unfinished story of Buckthorne and his Friends, which, as we have seen, he had laid aside at the suggestion of Leslie, as the groundwork of a novel; but it

had remained untouched, and he had never been able to resume it. His memorandum book, as he styles the miscellaneous registry, exhibits him at this time as awaking for several mornings in succession with "a strange horror on his mind—a dread of future evil—of failure in future literary attempts—a dismal foreboding that he could not drive off by any effort of reason." In a letter to Peter written seventeen days after his arrival, he speaks of being "wretchedly out of spirits."

I have, in fact [he says], at times a kind of horror on me, particularly when I wake in the mornings, that incapacitates me for almost any thing. It is now passing away, and in a day or two I hope I shall be quite over it. It has prevented me from pursuing any thing like literary occupation. I am aware [he continues] that this is all an affair of the nerves, a kind of reaction in consequence of coming to a state of repose after so long moving about, and produced also by the anxious feeling on resuming literary pursuits. I feel like a sailor who has once more to put to sea, and is reluctant to quit the quiet security of the shore.

If I can only keep the public in good humor with me [he concludes], until I have thrown off two or three things more, I shall be able to secure a comfortable little independence, and then bread and cheese is secure, and perhaps a seat in the pit into the bargain.

He had written to Peter in a previous letter, deprecating the practice of too rigid an economy on his part:

I am afraid you deny yourself the little enjoyments and amusements in your reach. In economizing too closely, one economizes away the flavor of existence. I am a little for the philosophy of our friend Dur-tee-dog, who, when hardest pinched, always made out to afford his seat in the pit at the theatre.

A fortnight later (Sept. 4), recurring to some hints of Peter about Germany, he writes:

I have been thinking over the German subjects. It will take me a little time to get hold of them properly, as I must read a little and digest the plan and nature of them in my mind. There are such quantities of these legendary and romantic tales now littering from the press both in England and Germany, that one must take care not to fall into the commonplace of the day. Scott's manner must likewise be widely avoided. In short, I must strike out some way of my own, suited to my own way of thinking and writing. I wish, in every thing I do, to write in such a manner that my productions may have something more than the mere interest of narrative to recommend them, which is very evanescent; something, if I dare to use the phrase, of classic merit, *i. e.* depending upon style, &c., which gives a production some chance for duration beyond the mere whim and fashion of the day. I have my mind tolerably well supplied with German localities, manners, characters, &c., and when I once get to work, I trust I shall be able to spin them out very fluently. I have some ideas and subjects that I think will take if properly executed. At present I am busy on a slight literary job which I hope will put some money in my pocket without costing much time or

trouble, or committing my name. When that is done, and the inventing fit comes over me again, I will strike at something else.

The slight literary job here alluded to was an alteration of La Jeunesse de Richelieu, a French play by M. Duval, which had been acted in Paris about thirty years before. It was one that Payne had already done in the rough, and he was now engaged in retouching and heightening a very ill-chosen plot, which he hoped, if thoroughly cast, to make effective in representation. He had been tempted at this time, while he could not get going in any leading occupation of the pen, which he could hope to make available for the London market, to accept the proposition of Payne to assist him in his pursuits and divide the profits of their joint dramatic manufacture, with the understanding that his agency was to be kept secret. Payne at this time had fitted up a cottage at Versailles in handsome style which he did not occupy, but was living, as Mr. Irving found him on the 13th of August, "in a sky parlor at the Palais Royal," where he employed himself in remodelling pieces from the French stage, and adapting them to English representation.

Soon after this dramatic agreement, Mr. Irving made a visit to his brother Peter, upon which he had long set his heart, and carrying with him some specimens of his "literary jobs," with a view, I imagine, of engaging his coöperation and cutting out occupation

for him. During this absence, Payne rented some apartments in Paris, and having transferred to them his furniture from Versailles, re-let them to Mr. Irving on his return, reserving a small room for himself. In a letter to Peter, dated the day of his return, October 3, Mr. Irving thus speaks of lodgings he was to occupy for an almost unbroken period of more than a year:

I am just about moving to my new quarters, No. 89 Rue Richelieu. I am greatly pleased with them. It is in one of the best private hotels in Paris; every thing about the establishment is particularly genteel and well regulated. My apartments consist of bed-room, sitting-room, and dining-room, with use of kitchen and appurtenances and a cellar. Payne has furnished them very handsomely. They have a warm southern exposure, and look into a very spacious and handsome court, and being newly finished and fitted up are very complete. You would be quite charmed with them. I shall have a bed for you whenever you choose to pay Paris a visit. I shall live very much at home, having an excellent *femme de ménage* to cook, &c., &c. The hotel is near the Rue Feydeau, between the old opera house and the Boulevards, one of the most central spots in Paris. As my room is pretty high up and separated by the court from the street, I am not incommoded by noise, and have plenty of daylight and sunshine.

A more important advantage is specified in a later description of his bachelor "nest" to his sister, Mrs. Paris: "The great national library, one of the very best in the world, is within five minutes' walk of my

lodgings, and I have the privilege of having any books from it I please."

Soon after his occupation of his new lodgings he sends Peter this picture of himself and Payne at their joint labor.

> Payne is busy upon Azendai, making a literal translation. I am looking over it as he translates, and making notes where there must be alterations, songs, choruses, &c. It will have to be quite re-written, as the dialogue is flimsy and pointless; still the construction will answer, and that is the main point.

Ten days later he writes to Peter: "Payne sets off *privately* for London on Wednesday, to treat with Kemble about Richelieu, and Belles and Bailiffs;" another adaptation from the French in which, under the title of Married and Single, he had altered some scenes. He adds: "I shall send with him the rough copy of Azendai that it may be shewn to Bishop, and the proper directions procured for the music."

It was to avoid arrest for his theatrical entanglements in London that Payne left "privately." The author of "Home, sweet Home" had made handsomely by the success of some of his pieces, yet it was seldom that he was long free from pecuniary perplexity. He speaks with bitter jocularity in one of his letters, of the hard tug he had had with life since he grew too portly for the stage and began "to *fatten* on trouble and starvation." His first letter does not disclose a very auspicious beginning to the dramatic speculation.

LONDON, Nov. 7, 1823.

MY DEAR IRVING:

I was detained at Dieppe ten days waiting for a boat. At last I got out in the storm which made so many wrecks, and was in a gale all Monday night and part of Tuesday, sixteen hours and a half. The same night I went to the play at Brighton, and had the happiness of finding I had just missed *Clari*, which had had a very considerable run some nights before. I got here on Wednesday, day before last, too late to do any thing, and having rode all the way outside in a terrible rain, was stiff, and stupid, and tired. However, I packed off my things (Richelieu, and Married and Single) instantly to Charles Kemble. Yesterday I delivered all your letters, inquired for your music, got my passport signed by Smith, dined with Leslie and Newton, got a lodging under the name of Hayward (which I am every minute forgetting), and, heartily weary, found my bed was over a livery stable, where the hackney coaches entered every hour, and in which every horse had a violent cough. I feel as if I had not slept for a month.

Now for business. I saw Charles to-day and was very well received by the Committee,* but when I asked what they had to say about my pieces, they had not seen them! I caused a hunt, and at last the parcel was found unopened. So much for the necessity of having come over. Charles took them home. My description of Azendai, and my disclosure of your confidential communication seemed to excite him. He asked me to his box to-night and to dinner either to day or to-morrow; but there will be no chance of specific arrangements till after Monday, I fear. I shall hand him Azendai to-night. If I had the *Roulier*, I could make a market of it. Pray send it to me im-

* The Committee of Management.

mediately. I mean the printed copy. Nothing answers now but the horses. I could not speak of terms at a first interview. No news of your music at Birchell's; and they have no room for Abul Hassan † this season, unless, as some one observed, horses could be put in it!!!! * * *

I think I shall dine with Miller to-day and Charles to-morrow. I am to go to a private box this evening to see the Horses. If you can think of any opportunity for a grand equestrian spectacle, it might do. I am almost afraid they will insist on bringing Richelieu in on horseback. Charles says he thinks you ought to produce better comic pieces than any one he knows, judging from the story of the Unknown Gentleman whose other half only is seen.

* * Newton and Leslie are very anxious to see you. They talk of you with a sort of affectionate idolatry. * * I have just received my passport to return, from the French ambassador, so "all's right." You will hear from me again on Monday.

About eighteen days after the date of this letter, Mr. Irving transmitted to Payne the manuscript of Charles II. or the Merry Monarch, a piece in three acts altered from La Jeunesse de Henry V., and of which he speaks to Peter as being rather of a light kind and dependent on good genteel acting. Payne writes on its receipt: "I consider it one of the best pieces of the kind I ever read; there is a never diminishing vein of wit running through it, which coming in aid of situations eminently dramatic, gives it a claim to rank with the best works in the language."

† A German opera which Mr. Irving had translated at Dresden.

January 27th,—Payne writes to Mr. Irving that he had at length finished "the long pending negotiation respecting this piece and Richelieu, and sold them to Covent Garden, for two hundred guineas down," which he considered "a good sum," and he adds, "the copyrights may double it."

As Mr. Irving's letters to Payne are missing, I cannot say how far he was satisfied with this result of his theatrical speculations, but perhaps it may not be without interest to trace the further fortunes of the pieces thus bargained for, which went to their ordeal at different dates.

Charles II. was produced May 27, 1824, and met with the most decided success. "The piece will grow upon the public on representation," writes Payne to Mr. Irving, "and I am convinced become a *stock* piece. The points all told *amazingly*. *My* notion about Copp's always trying a song, and never being able to get it out, was very effective in representation." The conception and execution of this song, which Payne jestingly speaks of as *my* notion, were his coadjutor's, done, as he once told me, to hit the English taste for broad fun. Some time later, after a series of successful representations, Payne writes in regard to this song: "Charles Lamb tells me he can't get Copp's song out of his head, and is very anxious for the rest of it. He says the *hiatus* keeps him awake o' nights."

Note.—The following brief extract from the play presents the racy old

Payne disposed of the copyright for fifty guineas, after Mr. Irving had assisted him in pruning the piece, and reducing it to two acts. As the latter had stipulated for the concealment of his name, the only allusion Payne could permit himself in the preface, was an intimation that the manuscript had been revised by a literary friend, to whom he was "indebted for invaluable touches."

Richelieu was not brought out until February, 1826; its appearance having been delayed under various pretexts. First, nothing could be done until after the Christmas holidays; then there arose a difficulty about the cast, Charles Kemble inclining to one character, and Payne insisting it would be the ruin of the piece if he did not take another; then he wished that part which was Richelieu, to be written up, and Dubois, Richelieu's secretary, who was too prominent to be written down; and so, from one cause or another, it was not produced until the commencement of the year 1826, when Mr. Irving was at Madrid. The note of preparation began to be

Captain in his first abortive effort at being delivered of "the only song" he "ever knew."

"In the time of the Rump,
As old Admiral Trump,
With his broom swept the chops of the channel;
And his crew of Big Breeches,
Those Dutch sons of———

Mary.—[*Putting her hand on his mouth*] Oh, Uncle, Uncle, don't sing that horrible rough song."

sounded in December, 1825. It was read in the greenroom by Charles Kemble about the middle of this month, and one of the persons who was to act in it wrote Mr. Payne that all present were deeply affected, and that it was considered as one of the best plays which had been heard for some years. It was played a few nights and then withdrawn, exception being taken to the plot. "I went to see it last night," writes a literary friend to Mr. Irving. "It is very well got up; the dresses are beautiful, and the effect is more that produced by a piece at the Français, than any thing I have seen. The dialogue is particularly well done, and the laughter all in the dress circle.

It is thought highly of, and only wants a little correction to be the best thing we have seen of the age." It was put to press in New York, by a Mr. Murden, a publisher of plays, at the close of 1826, with the following dedication by Payne.

[*To Washington Irving.*]

MY DEAR IRVING:

It is about twenty years since I first had the pleasure of knowing you; and it is not very often that people are found better friends at the later part of so long an acquaintance than at the beginning. Such, however, has been the case with us; and the admiration which I felt for you when I was a boy, has been succeeded by gratitude for steady and intrepid kindness now that I am no longer one.

Although I have had better opportunities to know you than the world, by whom you are valued so highly, I should not

have ventured to make a public display of our acquaintance-ship under any other circumstances than those by which it is drawn forth at present. I am under obligations to you beyond the common kindnesses between friends of long standing, which it is fitting I should acknowledge. In the little comedy of Charles the Second I have referred to the assistance you gave me, without venturing to violate your injunction with regard to the concealment of your name. But that aid has been repeated to such an extent in the present work, as to render it imperative upon me to offer you my thanks publicly, and to beg you will suffer me to dedicate it to one from whose pen it has received its highest value. I only regret it is not in my power to make a more adequate return for the many encouragements amid discomfort, which you have so frequently and so spontaneously bestowed upon,

My dear Irving,
Your sincere and grateful friend,
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

PARIS, No. 89 RUE DE RICHELIEU,
February 13, 1826.

March 15, 1827, we have this final allusion to Richelieu, in a letter of Ebenezer to his brother Washington: "I have not been able to make any thing out of your friend Payne's drama of Richelieu. The publisher tried hard to get it performed at one of our theatres, but could not succeed; the managers were afraid to attempt it, alleging that it was deficient in *incident*, particularly in the latter scenes. The publisher had one thousand copies printed at his own ex-

pense, seven hundred of which are in my hands. The other three hundred he has to repay him his expenses."

This is the last trace I get of Richelieu. Whatever its merit as a composition, the plot was objectionable, and the play much better suited to the closet than the stage.

CHAPTER X.

REVOLVING LITERARY PLANS—EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOK—TALMA—ADMIRAL HARVEY—KENNEY'S ANECDOTES—LORD JOHN RUSSELL—CAPTAIN MEDWIN—BYRON—PASTA—CORRECTS SALMAGUNDI FOR GALIGNANI—LETTER TO LESLIE—PROPOSITION OF GALIGNANI FOR AN EDITION OF BRITISH AUTHORS—PROJECT OF A SECOND SKETCH BOOK—LETTERS TO MURRAY ABOUT TALES OF A TRAVELLER.

HAVING glanced at this theatrical episode in the author's life, I now resume the regular course of my narrative, going back to a period shortly succeeding Payne's departure for London, and just after Peter had left Havre for Paris, to become a member of his bachelor establishment. At this time, Nov. 8, 1823, Murray applies the following spur to his lagging pen.

Nov. 8th—"Mr. H. Payne tells me he is a fellow-lodger with you at Paris, and as he is expected quickly to return, I cannot refrain from sending compliments to you, and of adding an inquiry as to your literary occupations, and what your publisher may be allowed to expect from you in the course of the winter. I am perfectly ready for you, and the sooner you take the field the better." Thus stimulated, he

felt increased impatience to mature some of the literary plans he had been revolving. "Wrote a little at History of an Author," * is one passage in his memorandum book." "Tried to commence work on Germany, but could not do any thing," is another. Then follows: "Toward twelve o'clock, an idea of a plan dawned on me—made it out a little, and minuted down heads of it. Felt more encouraged—felt as if I should make something out of it." This was a plan, as he once told me, to mingle up the legendary superstitions of Germany, in the form of tales, with local descriptions and a little of the cream of travelling incidents, but he added, "there was a rawness about every attempt to bring it into shape. It needed time to mellow in my mind." At a later date, Dec. 17, I evolve from the scarcely legible leaves of his pencilled memorandum this passage: "Woke early—felt depressed and desponding—suddenly a thought struck me how to arrange the MSS. on hand, so as to make two volumes of Sketch Book—that quite enlivened me. At breakfast communicated it to Peter, who was highly pleased with it." Under this animating impulse, he writes to Murray, Dec. 22, telling him he should "probably have two volumes of the Sketch Book ready for him in the spring," and his note-book shows him at work the next day on an article on

* This was the title selected for the novel in which he was intending to expand Buckthorne and his Friends, as before mentioned; which purpose, however, he never fulfilled.

[redacted]

Yours truly

Washington Irving

1823.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

"French and English animosity and character," probably intended for the new Sketch Book. A few of the succeeding days are given to the story of Wolfert Webber, the rough draft of which he finished January 3, and then, after a little retouching and altering with a feeling of exhaustion, "and heavy and clogged in his faculties by cold," he drops the pen.

A few more leaves gleaned from his memorandum book, give us some other glimpses and anecdotes of his life during this sojourn in Paris, which precedes the publication of the Tales of a Traveller.

Friday, Nov. 28th, 1823.—Dined at Beauvilliers, in company with Talma and others. Talma was in fine spirits; very frank, natural, and communicative. He speaks English well, and appeared to like the English character. He thinks the English are a noble people, but the French are more amiable and agreeable to live among. The intelligent English are disposed to do generous actions, but the common people are not so liberal as the same class among the French. The common English have bitter national prejudices. If a French prisoner escaped in England, the common people were against him. When the fight was going on round Paris, the Austrian and other prisoners were brought in wounded and passed along the boulevards; the people pitied them, and gave them money, bread, &c. He spoke of two French prisoners that escaped in England, and made their way to a seaport to get over to France. All their money, however, was exhausted, and they had not wherewithal to hire a boat. Seeing a banker's name over a door, they went in, stated their case frankly, and asked for a little pecuniary

assistance, promising to refund. He at once gave them one hundred pounds. They offered a bill or receipt. He declined. "If you be not men of honor," said he, "such paper would be of no use, and if you are men of honor, there is no need of it." This was related to Talma by one of the parties obliged.

He recollects seeing Franklin during the revolution.

Saturday, Nov. 29th.—Reduced Azendai to two acts and sent it to Payne, to whom I also write—went to *manège* and took exercise on horseback—dined at home—passed the evening at Mr. Storrow's [an American family residing in Paris, with whom he was very intimate].

Dec. 1st.—Went out to call on the Harveys—overtaken by a violent shower in the Rue de la Paix—stop in a shop—Lady Louisa Harvey and her daughters drive up—hand her out—get into the carriage with the young ladies—gossip with them for half an hour—promise to dine with them on Wednesday—they set me down at my lodgings—dine at home—go to Galignani's, and from thence to Mr. Storrow's, where I pass the evening.

Dec. 3d.—Hillhouse calls on me— * * call on Lord John Russell—find him just going out—promise to dine with him to-morrow— * * dine at Admiral Harvey's—Admiral tells me of his serving in the United States in 1776, when a midshipman—cast away in the Liverpool, in month of February, on Rockaway beach—kindness of the people to them—Quaker family of the Hicks, and another family in particular—remained quartered on them several weeks—part of the time in tents—always hospitably and kindly treated—when they came to pay off and expected to have a great deal above allowance to pay for, the good people would take nothing but the King's allowance, and told them they were people in distress—would

not take any thing out of their pockets—first night of their going ashore and landing in boats swamped—people came down in wagons—took them up home, changed and dried their clothes, and gave them supper—he has never forgot it.

Dec. 4th.—Kenney breakfasted with me—much talk about the theatres—incredible the rivalships and feuds between the actors—Kean is impatient of having any one in same piece that has a good part—asked Elliston last season: How long, sir, am I to act with that d——d jesuitical bug——r, Young? —Kenney told story of young empty officer who brought accounts of battle of Waterloo—invited to Holland House—in great spirits, imagining he should make his way famously by giving account of the battle—talked largely at table—Lady Holland, as Luttrell said, kept eyeing him with a look that seemed to say, I'll be d——d if you are ever in this house again —after breakfast, as the day was mild and did not rain, went to Galignani's, then to Louvre— * * returned and dressed for dinner—dined *tête-à-tête* with Lord John Russell at his lodgings, Bains de Tivoli—talked of Moore.

Moore has abandoned his great poem—the Loves of the Angels was an episode of it which he enlarged. Its want of success discouraged him—Lady Donegal wrote to him, It both displeases and disappoints me—this was a sore blow—Lord Lansdowne, who had read and liked it, just then arrived down in the country, but neglected to write Moore for some days on the subject—Moore took this as a tacit disapprobation, and was very much disheartened.

Wednesday, January 7th.—Call this morning at Galignani's—agree to correct Salmagundi for him.* Get Byron's last

* Payne had just written him from London (Dec. 26): "A great fuss

cantos of Don Juan— * * Pass evening at home dozing and reading part of ninth canto of Don Juan, which I do not much relish.

Thursday, 8*th*.—Call on Villamil, who has been confined some time with the gout—find there Lord John Russell, Capt. Medwin, a friend of Lord Byron, and author of the Wandering Jew—dissertation by Villamil on craniology—[he was a determined craniologist].—Capt. Medwin says Byron is very abstemious, and has reduced himself quite thin—is in excellent health.

Friday, 9*th*.—Dined at Madame de Quandt's, Hotel Mirabeau, a German lady—blue-stocking—met there Dr. Gall—middle-sized old gent, with bald head—hair bushy each side—round forehead—wrinkled—dry, brownish, Chinese complexion—black eyes.

January 12*th*, 1824.—Go in evening to Théâtre Français—École des Vieillards—Talma and Mlle. Mars admirable.

14*th*.—Very cold weather—feel symptoms of having caught cold—great hoarseness—stiffness of the muscles of the throat—after breakfast send copy of Salmagundi to Galignani—go there—return him Don Juan—read papers.

15*th*.—Dined at Grattan's *—present, Lady Vavasour, Miss Pollard, Mr. Horace Smith, &c.—Horace Smith pleasant, but a cold, witty man.

Friday, 16*th*.—Called at Lady Granard's—found Lady L. Harvey and Miss Harvey there—sat some time talking with Lady G., Lady Adeline, and Lady Caroline Forbes, who were

has been made here by Tegg in republishing Salmagundi under your name. I will send you a copy."

* Author of Highways and Byways.

amusing themselves with the whimsicalities of their little black pug Gipsy, daughter of Jumper, deceased.

Saturday, 17*th*.—After breakfast read Gresset's *Ver-vert*, or History of a Parrot—excellent—full of wit and waggery, and delightfully versified.

Sunday, 18*th*.—This morning the boys came out of school for the day—read the morning service to them, and pointed out the beauty and solemnity of the prayers.

["The boys" were sons of his sister, Mrs. Van Wart, who were being educated at a public school in Paris.]

January 22*d*, 1824.—Read in Don Carlos—call at Galignani's—read papers and return home, and lie on sofa all day reading Don Carlos—send books to the King's Library, and get out History of Normandy—dine at General Airey's—very pleasant dinner—General Airey's story of Irishman, who asked the other why he did not go to some public amusement: "Why, my wife has been dead but a month." "Well, what of that, she'll never be deader."

January 25*th*.—At breakfast a letter is handed me by post from Miss ———, a strange rhapsodical letter—the girl evidently deranged—requesting a lock of my hair, &c.

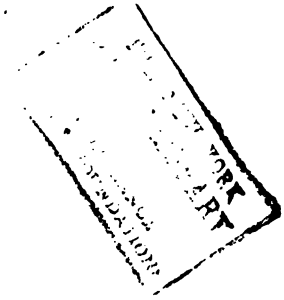
January 26*th*.—Read the Wanderer, a poem by Capt. Medwin—has many beautiful passages—called on Capt. M.—promised to dine with him to-morrow—he is cousin to Mr. Shelley—character of Julian in the Wanderer, Shelley's. * * Mr. Foy called at two—sat for my likeness.

January 30*th*.—Visit from Mr. Goodrich of Conn.—brought letters from John T. Irving—received letter from Payne, en-

closing fifty pounds to pay certain bills—he has concluded bargain with managers—two hundred guineas—[for Richelieu and Charles II., as stated in the preceding chapter].

February 1st.— * * Drove with Capt. Medwin in his cabriolet to Bois de Boulogne—long talk about Lord Byron—he writes at fits—has intervals when he cannot write, continuing two and three weeks—does not revise nor correct much—writes sometimes in bed—rises at twelve—sometimes two—eats a crust in a cup of tea with egg—rides out at four—when in writing mood writes at any time—if persons are present often writes and talks—does not seclude and deny himself—never speaks ill of Lady Byron—when her father died he wrote a most affectionate and moving letter—wished a reconciliation—received no reply, but a cold message through his sister—when he dines by himself is very abstemious as to wine—when he has company he drinks freely—gives away large sums—reads miscellaneously all the modern works—reads much—does not study—never touches the classics—is not a good Grecian—understands Italian well—reads history, &c., relative to the subject he is writing on—has an excellent memory, but not for dates—a poetical memory—does not like to meet strangers who are desirous to see him—says they expect great things, and he is but a common man in conversation.

February 3d.—Last night and this morning read St. Ronan's Well—evening to opera—Tancredi—sat in Dr. G.'s box—Pasta vexed in course of evening by a duet being called for which had been omitted, Pasta being indisposed—Miss G. says Pasta is very pleasant—not well-informed, but of good natural talent—feels strongly what she plays, and is often overpowered by her characters, particularly the few first representations—does not seem to be happy—her husband gambles



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—when Pasta sits by her at music the tears will stream down her cheeks—is a little high-tempered and capricious, but amiable—has a fine little girl about seven—anecdote of Miss G.—her English servant being sent for a coiffeur went for a confessor.

February 7th.—Read miscellaneously and look over MSS., but cannot write.

February 9th.—This morning finished correcting Salmagundi—write to Leslie.

I give the letter in which he mentions that he is trying to get some manuscripts in order for a couple more volumes of the Sketch Book: a plan afterward relinquished for "The Tales of a Traveller," as we shall see by some further quotations from his memorandum book, and the letter to Murray, which is to follow.

[*To Charles R. Leslie.*]

PARIS, Feb. 8, 1824.

MY DEAR LESLIE:

It is a long while since I have heard from either you or Newton. How are you both, and what are you doing? I see among the pictures to be exhibited at the British Gallery a "Don Quixote" by Newton, which I presume is the little picture made from poor Ogilvie, which I have before heard of. Do you not intend to have any thing ready for the next Exhibition? I long to see you again to have some good long talks with you. I wish you were here at present, I think you would do me good. I am trying to get some manuscripts in order for a couple more volumes of the Sketch Book, but I

have been visited by a fit of sterility for this month past that throws me all aback, and discourages me as to the hope of getting ready for a spring appearance. I have a Dutch story written, which I have shown to friend Foy, for I like to consult brother artists. He thinks it equal to any of my others. I think you would like it. I have determined also to introduce my History of an Author, breaking it into parts and distributing it through the two volumes. It had grown stale with me, and I never could get into the vein sufficient to carry it on and finish it as a separate work. Besides, the time that has elapsed without my either publishing or writing, obliges me to make the most of what I have in hand and can soonest turn to account. I have a few other articles sketched out, of minor importance. If I could only get myself into a brisk writing mood, I could soon furnish the materials for two volumes; and if these were well received and paid well, I should then have leisure and means to pursue the literary plans I have in view. But I am at this moment in a sad, heartless mood, and nothing seems to present to rouse me out of it. Write to me, I beg of you, and say something to stimulate and cheer me up. Do not say any thing of the foregoing literary confidings to any one.

I am sorry to see Salmagundi is published at London, with all its faults upon its head. I have corrected a copy for Galignani, whom I found bent upon putting it to press. My corrections consist almost entirely in expunging words, and here and there an offensive sentence. I have a set of your illustrations of my works; they are admirable. I wish you had made others for Bracebridge Hall, or that you would still do so. I still think your Dutch Fireside worthy of being painted by you as a cabinet picture. It is admirable. The

engraving from Newton's portrait of me is thought an excellent likeness by my brother and by others here.

I see Mr. Foy very frequently, and the more I see of him the better I like him. I thank you for making me acquainted with him. I am very much incommoded by visits and invitations, for in spite of every exertion I find it impossible to keep clear of society entirely without downright churlishness and incivility.

Do let me hear from you, my dear Leslie, as soon as you can spare a moment to the pen. I am sure a letter from you will be of service to me, as a visit from you has often been, when in one of my dispirited moods. Give my best remembrances to your sister, and to Newton when you see him.

Yours ever,

W. I.

I resume with some leaves from his memorandum book, beginning eight days after the letter just given.

Feb. 16*th.*—Awake very early, full of uneasy thoughts —light my lamp and read in order to dispel them—at breakfast talk of Italian story—determine to try it—go to Foy —converse with him on the subject—he relates an anecdote or two which excite me—return home and commence—Medwin calls and sits for some time—recommence at half past two —write till four on introduction—dine with Peter.

Feb. 17*th.*—Wake very early—get up at six o'clock and write till eight at introductory part of Italian tale—after breakfast resume my pen and write all day at the Italian story—finish the introduction and commence the tale—write twenty-eight pages this day—clean and neat writing.

Feb. 18*th.*—Slept ill last night—rise unrefreshed—while breakfast things are removing, scrawl the story of the Bold Dragoon—after breakfast resume the Italian story—rewrite what I wrote yesterday, and add eight or nine pages—feel haggard from want of rest last night.

Feb. 19*th.*—Wake very early in the morning, and try in vain to sleep again—after breakfast resume the story of the Mysterious Picture—Capt. Medwin calls, but I continue writing—finish the story by half past three, having written twenty-three pages since half past nine—dine at Dr. Maclaughlin's—present several gentlemen whom I knew by sight, but not by name, except Col. Thornton—Thornton speaks of the handsome manner in which General Jackson sent back watches and epaulettes that had been taken from officers at New Orleans—speaks of the custom in war, not to fire upon individuals—even if reconnoitring parties advance too near, when no actual engagement is going on, they are hailed and desired to keep back.

Feb. 20*th.*—Slept ill last night—after breakfast this morning, resume and rewrite the stories of the Aunt and the Bold Dragoon—twenty-three pages—at four o'clock go to Galignani's—Galignani proposes my editing an edition of British Classics—promise to think of it—he is about publishing Knickerbocker—dined at Medwin's with Mr. Jenkinson and Mr. Mills—I was oppressed by torpor and heaviness.

Feb. 22*d.*—Rewrite the story of my Uncle and the Marquis—fourteen pages.

Feb. 23*d.*—This morning write introduction to Robber tales—twelve pages—interrupted by various circumstances—Galignani and Didot call to engage me as editor of their edition of British Classics—refer them to Peter.

Feb. 24*th.*—Wakeful at night—write five pages—story of Popkins—all the worse for writing—went with Peter to Galignani's—talked of the editing of British authors—they offered 20,000 francs—stated my terms.

Feb. 25*th.*—Awoke early—felt greatly relieved by the bath and sleep of last night—wrote in bed on the Robber story, viz.: the adventure of Popkins—ten pages before breakfast—after breakfast wrote the concluding adventure of the attack of the escort—ten pages.

March 6*th.*—Passed last night on sofa—Irving * better this morning—physician pronounces his malady the measles—write at various parts of the Sportman's tales—dine at home with Peter—in the evening go to a small party at Lady Thomond's—met there the Granards, Alcocks, &c.—talking with Col. Alcock, I maintain: until nations are *generous* they will never be wise; true policy is generous policy; all bitterness, selfishness, &c., may gain small ends, but loses great ones—it may appear chivalrous, but it is true; expedients may answer for the moment—they gain a point, but they do not establish a principle—there is a return of the poisoned chalice.

Sunday 7*th.*—Rewrite part of Italian story this morning—Mr. Mills calls—drive out in his cabriolet—return home early—find Irving very restless with delirium.

Monday 8*th.*—Passed last night in Irving's room, who was very restless—this day write at the Italian story—dine at home—doctor calls—doubts whether Irving's complaint is not the smallpox—pass the night in Irving's room.

Tuesday 9*th.*—Irving very much broken out—has no

* Irving Van Wart, his nephew, whom he had taken from school to his quarters, that he might give him his personal attention during an illness.

delirium to-day—doctor calls at noon—pronounces complaint smallpox—confluent—opens pustules with hands—I write this morning at Italian story—dine at home—Irving better towards evening—pass the night in his room—finish Italian story.

March 10th.—Irving seems better this morning—very little fever—no delirium—this day I rearrange plan of author—dine at home—In evening Irving has more fever and a little delirium, but soon falls asleep and awakes more composed—pass the night in his room—he sleeps very well.

March 11th.—Write from five o'clock this morning at author—Irving quite comfortable—Mr. Galignani calls this morning about my editing suite of English authors—we cannot agree about the first condition—viz.: an advance of £100—he goes off to consult Didot.

March 13th.—Galignani called to-day and acceded to my terms.

March 14th.—Write prospectus and terms for collection of British Literature—Galignani calls and agrees to my terms—250 francs a volume—2,500 francs in advance.

He asked an advance because he did not wish to put his name, which was his capital, to a doubtful enterprise without some certain remuneration.

March 15th.—Write introduction to Wolfert Webber—received a present of books from Galignani and Baudry, for my correction of Salmagundi and Knickerbocker, consisting of thirty-three vols., octavo, elegantly bound, of choice French authors: Racine, La Fontaine, Molière, &c.

March 17*th.*—Write a little this morning at Buckthorne story—merely arranging it.

March 22*d.*—Wrote this morning at Goldsmith's Life—[for the collection of British Literature he had just agreed to edit]—at two o'clock went to a wedding, &c.,—return home and find letter from Murray full of kindness and friendly profession—offers 1,200 guineas for my new work in two vols., without seeing it till in print.

March 25*th.*—Write to Murray requiring £1,500.

I give the letter which shows that he had now abandoned his project of a second Sketch Book.

[*To John Murray.*]

PARIS, March 25, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 18th was a very gratifying one, as it so satisfactorily accounted for a silence which quite perplexed me. I do not regret having turned aside from my idea of preparing two more volumes of the Sketch Book, as I think I have run into a plan and thrown off writings which will be more novel and attractive. I have the materials for two volumes nearly prepared, but there will yet be a little re-writing and filling up necessary. I hope, however, to lay the work before you in the course of six weeks. I think the title will be Tales of a Traveller, by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Your offer of twelve hundred guineas without seeing the MS. is, I confess, a liberal one, and made in your own gentlemanlike manner, but I would rather you would see the MS. and make it *fifteen hundred.* Don't think me greedy after money; but in fact I have need of all I can get just now, as I can do five pounds' worth of good

with every pound I can spare, and since the world won't let me live as I please, I find it very expensive to live with the world.

Those who have seen various parts of what I have prepared, think the work will be the best thing I have written, and that it will be very successful with the public. An author is not, perhaps, the best judge of his productions, otherwise I might throw my own opinion into the scale.

I shall go on to finish the work as soon as possible, and shall bring it over to England before long, as I can write upon it while there, and indeed while it is printing.

I write in excessive haste to save the mail, which is nearly closing.

Present my most kind remembrances to Mrs. Murray, and believe me, Dear Sir,

Very sincerely, Your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

I am writing with a bewildered head and feverish hand, having returned at almost daylight from a fancy ball at the British ambassador's. The most magnificent thing I have ever seen, and which must dazzle all Paris.

CHAPTER XI.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON—LETTER TO PETER—INTERVIEW WITH MURRAY—ATTENDS REPRESENTATION OF CHARLES II.—LESLIE — NEWTON — MOORE — WILLIAM SPENCER—ROGERS—LADY CAROLINE LAMB—THE MAN OF MANY INVITATIONS—LEAVES LONDON WITH MILLS FOR MANOR HOUSE, LYNDHURST—GOES TO BATH TO MEET MOORE—ELWYN'S DINNER—EXTRACTS FROM MEMORANDUM BOOK—FAREWELL TO MOORE—VISIT TO HIS DRESDEN FRIENDS, THE FOSTERS—LETTER TO PETER—MURRAY ADVERTISES SALMAGUNDI—INTENT ON LITERARY OCCUPATION—DINNER WITH ROGERS—HIS GOOD STORY OF A FRENCH ABBÉ—FALLS SHORT IN MANUSCRIPT FOR TALES OF A TRAVELLER—SUPPLIES THE DEFICIENCY — STARTS FOR FRANCE—LETTER TO MOORE ON THE WAY—MOORE'S REPLY—KENNEY AND SCROOPE DAVIES.

TWO months after the date of the letter to Murray, given at the close of the preceding chapter, leaving Peter in his bachelor quarters at No. 89 Rue Richelieu, Mr. Irving took his work over to England, and in a letter dated London, May 31, 1824, thus addresses that brother:

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I arrived here safe and sound on Friday evening, after a very pleasant journey. I saw Murray on Saturday, and arranged the business in two minutes. He behaved like a gentleman. Told me he had not replied to my last letter, because he was in daily expectation of my arrival. That he agreed to

my terms without seeing the MSS. That it could be put to press the moment I was ready, and should be printed as fast or as slowly as I pleased. In a word, every thing went as smoothly and pleasantly as heart could wish.

* * * I got in time on Friday evening to see the second representation of Charles II. It succeeds very well, though the critics attack the *language*. The fact is, the first act is extremely heavy, in consequence of being extremely ill played. * * * The second act goes off famously, and so does the greater part of the third, in consequence of the excellent acting of Fawcett in Copp. He makes it one of the best things I ever saw him do. I shall assist Payne in pruning the piece to-day, and I have no doubt it will have a good run. Payne intends putting it to press immediately.

Leslie has completely established his reputation by his Sancho in the apartment of the Duchess. It is a lovely painting; one of the most charming things I have seen in modern art. It is decidedly the crack picture of the exhibition, and is greatly talked of. Lord Egremont is the owner of it. He has taken Leslie by the hand for this year or two past in a generous manner.

* * * Newton's Dr. Porceaugnac is far beyond my expectations, and does him great credit. For composition and execution it is far the best thing he has done; and he has managed the subject so as to obviate the objections we apprehended. He is getting reputation as fast as could be wished.

I am rejoiced that I got my work ready before coming here, or I should have been full of perplexity and annoyance, as I am kept in a continual whirl. Moore is in town. I was with him a great part of the day before yesterday; yesterday he passed in the country; to-day we dine together.

I write in extreme haste, just to give you the main points of information. I will write fuller at more leisure.

Colonel Aspinwall tells me he has copious particulars about Kidd to give me.

Affectionately your brother,

W. I

William Spencer has just invited me to take up my quarters at his lodgings, No. 4 Mount St., Grosvenor Square. Address to me there.

William Spencer, here mentioned, was the author of those exquisite lines familiar to every reader of poetry, beginning: "Too late I stayed—forgive the crime." Besides the literary characters mentioned in this letter, his memorandum book presents the following glimpses of Rogers, and specimens of his table talk. Byron, it will be remembered, had died at Missolonghi, in April, and his executors had insisted upon the total destruction of the Memoirs presented to Moore.

Sunday, May 30th.—Breakfasted with Rogers in company with Newton, Leslie, and Proctor, the poet. Rogers said that when Lord Byron and Lady Caroline Lamb quarrelled, Lord Byron told him when men and women fell out the one that keeps the ground longest wins. Lady Caroline gave in two minutes before me. Lady Caroline took all Lord Byron's letters, made a funeral pyre of them, put his miniature on the top, had a number of young girls to dance round, singing a kind of incantation, and burnt them; but mark you, they were only

copies, and what made the ridiculousness complete was, that there was no one present to be taken in by it but herself, and *she was in the secret.*

He said when Lord and Lady Byron separated, Byron told all his friends, and Rogers among the number, that he alone was to blame.

Rogers thinks Murray the great loser by the burning of the MSS., as he bought a *post obit* work not to be available until the death of a man younger than himself; of course he ran a great risk; unexpectedly the death of that person makes the MSS. available in the course of a year, but he is deprived of his bargain.

Rogers says Moore does not recollect the MSS., and he says he does not believe he read it; as while in Paris he was so continually engaged he had not time to read even his billet-doux.

Rogers suspected he himself is handled harshly in the Memoir, as Moore did not show it to him.

A few days later, his memorandum book contains this further specimen of the table talk of the poet, who, it will be remembered, was one of the men most sought after in high society in England.

Saturday, June 5th.—Called on Rogers. He gave me an amusing instance of the sincerity of dinner invitations. He was invited by Lady J. to dine with her on a certain day. He endeavored to excuse himself, as he was about to leave town on a country excursion. She would take no excuse; he must come; would be glad to have him on any terms; would take

her chance, &c., &c. He accordingly promised to come if he should return from the country in time. He was asked by Lady B—— P—— to come on the same day; he made the same excuse. She would not listen to it; he had disappointed her so often, he must come; she would expect him, &c., &c.

The Duchess of S—— told him that when he returned to town he must come and dine with her; she was always at home and would always be glad to see him, &c., &c., &c.

He returned to town on the day designated in the invitations; made a morning call on Lady J——. "Well," cried she, "you are coming to dine; that's so good of you; that's so friendly!"

"I will come with pleasure," replied Rogers, "if your table is not made up; otherwise make no stranger of me; I can dine elsewhere; Lady B—— P—— has asked me, &c., &c.

"Why, really; to treat you as a friend, we are expecting a great many; our table is full, and if you could dine with Lady B——; you see I make no ceremony," &c., &c.

Rogers took his leave good-humoredly, and went to Lady B——.

"Ah! you are coming to say yes; you mean to dine with us to-day; that's so good of you, I'll never forget it," &c., &c.

"Why, indeed, I have come to accept, but yet don't put yourself to inconvenience; I can dine elsewhere."

"Why, really, we have issued invitations for as many as our table will hold, but L. has not replied; if you could see him, and know whether he comes or not. If he does not come and you would take his place we would be *so* obliged," &c., &c.

Rogers had now his *dernier resort*, the Duchess of S——, who was always at home, and was always glad to see him, and would always take it as a favor if he would come *sans cere-*

monie. He accordingly called on her, but she never said a word about his coming to dinner. In fine, the man of many invitations ate his dinner at a coffee house, and spent a dull evening at a theatre.

Sunday, June 6th.—Called on Rogers and accompanied him to his brother's at Paddington—Rogers stopping to speak with various persons on the way—the Duke this—Sir Harry that—stopped to hear music—observed that he liked to hear music in warm weather—pass the White Conduit house—speculates upon the characters and concerns of people whom we meet—tells anecdotes of Lord Byron when he saw him at Pisa in Italy—his sisters at dinner, and several nephews—in evening thick fog came up—returned by coach—pretty woman in it—Rogers facetious.

A few days after the date of this record, he writes to Peter in a letter dated Manor House, Lyndhurst, June 10, 1824:

I passed about nine days in town, in a complete hurry. To attend to any literary concerns was impossible. Payne copied part of my MS. and got other parts copied by others, excepting about fifty pages which are to be sent to me here. I shall be able to forward all by the fifteenth *via* Liverpool. I left London on Monday last with Mills, and got here the same day to dinner. I have been here three days, the weather beautiful, and have taken advantage of it to see the neighborhood. The scenery about here is very fine; a great deal of wild forest land. I am delighted with the manor house and its inhabitants. Mr. Compton * is . . . . a complete specimen of an En-

* Brother-in-law of Frank Mills, an Oxford scholar with whom he had become acquainted at Paris, and whom he accompanied on this visit.

glish country gentleman. His whole establishment is perfect in its kind, and quite a study. * * I shall stay here until the 14th, when I go to Bath to meet Moore (whom I saw a great deal of in London). It will be the time of the musical festival. I shall pass a couple of days at Bath and then go on to Brummy.

I shall wait a few days longer before I put my work to press in London, as I wish the American edition to have a little chance for a start.

From this place Mr. Irving proceeded to Bath, where he had engaged to meet Moore, and on the 17th, we have this record in his memorandum book.

Thursday, June 17th.—Breakfasted with Moore—rambled together about Bath—called at Catalani's, who was not up—left Bath at eleven in post chaise with Moore for his cottage—drove through very pleasant country—Moore told me entertaining story of his becoming acquainted with a lady who had just buried her husband—arrived at the cottage between twelve and one—very pleasantly situated and a delightfully arranged little retreat—we rambled about the fields and to Bowood, the seat of Lord Lansdowne, a princely mansion of stone, with columns in front—fine park around—found Lord Lansdowne at home, who received us very kindly—walked over the grounds with us—pretty waterfall—wished us to stay to dinner—accompanied us part of the way back—begged me to call on him when I came to town—returned to the cottage to dinner—pleasant dinner—in the evening a delightful walk—passed the evening at the rectory—rector ill abed—large family of sons

and daughters—very pleasant—returned home about half past nine, and went to my room at ten, but remained reading Lord Byron's MS. Memoirs till half past twelve.

Not *the* memoirs, of course, which had been destroyed, and which he had already read.

Moore's diary of this date has the following:

June 17th.—Took Irving after dinner to show him to the Starkey's, but he was sleepy and did not open his mouth; the same at Elwyn's dinner. Not strong as a lion, but delightful as a domestic animal.

Elwyn's dinner was at Bath, on the 16th, and was given to a number of guests of both sexes. The modest American, a stranger to all probably but Moore, was not apt to "come out" on such occasions. Indeed, it was only in the easy familiarity of domestic life, that he could be seen to the greatest advantage. It was here that the riches of his conversation were most apparent. His forte in this respect, was his humor; much of which, however, was of a kind of which language can give no idea; it was not more in what he said, than in the way he said it; the play of feature, the eye, the tone, the gesture. There was a natural, easy, delightful sportiveness about his conversation when under no restraints of form or ceremony, a mixture of wit, whim, fun and drollery, of which few could resist the fascination. His vivacity, however, was apt to desert him when he most needed

it, and especially when among strangers, where he was conscious of particular or critical observation. Moore, on the other hand, was always a sprightly and reliable conversationalist, and ever ready to extract enjoyment from the flying moment, wherever passed. He seemed ever to rise in the morning, as Mr. Irving once remarked of him, with the words of the song on his lips:

"Say what shall be our sport to-day."

continue with the memorandum book:

June 18th.—Rose at seven—read more of Lord Byron while dressing—pleasant breakfast—after breakfast adjourned to Moore's study, where I prepared a despatch for Murray of part of the MS. of Strange Stories—dined a little after two that I might get to [blank] in time for the coach—after dinner set off with Moore, Mrs. Moore and Mr. Brannegan accompanying us part of the way—had a very pleasant walk with Moore through Lord Lansdowne's grounds to Mr. [blank], where we found the coach had just passed—stopped there and took tea while they sent for a chaise—Bowles church and parsonage in sight—had a pleasant gossipping cup of tea and then took an affectionate leave of that charming fellow Moore—a brilliant in head and heart.

From Birmingham, where he went from Moore's, to make a visit of a few days to his sister's family, he writes to Peter, July 29: "I have furnished Murray with MSS. of part of the first volume, but have re-

ceived no proof sheet as yet;" and nine days later, we have the following letter addressed to this brother at Havre, where he had probably gone to look after his steamboat interest, as we may infer from the close of the epistle. The letter touches on various literary matters, and is dated, as will be seen, from the residence of his Dresden friends, the Fosters, where he was now on a visit.

BRICKHILL, near BEDFORD, July 7, 1824.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I arrived here from town last night on a visit to my kind Dresden friends, the Fosters, who have welcomed me as to my own home. I shall stay here seven or eight days at least.

I went from Birmingham to town to put the printers in motion, as I received no proof sheets. It was well I did, as I found Murray had intended keeping the work back till November. On finding the danger of being anticipated by an American edition, he changed his plan and has advertised it for the first of August and set the press hard at work. I now receive proof sheets daily and can push the publication as briskly as I please; but I do not wish to hurry it too quickly. I fancy it will appear about the tenth of August. I shall take care to forward sheets to America. There is no danger of the work's being pirated in America, under any circumstances. The public would set their faces against it. I am told much disapprobation has been expressed at the letters of Oldstyle having been got up and published without my knowledge and consent.

I have promised Murray to prepare a corrected edition of Salmagundi for him, with additions, such as you and I had talked of; and have written to Paulding to hasten the essays

he is to contribute. I have materials enough for my part of the job lying by me in half-formed sketches, that I should otherwise have probably made no use of. It will, therefore, cost me scarce any trouble, and will pay me handsomely. Murray is anxious to get the work out of the hands of the other booksellers, and to have my writings complete. He has advertised the work as in the press, with corrections and alterations, by way of deterring other booksellers from publishing more editions.*

Campbell has promised to give me some particulars for his biography, and I will get hints from Rogers when I go next to town.

I am sorry not to have met you at Birmingham; though, if you are passing your time pleasantly in Normandy, I shall feel satisfied. Do not, however, suffer yourself to be bothered about steamboat concerns. If it yields you gratification and amusement, well and good; otherwise I am convinced I can cut out agreeable occupation for both of us, enough to employ our time and fill our pockets.

Five days later, July 12, he writes from the same place to Peter

"I shall leave here on Thursday next for London, but shall leave it almost immediately on a hasty excursion to Yorkshire; which performed, I shall think of getting over to France as soon as possible, and if you are still at Havre, will come that way. I wish to get back to Paris, and get to work again.

* * * * * *

I told you in my last, that I am to prepare an improved

* This project was afterwards dropped.

and enlarged edition of Salmagundi for Murray. I shall get materials for Rogers' and Campbell's biographies in London, and then, if I can get a quiet room at Auteuil for the month of August, I think I can get a profitable little lot of work done. I feel the impulse strong on me to keep my pen moving, and am resolved not to flag nor falter until I have secured plenty of the needful to make life easy.

It was to "make life easy," to place himself above the necessity of continued exertion, and out of the reach of embarrassment, that he proposed at this time to avail himself of every chance of profitable literary occupation. "I am anxious, at present, by every exertion," is the language of another letter to Peter, "to attain sufficient to make us both independent for the rest of our lives, and I think by making the most of time and opportunity, we may easily effect it."

The last entry in his memorandum book, gives us a further allusion to Rogers, whose biography and that of Campbell he was intending to prepare for the collection of British Literature, for which Galignani had engaged his pen, though he never got beyond a brief life of Goldsmith, in an undertaking which soon fell to the ground.

Called at Rogers'—found Kenney and Rogers' brother breakfasting with him—sat and chatted till twelve—went with Kenney to Leslie's.—Dined with Rogers *tête-à-tête*—he was very critical and censorious on Moore and others—told a good story of the French Abbés—before the French Revolution,

at the houses of the principal noblemen there would be a plate left for some chance Abbé—and the first that arrived took it —about dinner time you would see the Abbés [illegible] picking their way from the top of one stone to another—ringing or rapping at the *port-cocher*, and inquiring—*y-a-t-il de place? Non, Monsieur;* then he would tillup onward.—On one occasion at the commencement of the revolution, there was a party dining—the cart went by carrying criminals to the guillotine—all the company ran to the windows—the Abbé being a short man tried to peep on tiptoe, but in vain, so he went down to the *port-cocher.*—As the vehicle went by, one of the victims who knew the Abbé, bowed to him—the Abbé returned the salutation—"What! you are his friend—you are one of them—away with him"—the poor Abbé was hoisted into the cart and hurried to the guillotine.—The company having satisfied their curiosity, returned to the table—the Abbé's place was vacant—*Mais où est Mr. l'Abbé?* Alas! the poor Abbé was already headless.

July 30th, he writes to Peter from London:

I had hoped by this time to be on my way for France, but the work has been thrown back this last week, by finding the MSS. not sufficient to furnish matter for two octavo volumes, so I am obliged to supply a couple of sheets for each volume.

The first volume I help out by introduction, and by introducing passages into Buckthorne's Life.

I have just scribbled off another robber tale for the second, which will nearly supply the needful, and I think will increase the effect of the third part. It makes me feel more confident of the series of Banditti tales.

The moment I have corrected the last proof sheet, I shall start.

Having risen early on the morning of August 13, and corrected proof sheets till nine, and received Murray's drafts for the Tales of a Traveller at six, nine, and twelve months, for 500 guineas each; he left London at two o'clock in coach for Brighton, crossed thence the next day to Dieppe, and the day following had engaged lodgings at Auteuil, a few miles from Paris, where as we have seen, he was hoping to do a profitable lot of work.

It was at Brighton, on his way, that he addressed to Moore this, as the poet terms it in his diary, "very amusing letter," for a copy of which I am indebted to the courtesy of the poet's biographer, Lord John, now Earl Russell.

[*To Thomas Moore.*]

BRIGHTON, August 14, 1824.

My boat is on the shore
And my bark is on the sea;

I forget how the song ends, but here I am at Brighton just on the point of embarking for France. I have dragged myself out of London as a horse drags himself out of the slough or a fly out of a honey pot, almost leaving a limb behind him at every tug. Not that I have been immersed in pleasure and surrounded by sweets, but rather up to the ears in ink and harassed by printers' devils.

I never have had such fagging in altering, adding, and correcting; and I have been detained beyond all patience by the

delays of the press. Yesterday I absolutely broke away, without waiting for the last sheets. They are to be sent after me here by mail to be corrected this morning, or else they must take their chance. From the time I first started pen in hand on this work, it has been nothing but hard driving with me.

I have not been able to get to Tunbridge to see the Donegals, which I really and greatly regret. Indeed I have seen nobody except a friend or two, who had the kindness to hunt me out. Among these was Mr. Story, and I ate a dinner there that it took me a week to digest, having been obliged to swallow so much hard-favored nonsense from a loud-talking baronet whose name, thank God, I forget, but who maintained Byron was not a man of courage, and therefore his poetry was not readable. I was really afraid he would bring John Story to the same way of thinking.

I went a few evenings since to see Kenney's new piece, the Alcaid. It went off lamely, and the Alcaid is rather a bore, and comes near to be generally thought so. Poor Kenney came to my room next evening, and I could not have believed that one night could have ruined a man so completely. I swear to you I thought at first it was a flimsy suit of clothes had left some bedside and walked into my room without waiting for the owner to get up; or that it was one of those frames on which clothiers stretch coats at their shop doors; until I perceived a thin face sticking edgeways out of the collar of the coat like the axe in a bundle of fasces. He was so thin, and pale, and nervous, and exhausted—he made a dozen difficulties in getting over a spot in the carpet, and never would have accomplished it if he had not lifted himself over by the points of his shirt collar.

I saw Rogers just as I was leaving town. He told me he had seen you, and that the christening was soon to take place.

I had not time to ask Rogers any particulars about you, and indeed he is not exactly the man from whom I would ask news about my friends. I dined *tête à-tête* with him some time since, and he served up his friends as he served up his fish, with a squeeze of lemon over each. It was very piquant, but it rather set my teeth on edge.

I hope you are working at Lord Byron's life. Sheridan's can keep without disadvantage, but now is the time to work at Lord B. so as to bring it out before the interest shall have died away, or that others shall have usurped the public mind with respect to him.

I met Mrs. Brannegan one evening at the opera, and on parting inquired her address. I was too busy to call for a day or two, and made my call the very day she had departed.

Farewell, my dear Moore. Let me hear from you, if but a line; particularly if my work pleases you, but don't say a word against it. I am easily put out of humor with what I do. Give as much love to Mrs. Moore as it is respectable in a husband to countenance, and tell her I have ordered a copy of my work to be sent to her,

Yours ever,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following is Moore's reply:

1824.

MY DEAR IRVING:

I take the opportunity of a packet to Paris to tell you that your book is delightful. I never can answer for what the public will like, but if they do not devour this with their best ap-

petite, then is good writing, good fun, good sense, and all other goods of authorship thrown away upon them. I had to listen to Lord Lansdowne the other evening reading over whole pages of Buckthorne which I already knew by heart, but which he seemed so pleased with that it would have been a sin to stop him. Luttrell also has been warm in your praises, and altogether your muse, I think, treads upon velvet.

We have had Bowood swarming with aristocracy and wit, and I have been gallanting the fair Genoese, Madlle. Durazzo, to mass [at Wardour] and other gayeties. Lord Bath's also has been among my visiting places, and upon the whole I have been quite as idle as I ought *not* to have been.

Your lively letter from Brighton was far too sprightly to be kept under cork, and accordingly it effervesced out at Bowood, much to poor Kenney's exposure and the delight of every one. I *never* read anything so good even in your books. That "*infidus scurra*," Kenney (as I could collect from Rogers), showed me up for the dinner I made my good-natured friend in Cleveland Row give you all. It *was* an officious trick of me, I own.

We had little Russell christened while Lord John was here, and I am afraid he will be a chip of the old block, for he was laughing at the parson all the time of the operation.

God bless you, my dear Irving,

Ever heartily yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

Bessy likes you rather too well to make her praise of your book worth much, but she is enchanted.

The dinner here alluded to, is touched upon in Mr. Irving's diary in this way: "Dined at Mr. Moore's, near the park—with Kenney, Moore, Newton, and Fitzroy Stanhope—sat long at table—talk about Scroope Davies—from thence went to Mrs. Story's to supper—all the party dull and heavy." In conversation I have heard him allude to Kenney's annoyance at an incessant interchange of anecdotes about "Scroope Davies," that was kept up between Moore and Fitzroy Stanhope, whom Moore included at the last moment in the dinner, at first intended only for Kenney, Newton, and Irving, which would have made "a good *ensemble*." Fitzroy Stanhope, was a stranger to all but Moore, and did not fit in to the party. He was decidedly *de trop* for the "unrestrained flow of soul" which Kenney and the other two had promised themselves. "You have spoiled the dinner," said Mr. Irving to Moore, when he told him of the innovation; "he is a stranger to us all and will not be of accord." "Never you fear," said Moore, "we'll spread him over the scale, like a false note in music." But I was right, said Mr. Irving, in relating the anecdote; "it spoiled the dinner." "Oh!" said Kenney to him on their way to Mrs. Story's, "it was nothing but Scroope Davies this, and Scroope Davies that; they killed me with their Scroope Davies." It was probably after this infliction that Kenney related the anecdote, which I quote from Moore's diary, and which

may have had a significance which Moore knew how to interpret, when he wrote his letter to Mr. Irving.

Kenney mentioned to-day Charles Lamb's being once bored by a lady praising to him such a "charming man!" &c., &c., ending with: "I know him, bless him!" on which Lamb said, "Well, I don't, but damn him at a hazard!"

Kenney was no doubt ready with a similar chance imprecation upon Scroope Davies, specimens of whose wit formed the burden of the feast.

In a letter received by Mr. Irving soon after from Newton is this passage: "When you see Kenney give my best regards to him. I hope he has recovered entirely from Scroope Davies; his friend Stanhope is looking remarkably well."

CHAPTER XII.

PUBLICATION OF THE TALES OF A TRAVELLER—LETTER TO MRS. PARIS—HIS OPINION OF THE TALES OF A TRAVELLER—DEATH OF LOUIS XVIII.—PASSES TWO DAYS IN THE OLD CHATEAU OF USSÉ—THE DUCHESS OF DURAS—DESCRIPTION OF HIS BACHELOR ESTABLISHMENT IN PARIS—INTERRUPTIONS OF SOCIETY—HIS EVIL GENIUS—DOWNHEARTED—LETTER TO PIERRE PARIS IRVING—LETTER TO LESLIE—LETTER TO BREVOORT—CLOSE OF 1824.

THE Tales of a Traveller was published in London, on the 25th of August, in two octavo volumes, and at a price fixed by Murray which occasioned some murmurs, though it sold rapidly. In New York, it was published in four parts; the first part, consisting of Strange Stories, by a Nervous Gentleman, August 24; the second part, Buckthorne and his Friends, Sept. 7; the third part, The Italian Banditti, Sept. 25; and the fourth, The Money Diggers, October 9; this last, nearly seven weeks later than the appearance of the entire volumes in London.

The reputation of the author was fully kept up by the work, but it did not excite so much surprise, and consequently obtain as much popularity with the public, as his previous productions: "wherein," says

Newton, in a letter dated October 7, 1824; "you will only find the lot of all popular writers when they give the world a work, however well executed, but resembling in its nature what they have already done; the better, the worse for them." Newton thought he never did anything better than The Bold Dragoon; "the dance of the furniture is capital indeed;" "Buckthorne, too," he says, "and all the Money Digging part told amazingly well," but, he adds "the young Italian seemed to be as much a favorite as any. I heard Hallam quoting it the other day, as one of the finest specimens of your writing."

[*To Mrs. Catharine Paris.*]

PARIS, Sept. 20, 1824.

MY DEAR SISTER:

* * * I returned a few weeks since from England where I went to publish my last work. * * It has been a great comfort to me that for nearly a year past I have had Peter with me. I trust we shall continue for the future together. * *

Since my recent return from England, I have been residing at a very pleasant village [Auteuil] in the neighborhood of Paris, that I might be quiet and might keep clear of the crowd and dissipation of the metropolis. Peter remains at the apartments in Paris, but comes out on Saturday afternoon and stays until Sunday morning with me; and I sleep occasionally in town. In this way we manage to live very pleasantly, and what makes it particularly agreeable to me is that I am perfectly tranquil, and freed from the necessity of receiving and

paying visits and going into society, which of late years has been a perfect harassment to me.

Long before this reaches you, you will have had my last work, the Tales of a Traveller. I am happy to hear that it sells rapidly in England. I do not know how it may please you, as it is written in a different mood from my late works. Much of it was written rapidly. For my own part, I think there are in it some of the best things I have ever written. They may not be so highly finished as some of my former writings, but they are touched off with a freer spirit, and are more true to life; for they are the transcripts of scenes that I have witnessed.

October 5th.—I have suffered this letter to lie by me, and will add a little more to it before I send it off. We have had much bustle in Paris of late, between the death of one king and the succession of another. I have become a little callous to public sights, but have, notwithstanding, been to see the funeral of the late king, and the entrance into Paris of the present one. Charles X. begins his reign in a very conciliating manner, and is really popular. The Bourbons have gained great accession of power within a few years.

But to descend from kings to humbler personages. Peter and myself intend setting off in a few days on a ten days' tour to Orleans, Tours, and some of the finest parts of Touraine, the centre and garden of France. After this we shall go into winter quarters at our apartments in Paris. * * *

October 24th.—We have just returned to Paris from a nine days' excursion along the Loire and through some of the loveliest scenery of Touraine. * * The weather, for the greater part of the time, was serene and delightful, with that golden autumnal tint that gives such a richness to fine scenery. I

never have been more interested by a tour; we have been through scenes full of historical interest, and have visited towns and castles famous in story, as well as striking and picturesque in themselves. We passed part of two days in a very interesting and gratifying manner in the old chateau of Ussé. It is an old castle belonging to the Duke of Duras, and one of the most romantic piles from its architecture, situation, and the scenery it commands, that I have ever beheld. It stands on the slope of a richly-wooded line of hills, looking over a vast, luxuriant valley, through which the noble stream of the Loire flows in quiet majesty; while a beautiful little tributary stream called the Indre winds along one border of the valley and passes under the very terraces of the castle. The chateau is built of cream-colored stone, which, though many centuries have passed since its construction, retains its original tint and freshness. The towers are singularly picturesque; and the terraces, the avenues, and the rich groves about the castle give it a most proud and lordly air. It is, however, going to ruin; one wing only has a suit of apartments in tolerable repair, and with furniture tarnished and neglected. The rest of the castle is used partly as store rooms and granaries for the estate, and the *concierge* (or overseer) and his family reside in the centre. The duke visits the estate once or twice a year, but the duchess, whose health is delicate, has not been at it for several years. The fortunes of the French nobility have been so scanty of late years, that even those who have conserved or regained their paternal estates cannot afford to repair them or to keep up the necessary household establishment. The Duke of Duras, whose fortune has been improved since the restoration of the Bourbons, talks much of repairing this beautiful chateau, but I fear it will eventually share the fate of most of the other French

chateaux. The Duchess of Duras is one of the finest women of France, idolized in the world of taste and literature, and extolled for her exemplary and amiable character. She has written several little works that are much esteemed; and her house is the resort of the most elegant and accomplished society of Paris. She had given me a letter to the *concierge* of the castle, and on presenting it, the old establishment was, in a manner, surrendered to my command. There were no regular servants there; but the family of the old *concierge* took every pains to accommodate us; his son and a rustic lad waited on us, and altogether we made a most comfortable as well as a most interesting visit. We rambled over the old apartments, and the grass-grown terraces and avenues of the castle, and among pines and fig trees laden with their fruits; and in the evening had a blazing fire lighted for us in the library. I do not know when I have been lodged so much to my humor; and I only regretted that my arrangements obliged me so soon to leave such a curious and interesting place.

I have given you this little incident of our tour with some detail, as I thought it would be more interesting to have one point treated a little minutely, than to have the whole briefly skimmed over.

We are now settled in town for the winter; though the weather just now is so mild and delightful that I cannot but regret the country. You would be amused if you could look in upon our bachelor establishment. The mode of living here is so different from that in America that it is difficult to give a correct idea of it. * * * My apartment is up several pairs of stairs, what you would think the garret in America, yet it consists of several rooms opening into each other, excellently well fitted up and finished, and very prettily furnished. I have my

kitchen included in the range of my chambers; and the main door of the suite of rooms, which opens from a little ante-chamber on the landing place of the great staircase, is, as it were, the street door to my premises, and excludes the world.

I have a French servant woman, who is my cook, butler, *valet-de-chambre*, and footman; who keeps everything in the neatest order, and chatters even faster than she works.

Thus we manage to live very comfortably, and have our separate rooms, where we can occupy ourselves as we please without interfering with each other; and need not meet except at meal times. The great national library (one of the very best in the world) is within five minutes' walk of my lodgings, and I have the privilege of having any books from it I please. I should enjoy myself completely here, if the world would let me be quiet; the chief drawback on my comfort is the continued interruption of society, which, in a great metropolis like this, is a serious grievance to any one who has acquired a little notoriety. I endeavor as much as possible to keep clear of the whirl, and to be master of my time and of myself; but with all my exertions I find it impossible to avoid being carried away occasionally by the current.

The author, however, was doomed to more serious annoyances than the interruptions of society; annoyances which touched too deeply his sensitive nature.

The Tales of a Traveller, which in his view, as we have seen in the letter just quoted, contained some of the best things he had ever written, found little favor with some of the British critics; and in his own country, which felt a generous pride in his extended reputation,

it had hardly proceeded to the publication of the first and second parts, before he was told there were some "violent demonstrations of hostility" on the part of the press.

A leaf in his note-book gives the following disclosure:

November 23d.—Went to Galignani's—met my evil genius there, who told me the critics were attacking me like the devil in England—returned home for a short time but could not remain—downhearted.

The letters which follow, though varying in tone and character, are all more or less colored by the same "downhearted" feeling.

The first is addressed to a nephew, now the Rev. Pierre Paris Irving, a clergyman of the Episcopal church, who, at the early age of eighteen, had ventured into print in some contributions to a little periodical, called The Fly, which ran through five numbers and expired.

PARIS, Dec. 7, 1824.

MY DEAR PIERRE:

I have long intended to answer your letter, but I am so much occupied at one time and interrupted at another, that I am compelled to be a very irregular correspondent. I have been much gratified by the good accounts I hear of you from various quarters, and have been pleased with the little periodical work which you sent me, which gave proof of very promising talent. I am sorry, however, to find you venturing into

print at so early an age, as I consider it extremely disadvantageous. I would have you study assiduously for several years to come, without suffering yourself, either by your own inclinations or the suggestions of your friends, to be persuaded to commit the merest trifle to the press. Let me impress this most earnestly upon you. I speak from observation and experience as to the pernicious effects of early publishing. It begets an eagerness to reap before one has sown. It produces too often an indisposition to further study, and a restless craving after popular applause. There is nothing that a very young man can write that will not be full of faults and errors, and when once printed they remain to cause him chagrin and self-reproach in his after years. The article you wrote in the periodical work, for instance, was very clever as to composition, and was all that could be expected from a writer of your age; but then you showed yourself ignorant of music, though you undertook to satirize a musical performance; at a riper age you would not have committed this error. The composition you were ridiculing must have been one of the sublime productions of Handel or Haydn, and the performer, whose gesticulation you describe so extravagantly, must have been the leader of the band, who by look and sign has to regulate the performance of the whole band, keep them all in time, and direct their style of playing, according to the expression of the music. I mention this only to let you see how readily one is betrayed into error by writing, or rather publishing, at an early and uninformed age.

I hope, however, your literary vein has been but a transient one, and that you are preparing to establish your fortune and reputation on a better basis than literary success. I hope none of those whose interests and happiness are dear to me will

be induced to follow my footsteps, and wander into the seductive but treacherous paths of literature. There is no life more precarious in its profits and fallacious in its enjoyments than that of an author. I speak from an experience which may be considered a favorable and prosperous one; and I would earnestly dissuade all those with whom my voice has any effect from trusting their fortunes to the pen. For my part, I look forward with impatience to the time when a moderate competency will place me above the necessity of writing for the press. I have long since discovered that it is indeed "vanity and vexation of spirit."

I trust you will take a wiser and surer course. If you have entered upon the profession of the law, fit yourself for the exercise of it by profound and extensive study; do not rest satisfied with the mere technicalities of it; but enter widely into the noble studies connected with it. Discipline yourself well; consider what you have learned at college as merely preparatory to a wider range of inquiry. Make yourself an excellent scholar, and store your mind with general, yet accurately acquired and well-digested information. Do not meddle much with works of the imagination. Your imagination needs no feeding; indeed it is a mental quality that always takes care of itself; and is too apt to interfere with the others. Strengthen your judgment; cultivate habits of close thinking; and in all your reading let KNOWLEDGE be the great object. I feel myself called upon to urge these matters; because, from some passages in your letter, it would seem that some idle writing of mine had caught your fancy, and awakened a desire to follow my footsteps. If you think my path has been a flowery one, you are greatly mistaken; it has too often lain among thorns and brambles, and been darkened by care and

despondency. Many and many a time have I regretted that at my early outset in life I had not been imperiously bound down to some regular and useful mode of life, and been thoroughly inured to habits of business; and I have a thousand times regretted with bitterness that ever I was led away by my imagination. Believe me, the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, eats oftener a sweeter morsel, however coarse, than he who procures it by the labor of his brains.

I wish to impress these matters upon you, because you are the eldest of your father's family. The oldest son should consider himself the second father of the family. I am anxious to hear of your making a valuable practical man of business, whatever profession or mode of life you adopt; and that by your example and your attentions you may guide and instruct your brothers. Our country is a glorious one for merit to make its way in, and wherever talents are properly matured, and are supported by honorable principles and amiable manners, they are sure to succeed. As for the talk about modest merit being neglected, it is too often a cant, by which indolent and irresolute men seek to lay their want of success at the door of the public. Modest merit is too apt to be inactive, or negligent, or uninstructed merit. Well-matured and well-disciplined talent is always sure of a market, provided it exerts itself; but it must not cower at home and expect to be sought for. There is a good deal of cant, too, in the whining about the success of forward and impudent men, while men of retiring worth are passed over with neglect. But it happens often that those forward men have that valuable quality of promptness and activity, without which worth is a mere inoperative property.

A barking dog is often more useful than a sleeping lion. Endeavor to make your talents convertible to ready use,

prompt for the occasion, and adapted to the ordinary purposes of life; cultivate strength rather than gracefulness; in our country it is the useful, not the ornamental, that is in demand.

I will now advert to another thing which is very near to my heart, and a constant cause of solicitude. There is a large family connection of you growing up. I wish to urge the cultivation of a common union of interest and affection among you. The good of one should be considered the good of the whole. You should stand by each other in word and deed; "in evil report and in good report;" discarding every petty spirit of jealousy; promoting each others' happiness, and building up each others' prosperity. In this way you may contribute wonderfully to each others' respectability and success in life. Endeavor also to make the name you bear one that shall be synonymous with honor, sincerity, and perfect faith. Whatever be your dealings, public or private, let no temporary advantage, however flattering, entice you away from the strict line of open probity. However great the immediate sacrifice, frank and open truth always gains in the end. * * *

Give my best love to the family, and believe me ever,

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To C. R. Leslie.*]

PARIS, Rue Richelieu, No. 89, Dec. 8th, 1824.

MY DEAR LESLIE:

I have been for a long time intending to write to you, but my spirit has been so inert as not to be able to summon up a page full of ideas. However, as Brockedon is on the point of starting, and will take a letter free of cost, I will scrawl a line, if it is only in testimony of constant recollection.

The "Childe" has given me a mere inkling of his northern visit, just enough to tantalize curiosity. I wish you would give me a few anecdotes on the subject. You must have had a rare time; and I envy above everything your residence at Abbotsford. I am told, the Great Unknown was absolutely besieged by a legion of "panthers," that you really surrounded him; one taking a point-blank elevation of him in full front, another in profile, another in rear; happy to sketch a likeness whichever side presented.

To you the visit must have been peculiarly interesting and advantageous; for knowing your taste and turn of mind, I am sure you would find Scott full of precious matter, and would derive a world of valuable hints from your conversation with him. I long to hear something of your visit at Abbotsford, and would give anything for a good long talk with you on the subject.

I wish your "Sancho" were here in the exhibition. I should like to hear what the Frenchmen would say to it; it is so infinitely better than anything which they think good, that I doubt whether they would know how to appreciate it. There are two of Lawrence's paintings here, but the French pass by without noticing them. The only remark I heard made, was from two Frenchmen, on Lawrence's head of the late Duc de Richelieu. One looked at it with a screw of the mouth, "*Pas mal*," said he; "some affectation, something of coloring," and so they passed on.

Have you begun your new picture for Lord Egremont? Brockedon speaks with great emphasis of your 'Autolycus.' I do not know whether you have done anything to it since I saw it, or whether he means the picture in its half-finished state. I certainly think your head of 'Autolycus' one of your

happiest efforts of character and expression. But, in fact, you have now but to dash boldly at whatever you conceive; you have the power of achieving whatever you attempt, and the certainty of having whatever you achieve appreciated by the public.

When you see Newton, remember me affectionately to him. Let me know what he is doing, and how he is doing it. I often look back with fondness and regret on the times we lived together in London, in a delightful community of thought and feeling; struggling our way onward in the world, but cheering and encouraging each other. I find nothing to supply the place of that heartfelt fellowship. I trust that you and Newton have a long career of increasing success and popularity before you. Of my own fate I sometimes feel a doubt. I am isolated in English literature, without any of the usual aids and influences by which an author's popularity is maintained and promoted. I have no literary coterie to cry me up; no partial reviewer to pat me on the back; the very review of my publisher is hostile to everything American. I have nothing to depend on but the justice and courtesy of the public, and how long the public may continue to favor the writings of a stranger, or how soon it may be prejudiced by the scribblers of the press, is with me a matter of extreme uncertainty. I have one proud reflection, however, to sustain myself with—that I have never in any way sought to sue the praises nor deprecate the censures of reviewers, but have left my works to rise or fall by their own deserts. If the public will keep with me a little longer, until I can secure a bare competency, I feel as if I shall be disposed to throw by the pen, or only to use it as a mere recreation. Do write to me soon. I long to hear from you. How often do I miss you

in moments when I feel cast down and out of heart; and how often at times when some of the odd scenes of life present themselves, which we used to enjoy so heartily together.

Remember me most particularly to your sister. It is with the greatest concern that I have heard of the afflicting loss which both of you have sustained; and I only forbear to dwell on it because I know that in cases of the kind, all consolation by letter is mere idle formality. God bless you, my dear Leslie, Believe me, most constantly and affectionately yours,

W. I.

P. S.—My brother is with me, and desires to be particularly remembered to you.

Three days later, he wrote as follows:

[*To Henry Brevoort.*]

PARIS, RUE RICHELIEU, No. 89 Dec. 11, 1824.

* * * I cannot tell you what pleasure I have received from long chats with Lynch * about old times and old associates. His animated and descriptive manner has put all New York before me, and made me long to be once more there. I do not know whether it be the force of early impressions and associations, or whether it be really well-founded, but there is a charm about that little spot of earth; that beautiful city and its environs, that has a perfect spell over my imagination. The bay, the rivers and their wild and woody shores, the haunts of my boyhood, both on land and water, absolutely have a witchery over my mind. I thank God for my having

* Dominick Lynch, of New York.

been born in so beautiful a place among such beautiful scenery; I am convinced I owe a vast deal of what is good and pleasant in my nature to the circumstance.

I feel continually indebted to your kindness for the interest you have taken in my affairs, and in the success of my works in America. I begin to feel extremely anxious to secure a little income from my literary property, that shall put me beyond the danger of recurring penury; and shall render me independent of the necessity of laboring for the press. I should like to write occasionally for my amusement, and to have the power of throwing my writings either into my portfolio, or into the fire. I enjoy the first conception and first sketchings down of my ideas, but the correcting and preparing them for the press is irksome, and publishing is detestable.

My last work has a good run in England, and has been extremely well spoken of by some of the worthies of literature, though it has met with some handling from the press. The fact is, I have kept myself so aloof from all clanship in literature that I have no allies among the scribblers for the periodical press; and some of them have taken a pique against me for having treated them a little cavalierly in my writings. However, as I do not read criticism, good or bad, I am out of the reach of attack. If my writings are worth anything, they will outlive temporary criticism; if not, they are not worth caring about. Some parts of my last work were written rather hastily; yet I am convinced that a great part of it was written in a free and happier vein than almost any of my former writings. * * * I fancy much of what I value myself upon in writing, escapes the observation of the great mass of my readers, who are intent more upon the story than the way in which it is told. For my part, I consider a story merely as a frame on

which to stretch my materials. It is the play of thought, and sentiment, and language; the weaving in of characters, lightly, yet expressively delineated; the familiar and faithful exhibition of scenes in common life; and the half-concealed vein of humor that is often playing through the whole;—these are among what I aim at, and upon which I felicitate myself in proportion as I think I succeed. I have preferred adopting the mode of sketches and short tales rather than long works, because I choose to take a line of writing peculiar to myself, rather than fall into the manner or school of any other writer; and there is a constant activity of thought and a nicety of execution required in writings of the kind, more than the world appears to imagine. It is comparatively easy to swell a story to any size when you have once the scheme and the characters in your mind; the mere interest of the story, too, carries the reader on through pages and pages of careless writing, and the author may often be dull for half a volume at a time, if he has some striking scene at the end of it; but in these shorter writings, every page must have its merit. The author must be continually piquant; woe to him if he makes an awkward sentence or writes a stupid page; the critics are sure to pounce upon it. Yet if he succeed, the very variety and piquancy of his writings—nay, their very brevity, make them frequently recurred to, and when the mere interest of the story is exhausted, he begins to get credit for his touches of pathos or humor; his points of wit or turns of language. I give these as some of the reasons that have induced me to keep on thus far in the way I had opened for myself; because I find by recent letters from E. I. that you are joining in the oft-repeated advice that I should write a novel. I believe the works that I have written will be oftener re read than any novel of the size that I could have written. It is true

other writers have crowded into the same branch of literature, and I now begin to find myself elbowed by men who have followed my footsteps; but at any rate I have had the merit of adopting a line for myself, instead of following others.

Three days after the date of this letter, his diary has this record:

"*Dec.* 14*th.*—Received letter from New York, signed 'a friend,' enclosing scurrilous newspaper tirade against me." Repetitions of such "friendship" left no doubt of its malignant origin, and the ill-will displayed by its continuance, combined with the services of his "evil genius" at Galignani's, to which allusion has been already made, will help to interpret the extracts which follow from his diary, closing his record of the year.

Dec. 28*th.*—Returned home—find letter to Peter from Beasley, enclosing American paper [no doubt containing another attack]. 29*th.*—A restless, sleepless night, full of uncomfortable thoughts—woke before four—studied Spanish after breakfast—took lesson from eleven to twelve—went to Galignani's—read a very favorable critique on French translation of Tales of a Traveller—two French translations have appeared—called at Mr. West's [William E. West, the American artist]—Mrs. Patterson sitting for her picture.—Lynch there—stayed till half past three—walked in Palais Royal—returned home—dined with Peter—studied Spanish in the evening—a triste day, though laughed a good deal both at West's and at dinner—a merry head may sometimes go with a heavy heart. 30*th.*—Rather low in spirits—but frequent

gleams of resolution and self-promises of better things. 31*st.*—Retire to bed at eleven—this has been a dismal day of depression, and closes a year, part of which has been full of sanguine hope, of social enjoyment, peace of mind, and health of body; and the latter part saddened by disappointments and distrust of the world and of myself; by sleepless nights and joyless days. May the coming year prove more thoroughly propitious!

CHAPTER XIII.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY—WEST—MEDWIN—ANECDOTE OF GENERAL JACKSON AT NEW ORLEANS—LETTER TO PIERRE PARIS IRVING—OVERTURES FOR A LIFE OF WASHINGTON—UNABLE TO APPLY HIMSELF—PAULDING'S REBUKE—DISASTROUS INVESTMENTS—DETERMINES TO GO TO WORK—LEAVES PARIS WITH PETER FOR BORDEAUX—THE VINTAGE—AMERICAN ESSAYS—AN ILL-BODING FAILURE—FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM DIARY—CLOSE OF 1825.

FEELINGS of depression continued to weigh upon his mind, as will appear from some of the extracts from his diary, which follow:

Feb. 5*th*, 1825.—A good night—mind excited—thinking over project of an American work—Spanish lesson—called at West's—Mr. Lynch and Miss Caton sitting.

Feb. 6*th*.—Read Spanish all the morning—Calderon's play of *Las Manos Blancas*—talked with Peter about Cervantes' life—[a theme for his pen which had been suggested by Murray and which was afterward adopted by Lockhart].

Feb. 10*th*.—Called at West's—found the daughter-in-law and granddaughters of Lafayette there—accompanied the Storrows to see West's pictures.

Feb. 14*th*.—Studied Spanish all the morning—Latin—

* * went with Lynch to Pasta's—found her by her fireside —simply dressed—simple in her manners.

Feb. 16*th.*—Awake with low spirits, as is too frequently the case of late—read in Calderon—study Spanish during the morning—a misty, chilly day—feel great depression all the day—called on West—had much conversation about Lord Byron, whom he describes as amiable, kind, and affectionate—dined at home with Peter.—In evening took Sam. Storrow to Gaieté.

Feb. 17*th.*—Slept well; though awake several times—did not read—still I awoke very much depressed—that continual want of confidence either in myself or the public—cheerless prospects—Spanish lesson—studied Spanish—Latin.

Feb. 19*th.*—Dined at Galignani's—Sir Egerton Brydges and Mr. Underwood, and Peter—Sir E. said Medwin showed him the MS. of his recollections [of Byron], but withdrew them before he had time to revise them—received letter from proprietor of European Magazine, requesting me to sit for portrait to be engraved, and for biographical particulars.

Feb. 24*th.*—Dined at Lord Northland's—Present . . . . Col. Thornton, attached to the embassy—Col. Thornton commanded the troops which crossed the river at New Orleans—speaks highly of conduct of Jackson in his correspondence with British—letters courteous—sent back watches, epaulettes, &c., of officers killed—epaulettes of one officer had been cut off, —apologized for not sending them—said diligent search should be made, and if found, they should be sent and the offender punished.

March 4*th.*—Dined with Peter at Mr. Storrow's—saw Peter and Mr. S. off in *malle-poste* for Calais. [Peter, from whom he

was now to be separated for some months, was proceeding to his sister's at Birmingham.]

March 14*th.*—Received letter from Peter—Medwin has arrived—have not met him.

March 16*th.*—Medwin breakfasted with me—thinks of writing an answer to Hobhouse—talked of Spanish literature—speaks of a play by Calderon called sometimes *El Embozado* and at other times *El Capotado.*—Lord Byron thought of writing something on it—Medwin promised to procure me a MS. he had written on the subject. Went with him to West's—he pronounced the likenesses of Lord Byron and the Guiccioli admirable.

March 19*th.*—Wrote letter to P. Irving—dozed—felt sad and heavy.

March 23*d.*—Re-write two chapters of Virgin tale.

March 24*th.*—Called on Medwin—he gave me his note concerning *El Embozado*—* * * Have thought this day of plan for dramatic work on story of *El Embozado.*

March 25*th.*—Called at West's—sketched there a part of plan of Embozado. 28th.—Tried to sketch plot of Embozado, but could not bring my mind to the task. 29th.—Wrote letters to E. I. [his brother Ebenezer], and Pierre [his nephew Pierre Paris Irving, the eldest son of Ebenezer].

I give this last letter from a copy placed in my hands by the party to whom it is addressed. The reader will remember that in a previous letter, to the same juvenile correspondent, his uncle had rather rebuked his premature literary outbreak. In this communication, he touches, among other things, on the subject of languages.

[*To Pierre Paris Irving.*]

PARIS, March 29, 1825.

MY DEAR PIERRE:

I am very much gratified by your letter; it is full of good sense and good feeling. You have taken the observations of my former letter, however, much too strongly, if you have suffered them to produce any thing like mortification. They were rather meant to warn you for the future, not to censure you for the past; I had felt in my own case how insensibly a young man gets beguiled away by the imagination, and wanders from the safe *beaten* path of life, to lose himself in the mazes of literature. Scarcely any author ever set forth with the intention or surmise of becoming such; he becomes so by degrees; and I have seen enough of literary life to warn all of those who are dear to me, should I see any danger of their straying into it.

Upon the whole, I am glad that you have entered into your father's counting house. You will there have a certain and prosperous path in life marked out for you, instead of having to adopt and clear away a doubtful one for yourself. You will, in all probability, have the means of living independently, and indulging your tastes and talents at an age when, in another line of life, you might have the whole struggle of existence before you. In our country, too, a commercial life does not imply the abandonment of other paths of honorable ambition. Many of our most valuable public men have been merchants; and, indeed, there are few men who have greater influence in our community than individuals who combine the intellectual requirements of the scholar with the practical habits of the man of business and the moneyed influence of the man of wealth. There is no city in the world which presents a fairer

scope for honorable emulation to the intelligent and enlightened merchant, than New York. Its vast and rapidly increasing prosperity; the wide extent of its commercial connections and commercial influence; its multiplied internal and external relations, point it out as the great metropolis of North American trade. What must be the importance and power of such a city in a Confederated Union like ours; what must be the importance of its leading citizens, both in matters of commerce and of politics; its merchants must become like the merchants of the old commercial republics of Europe—men fit to entertain and to confer with princes.

I am glad you do not relinquish your studies. On the contrary, task yourself to become a valuable man at all points. Make yourself diligent and exact in business; inform yourself well in all matters connected with it; don't play the gentleman merchant, but while in the counting house apply yourself as closely and punctually as if you were a hired clerk and depending upon your good conduct for your place. When you have leisure, do not waste it in idle society; by idle, I mean what is termed fashionable society. Of all places I was ever in, New York is one where more time is wasted at that precious period of life when the seeds of knowledge are to be sown, and the habits formed that are to determine the character and fortunes of after life. I speak this from sad experience. How many an hour of hard labor and hard study have I had to subject myself to, to atone in a slight degree for the hours which I suffered society to cheat me out of. Young people enter into society in America at an age that they are cooped up in schools in Europe. Do not waste your evenings in parties of pleasure; devote as much as possible to valuable reading. Take care not to lose what you learned at college. Keep up your knowl-

edge of the learned languages, and endeavor to advance in them. Read history regularly and attentively. As your time for reading will be limited, do not waste it on any reading but such as will go toward informing your mind, and improving your taste. Do not read for mere amusement. Do not seek to feed the imagination; that will always extract food for itself out of the sternest studies. Do not read for the purpose of mere conversation the popular works of the day, reviews, magazines, &c. Be content to appear ignorant of those topics rather than read through fear of appearing ignorant. The literature of the day is always the most *piquant*, the most immediately interesting, but is generally transient; it soon passes away and leaves no general knowledge, no *permanent* topic in the mind; and then it is so *copious;* if one yield his attention to contemporary literature, he is overwhelmed with it. Make yourself, on the other hand, well acquainted with the valuable standard authors, which have stood the test of time; they will always be in fashion; and in becoming intimately acquainted with them, you become intimately acquainted with the principles of knowledge and good taste. It is like studying the paintings and statues of old masters. Read such works as are connected with the moral and political history of England, for they are all full of application to our own national character and history, and they tend to awaken calm and deep thinking, and to produce that enlarged and independent mode of considering subjects that becomes a freeman.

I suppose you know something of modern languages; French and Spanish are the most important to an American merchant. French, in fact, is the great medium of general conversation throughout the world, and should be completely mastered. It is one of the most difficult, unless taken up at an early age, on

account of the nicety of its sounds, or rather half sounds; all other languages have a fulness of tone that the ear and the tongue catch pretty soon; but the French, with its semi-tones, is barbarous on an unpractised tongue. It is the most limited, too, of modern languages, abounding in constructions and terms of expression and idiomatical phrases, to supply the defect of its paucity of words; these make it a barren language in the mouth of any one who is not well acquainted with its idioms, and who has not studied it well. But as the course of events has made it a universal language, in preference to others which are more sonorous and copious, it is necessary to become well acquainted with it. The Spanish language, on the contrary, is full of power, magnificence, and melody. To my taste it excels the Italian in variety and expression. It has twice the quantity of words that the French has. I do not know anything that delights me more than the old Spanish literature. You will find some splendid histories in the language, and then its poetry is full of animation, pathos, humor, beauty, sublimity. The old literature of Spain partakes of the character of its history and its people; there is an oriental splendor about it. The mixture of Arabic fervor, magnificence, and romance, with old Castilian pride and punctilio; the chivalrous heroism; the immaculate virtue; the sublimated notions of honor and courtesy, all contrast finely with the sensual amours, the self-indulgences, the unprincipled and crafty intrigues, which so often form the groundwork of Italian story.

With all the charms of Italian literature, the greater part of its *belles-lettres* is unfit for youthful reading, particularly for female reading; it depicts a most immoral and despicable state of society; it breathes profligacy. The Italian language is rich in historical works. As far as I can judge from my own read-

ing, the literatures the most free from licentiousness in morals are the Spanish and the German. The Spanish, because the greater part was written at a time when romantic notions prevailed in Spain of manly honor and female virtue; and the German, because almost all its *belles-lettres* have been produced within the last fifty years under the restraints of modern decency. I don't know any dramatists who have written so much, and whose writings are so free from anything that would call up a blush on the most sensitive cheek, as old Calderon among the Spaniards and Schiller among the Germans, and I do not know any that have shown a freer scope of imagination and finer sallies of language.

But I am running away into a kind of dissertation, when I only meant to make an incidental remark on the subject of languages. Make yourself well acquainted with the French and Spanish, as they may be useful to you as a merchant. I again repeat, devote as much of your time as you can spare from business and healthful exercise, to the storing your mind with valuable information, such as will make you a useful man and an important member of a busy community. Do not be impatient to enter into society and make a figure in drawing rooms. A man can seldom figure to any purpose until he has acquired the knowledge and experience of years; and as to the trifling distinction that a clever young man sometimes gains, it is transient; often injurious to himself, and never conducive to any valuable and permanent result.

There is a set of you now growing up, who, if you are true to yourselves and to one another, cannot fail to make a flourishing and most respectable family connection. I trust you will have a more easy time and more steadfast fortunes than the set who have preceded you, and who are gradually moving off of

the scene as you enter upon it. Our lives have been checkered. * * * But whatever we have had of prosperity, and of respectability in the eyes of our fellow citizens, I ascribe in a great measure to a principle of mutual interest and mutual assistance that has prevailed among us. It has been one of the greatest sweeteners of our hours of success, and the greatest comforters of our days of adversity. It is one that grapples me to brothers with the tenderest of ties, whenever I remember all that they have been to me; and that fills my heart with love and my eyes with tears whenever I think of your uncle William, whose character and conduct should be held up as an example to the family. * * * *

Give my love to your mother and all the family.

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

In July of this year, Mr. Irving, still at Paris, received overtures from Constable for a Life of Washington, while at the same time Murray hoped seriously that he had not been idle, and that he would allow him to look for a communication from him "on the subject of an original work," which he was "happy to say the public would be much delighted to receive." But he was not at all anxious to undertake anything for publication at this period of his career. He had in fact become distrustful of the continuance of public favor, and under the discouragement of some ill-natured flings from the American press, and the persevering malevolence of the anonymous individual, who was assiduous in forwarding them, he had lost

heart in his vocation, and lacked the needed stimulus to exertion. His old friend and literary associate, to whom he had given expression to his doubts and misgivings, rebukes the cloudy humor in the following characteristic fashion.

It gives me some little dissatisfaction to perceive [writes Paulding, Sept. 3] that you suffer yourself to be influenced in the pursuit of a great object by the squibs and crackers of criticism. For my part I have not, like you, been sufficiently praised to feel much the want of it; I am a hardened sinner, and if I know myself, care very little about the decisions of tribunals whose judgments can eventually have little influence on the opinions of posterity. Whatever little rubs of this kind you may receive, place them to the account of the spleen and envy of unsuccessful rivals, who not being able to raise themselves to you, seek to bring you down to them. As to the voice of your own country, it is entirely in your favor. She is proud of you, and the most obscure recesses of the land, even old Sleepy Hollow, are becoming almost classical, in consequence of the notice you have taken of them. Old Knickerbocker will last forever, as the great popular work of this country, quoted by wags for its humor, and referred to by historians for its accuracy. You know I am rather a cynic than a flatterer, and you ought to know that of all men I would not flatter you. Your works continue to be regularly called for and sold, now that the moment of novelty is passed, and this is the best indication of a substantial reputation.

It was not, however, "the squibs and crackers of *criticism*" that most disturbed the susceptibility of

the author, but he had seen attacks upon himself, as he says in a letter some years later to Brevoort, "on points independent of mere literary merit, and on points where," he adds, "I know myself to be free from fault. To me," he continues, "it is always ten times more gratifying to be liked than to be admired; and I confess to you, though I am a little too proud to confess it to the world, the idea that the kindness of my countrymen toward me was withering, caused me for a long time the most dreary depression of spirits, and disheartened me from making any literary exertions."

It was unfortunate for the easily disheartened author, that he was tempted, during this period of inaction of the pen, to seek other paths to independence for himself and Peter. The latter, on the 4th of March, after a term of suffering and confinement in their quarters at Paris, had sought his sister's roof at Birmingham, for quiet and relief from an obstinate malady, which was to cling to him with intermitting tenacity for the remaining thirteen years of his life. "I am glad to hear the Baron [his brother-in-law, Van Wart] is making arrangements for the shipments," writes Washington to him, May 14; "I feel confident that a few well managed operations of the kind will produce all that is necessary to make you feel comfortable and independent." In the next letter, he informs him of his having made, under the sanguine representations of a friend, an investment "in the Bolivar copper mine."

"I think it probable," is his cheering language to Peter, "I shall hold my shares as a permanent investment, for if the anticipations of —— and —— are but half realized, my fifty shares will give me a very pretty little sum annually." This letter concludes: "I have not changed apartments, nor shall I for the present. I would rather see how our affairs turn out. If the nets we have spread catch any fish," &c. Alas for the adventurous investments! which proved only a source of anxiety and loss.

In August, Peter, now at Havre, was already suffering apprehensions of disappointment in regard to his "late shipments," and Washington, fearing to be straitened by the very means he had taken to occupy the mind and cheer the spirit of his brother in his illness, was beginning to "feel power and confidence to write," and had made up his "mind to go to work." "I think we must manage to see the vintage at Bordeaux," he writes to Peter, August 26, "though for the present I have given up the idea of my Spanish tour, and am determined not to make it until I have wielded the pen a little, and at least earned the cost of the expedition."

On the 22d of September, the two brothers left Paris, and on the 30th reached Bordeaux, where, under the auspices of their hospitable friend, Mr. Guestier of Chateau Margaux, they *saw the vintage.*

"I enjoyed my stay at Medoc," he says in a letter to Mrs.

Foster, "where I might be all day by myself if I pleased in one wing of a great French chateau, or galloping at random about those vast heaths, called the Landes, which had something grand in their space and silence.'

I close the history of this year with a few extracts from his diary while in this city, where he remained four months.

October 31*st.*—Dined at Mr. Johnson's with the Guestiers —before dinner, Mr. Guestier mentioned the contents of a letter from Beasley from London, containing the disastrous intelligence of the failure of Samuel Williams—passed a restless night—my mind haunted by apprehensions of evil. [He feared that his own fortunes and the fortunes of relatives were entangled in this calamity.]

Nov. 1*st.*—Tried to write this morning, but the news of Mr. Williams' failure had incapacitated me—in evening tolerably tranquil in mind, though full of doubts.

Nov. 24*th.*—In bed this morning thought of a plan of a miscellany—talked over the name at breakfast with Peter—the plan developed in the progress of conversation—both felt cheered and animated by it—write late at night on Essays—go to bed after twelve—some time before I can get to sleep—make notes, &c.

Nov. 25*th.*—Awoke early—made notes for Essays—*Mem.*; last night dreamt of being in a large old house—found it giving way above—escaped and saw it falling to ruins—it took fire—thought all my property and especially my manuscripts were in it—rushed toward the house exclaiming, I am now not worth

a sixpence—found one room of the house uninjured, and my brother, E. I., in it arranging papers, wiping books, &c.—told me that he had just managed to save everything that belonged to us by putting them into this one room that remained uninjured.

This dream was doubtless occasioned by my letter to E. I. written yesterday, requesting him in case of difficulty to place my literary property, &c., in the hands of Brevoort, or J. T. I. [John T. Irving].

Nov. 26*th.*—Awoke early—mind busy—made notes in memorandum book—after breakfast wrote at my Essay—naval remarks—walked out at three o'clock—called on Mr. Strobel and looked for lodgings—dined at *table-d'hôte*—napped—went to *Café*—read newspapers—took coffee—returned home and wrote until past twelve o'clock—ever since I have resumed my pen, my spirits have revived and my mind is rising into tone.

Nov. 27*th.*—Did not get asleep until near two—woke at four—made notes for American Essays—after breakfast wrote a little.

Nov. 28*th.*—Write this morning at Essay on Manners—paid off bill at Hotel de France, and moved to lodgings No. 24 Rue Roland—second floor—two rooms at fifty francs a month.

Nov. 29*th.*—Slept well last night—write at the American Essays.

Nov. 30*th.*—Slept well—mind tranquil—write this morning at Essay on treatment of strangers in America.

Dec. 1*st.*—Write a little at Essays—subject, national prejudices.

Dec. 3*d.*—A night of broken sleep, though not of uneasy thoughts—write at Essays till one.

Dec. 9th.—A night of broken sleep and uneasy thoughts—dreamt I was at Welles, who was making out an account—nervous in the morning, but excitable—scribbled a little on Essays—subject, theatres—made minutes for Essay on effect of natural scenery on character—get extremely excited—Mr. Guestier came in and sat some little while—found afterwards that I could not write.

Dec. 10th.—Full of excitement, and anxious to sketch Essay on American scenery but harassed by noises in the houses, until I had to go out in despair, and write in Mr. Guestier's library.

Dec. 25th.—Christmas— * * For some time past, indeed ever since I have resumed my pen, my mind has been tranquil. I sleep better and feel pleasanter.

Saturday, Dec. 31st.—Write letters—walk out—fine cool weather—all the world buying *bonbons*—dined at home—afterwards walked out with Mr. Johnston, accompanying him through Boutiques of *bonbons*—evening at Mrs. Johnston's—play chess—in the night, military music in the street—serenading the commandant, who lives opposite. So closes the year—tranquil in mind, though doubtful of fortune and full of uncertainties—a year very little of which I would willingly live over again, though some parts have been tolerably pleasant.

CHAPTER XIV.

LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT—EXTRACTS FROM DIARY—A TRANSLATION OF NAVARRETE SUGGESTED TO HIM BY MR. EVERETT—LETTER THEREUPON—MURRAY'S ENTANGLEMENT—LETTER TO LESLIE—LESLIE'S REPLY—ARRIVAL AT MADRID—THE AMERICAN CONSUL, O. RICH—DETERMINES UPON A REGULAR LIFE OF COLUMBUS—LITERARY ACTIVITY—DIVERTED FROM COLUMBUS TO CONQUEST OF GRANADA—LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER SLIDELL—CLOSE OF 1826.

IT was during this period, while busying himself on these American Essays, none of which have ever appeared in print or been preserved, that he addressed the following letter to Mr. Alexander H. Everett, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at Madrid, whom he had met in Paris in the summer of 1825.

[*To Alexander H. Everett.*]

BORDEAUX, Jan. 12, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR.

When writing to you a day or two since I felt disposed to make a request, but a scruple of diffidence and delicacy withheld me. Perhaps I gave that scruple too great importance, so I will at once make my request, and if there is the least difficulty or objection to complying with it, do not hesitate frankly to say so. You mentioned last summer that should you come to Spain, you would attach me to the embassy, by

way of a protection. Now being so near Spain, and having a strong inclination to visit it, I may be induced to do so in the course of the spring, should circumstances permit. This will depend entirely upon letters which I am waiting here to receive, and which will determine my movements. Could I come into Spain at once I would do so, but it is out of my power. As I may enter Spain by the Mediterranean Sea, and make a tour before visiting Madrid, it would be perhaps an advantage and protection to me in the present state of the country, to be able at any time to announce myself as attached to the embassy. May I therefore consider myself as an attaché, and can I be so attached while at a distance, and before coming to Madrid. I am quite ignorant whether there are any forms necessary, or whether it does not rest with the minister by his mere word, expressed or written, to attach whom he pleases to his mission. At any rate, as this is a mere matter of travelling accommodation, I do not wish any trouble to be taken about it, nor that it should cause any departure from common usage and etiquette. So, as I said before, if there is the least shadow of objection, do not hesitate to say so, and there let the matter end. With kind remembrances to Mrs. Everett and your niece, I am, my dear Sir,

Very truly your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the interval between the date of this letter and that which is to succeed, his diary gives the following insight into his literary occupation.

January 12th.—Wrote comparison of patriot and demagogue.

Monday, January 16*th.*—Retouched and altered story of French Emigré.

Thursday, January 19*th.*—Wrote all the morning at Essay on American Rural Life.

January 20*th.*—Wrote all day at Essay on Union.

21*st.*—Finished Essay on Union.

22*d.*—Wrote at Essay on Public Prosperity.

23*d.*—Continued Essay on Public Prosperity.

24*th.*—Wrote a little at Probity of Dealings, but was fidgety and could not get on.

25*th.*—Finished Essay on Probity.

26*th.*—Wrote at Essay on National Character—made but little progress.

27*th.*—Teased myself all the morning trying to write on Naval Essay—got out of all mood and went out.

28*th.*—Tried to write on Essays, but gave up in despair.

29*th.*—Wrote all day at Essay on Navy, and finished it at five oclock.

Monday, 30*th.*—Added some passages to Essay on Navy—received letter from Mr. Everett, attaching me to embassy at Madrid, enclosing passport, and proposing my translating voyage of Columbus.

31*st.*—Wrote letter to Mr. Everett—re-wrote part of Essay on Education of Youth.

The letter of Mr. Everett, proposed a translation of Navarrete's Voyages of Columbus, which were about to appear, and suggested the probability of his receiving £1,500 or £1,000 for it. It found him, as we see, engaged upon another literary theme, which he did

not propose to abandon in embracing this, though such was the result. The allusion to Murray at the close of the letter I now give, will be understood when the reader is informed that Murray was about setting up a newspaper, for which, as Mr. Irving was informed by one of his correspondents, he had already deposited £40,000 in the Bank of England.

[*To Alexander H. Everett, U. S. Minister at Madrid.*]

BORDEAUX, January 31, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR:

I feel very much obliged to you for the passport you have been so prompt in forwarding to me, and am highly gratified in being attached to a legation that is so ably and creditably filled. I must return you my thanks also for the literary undertaking you have suggested to me. The very idea of it animates me; it is just the kind of employment I would wish at present for my spare hours. I will thank you, therefore, to secure it for me. I shall write immediately to London to have propositions made to Murray, and, in case he does not accept them, to some other eminent publisher. I doubt whether I shall be able to get as much as you suppose for a translation, as there is always a chance for competition and piracy; but, be that as it may, there is something in the job itself that interests and pleases me, and will assist to compensate me for my trouble. I feel the more emboldened to take hold of the thing from my brother's having promised to assist me in it, so as to enable me to execute it speedily and yet not negligently, and at the same time without suffering it to interfere entirely with other pursuits. My brother is but slightly acquainted with the Spanish

language, sufficiently, however, to render me great service occasionally, and he will improve in the language if he exercises it. We shall leave this for Madrid as soon as possible, and shall come on by diligence.

* * * You will perceive by the papers the failure of Constable and Co. at Edinburgh, and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. at London. These are severe shocks in the trading world of literature. Pray Heaven Murray may stand unmoved and not go into the Gazette, instead of publishing one.

The invocation with which this letter concludes, was well-nigh prophetic. A year later, Murray explains some remissness to Mr. Irving as follows:

"One cause of my not writing to you during one whole year was my "entanglement," as Lady G—— says, with a newspaper, which absorbed my money, and distracted and depressed my mind; but I have cut the knot of evil, which I could not remedy, and am now, "by the blessing of God," again returned to "reason and the shop."

Three days after the date of this letter to Mr. Everett, Mr. Irving finished the Essay on the Education of Youth, on which he was engaged at the time, and which, like the others recorded in his diary, was "water spilt upon the ground," and the next day he writes as follows:

[*To C. R. Leslie.*]

Bordeaux, Feb. 3, 1826.

My dear Leslie:

* * * There is a very interesting work printing at Madrid, "The Voyage of Columbus," compiled from his papers

by the famous Bishop Las Casas, and in part composed of extracts from Columbus's journal. It is in Spanish, and I have undertaken to translate it into English; Mr. Everett, our minister at Madrid, having secured it for me. I wish you to make an arrangement with Murray at once for the purchase of the translation, or, if he will not buy it, with Longman or Colburn. I am told it will make about two octavo volumes. Mr. Everett thinks I ought to get fifteen hundred or a thousand guineas for it. I shall be content with the last sum. I should have written to Murray on the subject, but I have had such repeated instances of his inattention to letters, and have been put so much back thereby, that I won't trust to correspondence any more, either with him or any other bookseller. As the case admits of no delay, I wish you to see him at once. You had better drop him a line, letting him know you have a literary proposition to make on my part, and requesting him to appoint an hour when you can find him at home. *Whichever bookseller you make an arrangement with, get him to announce the work at once as preparing for publication by me.* Let me hear from you as soon as possible; direct to me, "Legation des Etats Unis d'Amérique, á Madrid." I set off for Madrid in the course of three or four days. My brother accompanies me. Mr. Everett has attached me to the Legation, which will be of service to me in travelling and residing in Spain. I am sorry to inflict such a job upon you, but the case is urgent, and so are my necessities. If I can be of any use to you in Spain in return, either in finding you a part of Don Quixote's armor, or the very helmet of Mambrino, command me.

To this Leslie replies:

LISSON GROVE, Feb. 23, 1826.

MY DEAR IRVING:

A week elapsed after I received your letter before I could obtain a sight of Murray, although I called on him and left a note requesting him to let me know when I might. He says it is impossible for him to judge of the value of Columbus's Voyage until he sees it. It might be very interesting or it might be very dry; he, therefore, cannot make any arrangement until it is done, and that you alone can be the only judge at present whether or not it is worth doing. He had told Mr. Rogers (whom I saw a day or two since) that you had written to him on the subject, and Rogers said to me he thought it would be more advisable for you not to make any bargain until you had done it; as you would then stand a better chance. In consequence of this opinion, I think I had better not apply to any of the other booksellers until I hear from you again; and the truth is, they are all just now in so great a panic, occasioned by the recent failures here, that it is no time to get them to undertake anything. Murray says he does not know whom to trust among them. He would gladly, he says, receive anything from you of original matter, which he considers certain of success, whatever it might be; but with regard to The Voyage of Columbus, he cannot form any opinion at present. Let me know as soon as possible what I am to do farther for you in this business, and it shall be done without a moment's delay.

Eight days before the date of this letter Mr. Irving had reached Madrid, and two days after his arrival he had hired apartments under the roof of the American consul, O. Rich, Esq., to use the language of his pref-

ace to Columbus, "one of the most indefatigable bibliographers in Europe, who, for several years, had made particular researches after every document relative to the early history of America. In his extensive and curious library," continues the preface, "I found one of the best collections extant of Spanish colonial history, containing many documents for which I might search elsewhere in vain." Such was his situation when, soon after his arrival, the publication of M. Navarrete made its appearance, which he found, to quote again his own words, "to contain many documents hitherto unknown, which threw additional light on the discovery of the New World;" but "the whole" presenting "rather a mass of rich materials for history than a history itself. And, invaluable as such stores" might be "to the laborious inquirer," the sight of "disconnected papers and official documents" had the effect to make him hesitate in his intended translation; and on the 25th of the following month, I find by his note-book that he had abandoned the idea, and was already engaged in making researches, examining manuscripts, and taking notes for a regular Life, which he trusted would be more acceptable to others, as it was undoubtedly a more satisfactory occupation to himself.

From this date until the 1st of September, laying aside his "American Essays," which he never resumed, he labored unremittingly at his task, with the exception of an excursion of a few days in August to Segovia.

Sometimes he would write all day and until twelve at night; in one instance his note-book shows him to have written from five in the morning until eight at night, stopping only for meals.

It was during this interval of intense literary activity that, in passing through Madrid in a youthful tour in Europe, the writer of the present memoir came unexpectedly upon Mr. Irving, whom he had supposed to be still in France. I found him in the midst of books and manuscripts, full of the subject on which he was engaged, and in excellent spirits, though once, in a long walk which we took together on the Prado, he adverted with deep feeling to the cloud which had been thrown over him by the persevering malignity with which all sort of disagreeable things had been forwarded to him from America by some secret enemy. He felt this the more keenly, perhaps, from the total absence of everything of the kind in his own nature. He could not, I am satisfied, have harbored malice toward his worst enemy. Alluding to this inexplicable persecution, one of his correspondents remarks: "Even you have enemies, and who then can escape?"

My stay in Madrid was short, as I had already passed some time in other parts of Spain, and was now on my way to Paris. On the ninth of August, six weeks after I parted with Mr. Irving, it appears by his note-book that his attention was diverted to the Conquest of Granada, at which he commenced at once, and on which he worked incessantly, with the excep-

tion of an excursion of four days to the Escurial in October, until the 18th of November, when, having completed a rough sketch of the work, he threw it aside to resume his Columbus; and on the 22d of December he wrote to Murray, informing him, rather prematurely, as the sequel shows, of the work being nearly ready for the press.

Six weeks previous to this date, Lieutenant Alexander Slidell (afterwards Mackenzie), of the United States Navy, arrived in Madrid, and during his stay furnished for the appendix of Mr. Irving's work what the author styles, in the revised edition of 1850, "the very masterly paper on the route of Columbus." It was after his departure from Madrid that he met with the robbery, of which he gives such a graphic account in his Year in Spain, an interesting work, of which Mr. Irving wrote a review for the London Quarterly in 1831.

The record of December 30 in the author's notebook is as follows: "All day at Columbus," and the closing record of the year is:

> Columbus—go out—return home and write a little, but sleepy and go to bed—and so ends the year 1826, which has been a year of the hardest application and toil of the pen I have ever passed. I feel more satisfied, however, with the manner in which I have passed it than I have been with that of many gayer years, and close this year of my life in better humor with myself than I have often done.

CHAPTER XV.

PASSAGES FROM LETTERS TO PIERRE MUNRO IRVING—LETTER TO BREVOORT—ALLUSION TO COOPER, HALLECK, BRYANT, PAULDING—LETTER TO MURRAY, OFFERING COLUMBUS—EXTRACTS FROM DIARY—LONGFELLOW—ARRANGEMENT WITH MURRAY FOR COLUMBUS—WILKIE—LITERARY PROJECTS—CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1827.

THE labors of the author on Columbus were by no means so near their completion as he had supposed when he wrote to Murray. A few extracts from his letters to myself, to whom he was thinking of committing the superintendence of its publication in London, when he supposed he was finishing his task, will serve to throw light on this portion of his literary history:

[*To Pierre Munro Irving.*]

January 18th, 1827. * * * I had hoped by this time to have had Columbus ready for the press, but there are points continually rising to be inquired into and discussed, which cause delay; and I played truant to my main work for two or three months and rambled into another, which is all sketched out in the rough, so that Columbus has yet to receive the finishing touches. I received a letter from Murray the day before yesterday on the subject of Columbus. He is extremely anxious

to receive it as soon as possible, that he may put it immediately to press. I have felt very much worried and perplexed how to manage, as I should have to get the work copied here to send out to America, and that would cause great delay. Your letter from Paris has arrived in the very critical moment to put me at my ease; I must get you to superintend the publication of my work in London, correcting the proofsheets, &c. As you will be able to decipher my handwriting, and from your knowledge of languages will be able to see the quotations in Spanish, Italian, &c., are printed correctly, I need not lose time in getting it copied here. You will send out proofsheets to E. Irving as fast as they are printed, for the work to be reprinted in America. Thus you see you will really be of vast service to me, and the task I impose on you will give you a curious peep into some departments of literary life in London. * * * This arrangement will enable me to forward my work by piecemeal as I get it ready, and will greatly expedite its publication, while it will make me feel easy as to the manner in which it will be brought out in London, which I should not have done had I committed it to the superintendence of strangers. It will probably be a month yet before I have any of it ready to forward, and as there are always preparations to be made with printers, &c., I think that there is no likelihood of its going to press until some time in March, if so soon. I will write to you again, however, shortly, and wish you not to leave Paris until you hear from me.

MADRID, Feb. 22, 1827.

* * In my last I wished you to attend to the correcting of the proofsheets of my work on Columbus while printing in England, and expected by this time to have had a considerable

part of the manuscript in the printers' hands. I have been disappointed. I have been obliged to wait for a sight of documents, and then to make considerable alterations. I find the finishing off of a work of the kind involving so many points foreign to my usual course of reading and pursuits, requires time and care; and above all, I find it next to impossible to procure copiers in this place. I have been for four or five weeks past endeavoring to get manuscript copied, and have not yet succeeded in getting twenty pages. This delay is extremely irksome to me, as I wish to get the work off of my hands and leave Madrid, and indeed to make a rapid tour and leave Spain as soon as possible.

While these obstacles occur to delay the forwarding my manuscript to England, I do not wish, in case you should have received my previous letter, to interfere with any of your travelling plans. Follow your own inclinations. Let me hear from you, where you are and what are your plans, and if I can get my work copied and sent off soon, I may yet require your aid while in England; but that must depend entirely upon your movements and convenience. * * *

I have been working very hard at the History of Columbus, and have had to re-write many parts that I had thought finished, in consequence of procuring better sources of information, which threw new light upon various points. It is a kind of work that will not bear hurrying; many questions have been started connected with it which have been perplexed by tedious controversies, and which must all be looked into. I had no idea of what a complete labyrinth I had entangled myself in when I took hold of the work.

In a subsequent letter, March 20th, he gives up all idea of forwarding the manuscript to me:

I have repeatedly [he says] made efforts to hurry forward, but have every time lost ground by making errors or omissions, which obliged me afterwards to go over the same ground again. * * I have now got a copying machine, and will be able to strike off copies of the remainder of my work as fast as I make corrected transcripts of the chapters. Still I find time runs away insensibly, and week slips after week without my bringing my labors to a close.

It was at a period when he had given up all thoughts of expediting the publication of his Life of Columbus that Mr. Irving addressed the following letter to Brevoort, from whom he had just heard in explanation of a long and to him unaccountable silence. The American reader may be interested in its mention of Cooper, Halleck, Bryant, and Paulding—names, all but the last, which had grown into fame since he left his native land:

MADRID, April 4, 1827.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:

Your letter of the 1st January was one of the most acceptable that I ever received. * * * The letter you sent to me to the care of Mr. Welles never reached me, and for upwards of two years I had no reply to the letters and messages which I sent you. * * *

Various circumstances had contributed to render my mind morbid and susceptible on this point [Brevoort's long silence];

and I must confess that for a time I gave too much consequence to the attacks I had seen upon myself in the press, and to anonymous letters which I received from some malevolent person seeking to persuade me that I was in a manner cast off by my countrymen. I am conscious that my long absence from home has subjected me to unfavorable representations, and has been used to my disadvantage. A man, however, must have firmness enough to pursue his plans when justified by his own conscience, without being diverted from them by the idle surmises and misconceptions of others. If my character and conduct are worth inquiring into, they will ultimately be understood and appreciated according to their merits; nor can anything I could say or do in contradiction place them an iota above or below their real standard. With the world, therefore, let these matters take their course; I shall not court it nor rail at it; but with cherished friends like yourself, my dear Brevoort, the present feeling is all-important to me. Do not let yourself be persuaded, therefore, that time or distance has estranged me in thought or feeling from my native country, my native place, or the friends of my youth. The fact is, that the longer I remain from home the greater charm it has in my eyes, and all the coloring that the imagination once gave to distant Europe now gathers about the scenes of my native country. I look forward to my return as to the only event of any very desirable kind that may yet be in store for me. I do not know whether it is the case with other wanderers, but with me, the various shifting scenes through which I have passed in Europe have pushed each other out of place successively and alternately faded away from my mind, while the scenes and friends of my youth alone remain fixed in my memory and my affections with their original strength and freshness. Had cir-

cumstances gone with me as I at one time anticipated, I should before this have returned home, but I have been disappointed and delayed, and disheartened. I have suffered my pen for a time to lie idle, distrusting both myself and the world. About eighteen months since I was aroused from a state of morbid apathy by the failure of Mr. Williams, and the apprehension that I should be involved in the distresses of the times. I again took up my pen, though with a reluctant hand, but the exercise of it gradually brought me into a more healthful tone of spirits. Since my arrival in Spain (about fifteen months since), I have principally been employed on my Life of Columbus, in executing which I have studied and labored with a patience and assiduity for which I shall never get the credit. I am now advancing toward the conclusion of my work. How it will please the public I cannot anticipate. I have lost confidence in the favorable disposition of my countrymen, and look forward to cold scrutiny and stern criticism, and this is a line of writing in which I have not hitherto ascertained my own powers. Could I afford it, I should like to write and to lay my writings aside when finished. There is an independent delight in study and in the creative exercise of the pen; we live in a world of dreams, but publication lets in the noisy rabble of the world, and there is an end to our dreaming. * * *

Since my arrival in Spain, I have been completely immersed in old Spanish literature. My residence under the roof of Mr. Rich, the American consul, has been particularly favorable to my pursuits; he is a diligent collector of rare works, and has the most valuable works in print and manuscript of the Spanish writers. * *

I left Paris a considerable time before the arrival of Mr. Cooper, and regret extremely that I missed him. I have a

great desire to make his acquaintance, for I am delighted with his novels; at least with those which I have read. His Mohegans, which I am told is his best, I have yet to read. His naval scenes and characters in the Pilot are admirable. I am fond of the sea, and have seen a little of nautical life, and am therefore more able to appreciate them. I have been charmed, likewise, with what I have seen of the writings of Bryant and Halleck. Are you acquainted with them? I should like to know something about them personally; their vein of thinking is quite above that of ordinary men and ordinary poets, and they are masters of the magic of poetical language.

I have not heard for some time past from Paulding. His last letters were full of kind feeling and interesting anecdotes; I am too glad to find that he is settled in the old homestead of the Kemble family, that scene of so many happy hours. As to his retired mode of life, I fancy it is the happiest when a man has a family for his world, books at his elbow and his pen as an amusement. I have not seen two or three of his late publications. All of those that I have met with bear his usual stamp of originality, his vein of curious and beautiful thought, his turns of picturesque language, mingled with the faults that arise from hasty and negligent composition. Early habit and associations have given a charm to his writings in my eyes; I always find in them passages that strike on some chord of old remembrance. * * *

P. S. I have written much of this letter in an open and garrulous vein about my private feelings. I trust you will receive it with indulgence, and show it to no one. I never had any reserve with you and I write to you as I used to talk, without caring to disguise any error or weakness.

In one of the last letters which Mr. Irving had received from his old friend and fellow laborer, Paulding, after mentioning the death of his father-in-law, Mr. Kemble, and his transfer from Washington to the city of New York, with the appointment of Navy Agent, writes: "In the division of the estate, the old house which we have so often haunted in Whitehall street has fallen to my share. Here I have set up my tent, and, if living in a great house constitutes a great man, after the fashion of New York, a great man am I, at your service."

It appears by his note-book that Mr. Irving continued to labor at Columbus with little or no intermission up to the close of July, when he addressed the following letter to Murray, which I give from a copy retained among his papers:

[*To John Murray.*]

MADRID, July 29, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have at length concluded my History of Columbus. As I cannot come to London to make arrangements for its publication, and as time might be lost in negotiating at this distance, I have transmitted a portion of the manuscript to my friend, Col. Aspinwall, American consul at London, who will arrange the matter with you in my name. I have sent as much of the MS. as I could venture to intrude upon the civility of an English courier. The rest will be forwarded by the first opportunity. The first volume will end with the last chapter of the tenth book, forming seven hundred and fifty-six manu-

script pages, besides a preface of a few pages. The second volume may possibly be a little larger, containing, besides the remaining eight books, a number of illustrations which I have endeavored to make as interesting and entertaining as possible, and a few important documents. The latter eight books contain the third voyage of Columbus, the troubles of himself and his brothers in the island of Hispaniola with the natives and the rebels; his being sent to Spain in chains; his fourth voyage, in the course of which I have brought forward many particulars of his singular and disastrous voyage along the coast of Veraguas or Isthmus of Panama; the transactions in the island of Jamaica, where he lived for a year in the wrecks of his stranded ships, &c., &c., so that the latter part of the work is full of incident and interest. I have woven into my work many curious particulars not hitherto known concerning Columbus, and I think I have thrown light upon some parts of his character which have not been brought out by his former biographers. I have labored hard to make the work complete and accurate as to all the information extant relative to the subject, while I have sought to execute it in such a manner as would render it agreeable to the general reader. Considering its magnitude and the toil it has cost me, I should not be willing to part with the copyright under three thousand guineas. As I mentioned in one of my letters, however, I am willing to publish it on shares. The mode of doing so, as I once understood from Sir Walter Scott, is to agree about the number of copies in an edition, and the retail price to be placed upon them; to multiply the number of copies by the price of each, and divide the gross amount by six. For this sixth part, the publisher to give his notes to the author. If this meets with your approbation, all the incidental arrangements can be made with

Col. Aspinwall. I should like, however, to have an advance of two or three hundred guineas on the work as a matter of private accommodation, my funds being all in America, from whence I find both loss and trouble in procuring them.

Should you undertake the present work, the sooner it is put to press the better, as I have other writings in preparation which I should soon be able to furnish. I hope you will let me hear from you as soon as possible.

With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Murray and the family,

I am, my dear Sir,

Very truly your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To John Murray.*]

MADRID, August 19th, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR:

I send you the residue of the manuscript of the main body of my history. The first volume will end with the last chapter of Book 10. By the next opportunity which presents, I will send you the illustrations, which will make between one and two hundred pages, and the documents, which will complete the volume and will probably make it a little larger than the first. The illustrations are to be printed in the same type with the body of the work. The documents may be printed smaller. I am waiting with great anxiety to hear from you. Any corrections or alterations that may be suggested in my work, by competent persons, if transmitted to me by post, I shall be able immediately to attend to, as I retain a copy of the work to serve in case of accidents.

I am unable to find any satisfactory portrait of Columbus. All that I see are either portraits of his son, Don Diego, or

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vary essentially from the description given of his countenance. I shall send a chart by the next opportunity, on which his route in his first voyage is marked; Navarrete has given him a different landing place in the new world from that hitherto assigned, but I am in favor of the old landing place, and I trust I shall give satisfactory reasons for the opinion.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Murray and the rest of your family, I am my dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

I close the history of this year with a few extracts from the author's note-book, beginning with the day succeeding the date of the foregoing letter.

August 20th.—At American copy of Columbus.

22*d.*—Dine with Smith [John Adams Smith, the American Secretary of Legation] and Longfellow.

This was Henry W. Longfellow, the now celebrated American poet, then a youth of twenty-one, who had received the offer of a professorship of modern languages in Bowdoin College, Maine, for which he was preparing himself by a residence in the different capitals in Europe. I had parted with him at Paris early in the year. His sojourn in Madrid had commenced with the 6th of March; Mr. Irving, in a letter to me of the 8th, having this mention of him: "Mr. Longfellow arrived safe and cheerily the day before yesterday, having met with no robbers." I cannot refrain from

giving here the poet's own beautiful allusion to this meeting with Mr. Irving in Spain. In an address before the Massachusetts Historical Society, on occasion of the author's decease, after alluding to his early admiration of the Sketch Book, published when he was a school boy, he says:

Many years afterwards I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Irving in Spain, and found the author, whom I had loved, repeated in the man. The same playful humor; the same touches of sentiment; the same poetic atmosphere; and, what I admired still more, the entire absence of all literary jealousy, of all that mean avarice of fame, which counts what is given to another as so much taken from one's self—

> "And trembling, hears in every breeze,
> The laurels of Miltiades."

At this time Mr. Irving was at Madrid, engaged upon his Life of Columbus; and if the work itself did not bear ample testimony to his zealous and conscientious labor, I could do so from personal observation. He seemed to be always at work. "Sit down," he would say, "I will talk with you in a moment, but I must first finish this sentence."

One summer morning, passing his house at the early hour of six, I saw his study window already wide open. On my mentioning it to him afterwards, he said: "Yes, I am always at my work as early as six." Since then, I have often remembered that sunny morning and that open window, so suggestive of his sunny temperament and his open heart, and equally so of his patient and persistent toil; and have recalled those striking words of Dante:

"Seggendo in piuma,
In fama non si vien, nè sotto coltre;
Senza la qual, chi sua vita consuma,
Cotal vestigio in terra, di se lascia
Qual fummo in aere ed in acqua la schiuma.

"Seated upon down,
Or in his bed, man cometh not to fame;
Withouten which, whoso his life consumes,
Such vestige of himself on earth shall leave
As smoke in air and in the water foam."

I return to the diary:

August 30*th.*—Write letters of introduction for Mr. Longfellow, to Rumigny, Bottiger, Lowenstein, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Philips, Sotheby.

September 8*th.*—All day writing at Don Roderick, and till eleven at night.

17*th.*—King's Library—memorandums about Fernando Gonzalez—evening at Mr. D'Oubril's—[the Russian Minister, at whose house he became very intimate].

19*th.*—King's Library all the morning—evening at Mr. Rich's—paid $30 for copying.

27*th.*—At Jesuit's Library—Mem. for Cid—at night Amerigo Vespucci.

30*th.*—Abderahman—evening at Mr. Rich's.

October 1*st.*—Received letter from Longfellow—write at Abderahman.

5*th.*—Library—Jesuits'—Cid—evening at Mr. D'Oubril's—first lesson.

8*th.*—King's Library—Cid—receive letter from Col. Aspinwall, informing me of his arrangement with Murray for

History of Columbus—3,000 guineas—[that is—Murray elected to pay the 3,000 guineas rather than publish on shares].

Aspinwall writes: "Murray says of the work, it is beautiful, beautiful—the best thing he has ever written;" and informs his correspondent that the terms upon which he had concluded to become the purchaser of the copyright were as follows:

£300 down.					
450	in note at	6	months	from January 1,	1828.
400	"	9	"	"	"
400	"	12	"	"	"
400	"	15	"	"	"
400	"	18	"	"	"
400	"	21	"	"	"
400	"	24	"	"	"
£3,150.					

The periods of payment were protracted to a year beyond the period within which the payments for his former works were made, his wish being to regulate his payments in some measure according to the prospect of reimbursement from sales.

Newton writes to him from London the same day, October 8, in a letter received on the 22d:

I hope you are satisfied with the pecuniary arrangement the colonel has made; he seems to have been very wary, and to have gained great credit with Murray as a sharp bargainer, who, on the other hand, is delighted with his bargain, so much so as to make the sincerity of his encomiums on the worthy colonel's shrewdness doubtful. You will be glad to hear that

Southey, to whom the manuscript was first shown, pronounced the most unqualified praise of it, both as to matter and manner; there seems to be no doubt, from what I hear, that this work will greatly raise your name in literature.

I resume my extracts from the author's note-book:

October 10*th.*—King's Library—Cid—afternoon Wilkie, the painter calls on me—just arrived—visit him with Peter in the evening—afterward go to D'Oubril's.

Thursday 11*th.*—Morning go to Museum with Mr. Wilkie—Peter and Dolgorouki [Prince Demetri Ivanovitch Dolgorouki, attached to the Russian Embassy].

Sunday 14*th.*—Dine at Mr. Bosanquet's—British chargé d'affaires—present Lord Mahon [the historian], son of Earl of Stanhope, and his brother Hon. Mr. Stanhope—Mr. Wilkie, Prince Dolgorouki—evening at Mr. D'Oubril's with Wilkie—pass evening with the children.

Monday 15*th.*—Write to Murray, sending corrections of MSS.—Go to Bull fight with Wilkie and Peter—evening at Wilkie's.

Friday 19*th.*—At seven o'clock in the morning set off in Diligence with Peter for Escurial—in company with Lord Mahon, and his brother Mr. Stanhope, of the British Legation—arrived at Escurial at half past eleven, and put up at Fleur de Lys, where we found Wilkie—Prince Dolgorouki of the Russian legation, joined us in the course of the day, having come too late for the diligence and followed in a calasina—visited the church, vault, &c.—Anniversary of the death of Queen Margaret—coffin with crown and pall, &c., in the centre of the chapel—in the evening the Infanta, wife of Don Carlos,

goes down into the Pantheon which is illuminated—meet Marquis of —— who introduces me to the prior, a fat, pleasant-faced man—get permission for Wilkie to go all over the Escurial at all times.

Thursday 25*th.*—Leave Madrid at seven o'clock with Lord Mahon, Mr. Wilkie, and Peter, for Toledo—in a coach with six mules—arrive at Aranjuez at two o'clock—seven leagues—put up at Posada of Andalusia—visit Palace, Gardens, &c.

October 26*th.*—Leave Aranjuez at seven o'clock— * * arrive at Toledo at two o'clock—seven leagues.

October 27*th.*—Visit various parts of town—church and convent of Capuchins—* * see young monk confessing to old one—Wilkie much struck with it.

[This visit to Toledo, in the illustrations to the Legend of Don Roderick, is erroneously stated to have been in 1826.]

In the latter part of this year, Mr. Irving would seem from his memorandum book to have been engaged in taking notes for a suite of works he had projected, illustrative of the domination of the Arabs in Spain, and also for a Conquest of Mexico, a theme upon which he had been brooding, but which was destined to employ the pen of another gifted American.

December 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, the record is: "History of the Moors and Montezuma." The last record of the year is as follows:

Monday, Dec. 31*st.*—Almanzor—call at Mr. Roberts and get $100—evening at Mr. D'Oubril's till near twelve o'clock—return home about twelve.

So ends the year 1827—tranquilly—It has been a year of labor, but much more comfortable than most I have passed in Europe, and leaves me in a state of moderate hope as to the future.

CHAPTER XVI.

LETTER TO PRINCE DOLGOROUKI—ENTERS MORE INTO SOCIETY AT MADRID—GAY ASSEMBLAGES—TABLEAUS—WILKIE—HIS DIFFICULTY IN GETTING ADMITTED TO A SIGHT OF FLEMISH PAINTINGS—THE AUTHOR IN THE LIBRARY OF THE JESUITS' COLLEGE—NOTE TO DOLGOROUKI—PUBLICATION OF COLUMBUS BY MURRAY IN LONDON, BY THE CARVILLS IN NEW YORK—ARRANGEMENT WITH CAREY, LEA & CAREY, OF PHILADELPHIA, FOR THE PUBLICATION OF THE FOUR PREVIOUS WORKS OF THE AUTHOR FOR A TERM OF YEARS—LETTER TO BREVOORT—DEPARTURE FROM MADRID ON A TOUR THROUGH THE SOUTHERN PARTS OF SPAIN—LETTER TO MADEMOISELLE BOLVILLER—DESCRIPTION OF THE JOURNEY FROM CORDOVA TO GRANADA—ADMIRATION OF THE MOORS—THE ALHAMBRA—A DESPATCH FROM THE COURT OF LIONS—QUEST FOR THE PORTAL BY WHICH BOABDIL SALLIED FORTH—THE POOR DEVIL GUIDE.

THE letters to Prince Dolgorouki and Mademoiselle Antoinette Bolviller, which are to follow in this and one or two succeeding chapters, and which give some interesting glimpses of the author's sojourn in Spain, have been collected since his death. Prince Dolgorouki, at the date of these letters, was a young *attaché* of the Russian legation at Madrid, and Mademoiselle Bolviller, a niece of Madame D'Oubril, formed an intelligent and cherished inmate of the domestic circle of Mr. D'Oubril, the Russian minister, whose house became a frequent and favorite resort of Mr. Irving dur-

ing his prolonged stay in the Spanish capital. The letters to the latter were procured two years since through the agency of a niece of the author travelling in Europe. The lady to whom they were addressed, and who kindly furnished the copies, was then about retiring for life to the seclusion of an Italian convent. For those of Prince Dolgorouki, who had withdrawn from diplomatic life, and whose present residence was unknown to me, I am indebted to the friendly intervention of Count Adam Gurowski, who most obligingly forwarded my application, and ensured its reaching the party for whom it was destined.

The first letter to Prince Dolgorouki is addressed to him at Barcelona, to which city he had accompanied the Russian embassy during a temporary absence there of the Spanish court.

[*To Prince Demetri Ivanovitch Dolgorouki.*]

MADRID, January 22d, 1828.

It is very kind in you, my dear Dolgorouki, to write me so long a letter, when your time must be so much occupied, and you have so many correspondents. I am extremely sorry to find your absence so prolonged, and begin to fear I shall see but little of you before my departure for Andalusia. I miss you sadly here, particularly at the *soirées* where you were so kind as to seek me out in my solitude amidst the crowd, cheering me sometimes with a *bon-mot* and sometimes with a *bon-bon*. I would have you know that since your departure I have become one of the most dissipated men upon town; continually at *soirées* and *tertullias;* and amongst

others have at length made my appearance at the Duchess of Benavente's, after having kept away for nearly two years. All this is the doing of Madame D'Oubril, who seemed to think I ought to enter more into society, and what she says I find is law with me. I am but a spiritless being, however, at these gay assemblages; I do not dance; I have not the art of talking to people who do not interest me, and am so diffident of my knowledge of the French language, that I cannot force myself to converse in it in mingled society. I am therefore, a silent, and somewhat lonely person in these crowds; and instead of making new acquaintances, am apt to lose those which I have already made; as the silence and shyness which arise from real diffidence are always prone to be misunderstood.

To compensate for these sterile *soirées*, I have now and then, though at present not often, a domestic evening at your Embassy, and, what is the summit of my delight, occasionally a dinner entirely *en famille*. These are the happiest hours I pass in Madrid. I have then all the sweetness of the family circle, undiluted by an inundation of strangers. I only regret my awkward and embarrassed mode of speaking French, which shackles my tongue, limits me to common place, and must render me but a poor addition to the society. I feel in consequence the more sensible of the kindness of this excellent family which overlooks all my imperfections, and shows so much attention to one who can contribute so little to the general amusement. I would not give one of these hours of calm domestic intercourse for all the splendor of the most brilliant rout. It is at these times that the admirable qualities of Madame D'Oubril and Mademoiselle Antoinette appear in their most striking and amiable light. The beautiful children,

too, with their engaging manners and amusing ways, make it like a fairy land to me, and I would not exchange the pleasant laughing blue eyes of the little Inez for those of the brightest belle in Madrid.

You may pass your time gayly in Barcelona, my dear Dolgorouki; but were I situated as you are, in this lovely family, I should look upon an absence from it as a perfect exile. I have seen so much of the coldness and heartlessness of the world at large, that I feel more strongly the value of an intimacy of the kind, and the greatest concern I feel at my approaching departure is that I must take leave of this family, perhaps forever.

Last evening at your house, we had one of the most lovely tableaux I ever beheld. It was the conception of Murillo, represented by Madame A——. Mademoiselle Antoinette arranged the tableau with her usual good taste, and the effect was enchanting. It was more like a vision of something spiritual and celestial than a representation of anything merely mortal; or rather it was woman as in my romantic days I have been apt to imagine her, approaching to the angelic nature. I have frequently admired Madame A—— as a mere beautiful woman when I have seen her dressed up in the fantastic finery of the *mode;* but here I beheld her elevated into a representative of divine purity and grace, exceeding even the *beau ideal* of the painter, for she even surpassed in beauty the picture of Murillo. I felt as if I could have knelt down and worshipped her. Heavens! what power women would have over us, if they knew how to sustain the attractions which nature has bestowed upon them, and which we are so ready to assist by our imaginations. For my part, I am superstitious

in my admiration of them, and like to walk in a perpetual delusion, decking them out as divinities; I thank no one to undeceive me, and to prove that they are mere mortals.

I shall feel quite sorry when I meet Madame A—— again, to find her once more returned from the clouds, a mere fashionable lady. We had afterwards a tableau of a Sybil by Mademoiselle F——, for which the noble traits of her countenance were admirably calculated. She has a most august, distinguished demeanor, especially when thus placed in an advantageous point of view. She looks fit to be a Queen on earth, but Madame A—— to be the Queen of Heaven.

Wilkie has filled up his picture and is now glazing it. By the time you return it will probably be finished. It is beautiful, and has the rich, mellow effect of an old painting. His health has somewhat improved of late, in consequence of some remedies he has been trying, and he appears to apply himself to his art with less fatigue and exhaustion. He will be rejoiced to see you again in Madrid, for this is not a place to find many who take the interest that you do in his pursuits. Notwithstanding every exertion and interest, he has not been able as yet to get a sight of the Flemish paintings here. He has just received letters, however, which I hope may have the desired effect; one is from Mr. Peel to the Secretary of State, another is from the Duke of Wellington to the Duke de Infantado, expressly soliciting that Mr. Wilkie may have access to these objects of art. It at least shows the interest taken in the matter by the most distinguished characters in England; while it is a reproach upon the state of the arts in Spain, that an artist of the standing of Mr. Wilkie should be obliged to make use of such powerful influence to gain a sight of what ought to be open to all the world.

I have forgotten to thank you for the curious document from the archives of Barcelona, the letter and copy of verses of King Pedro el Ceremonioso. He was a singular character, and an authentic document of the kind concerning him is highly interesting. How full of interest everything is connected with the old times of Spain. I am more and more delighted with the old literature of the country, its chronicles, plays and romances. It has the wild vigor and luxuriance of the forests of my native country, which, however savage and entangled, are more captivating to my imagination than the finest parks and cultivated woodlands.

As I live in the neighborhood of the Library of the Jesuits' College of St. Isidoro, I pass most of my mornings there. You cannot think what a delight I feel in passing through its galleries filled with old, parchment-bound books. It is a perfect wilderness of curiosity to me. What a deep-felt quiet luxury there is in delving into the rich ore of these old, neglected volumes. How these hours of uninterrupted intellectual enjoyment, so tranquil and independent, repay one for the *ennui* and disappointment too often experienced in the intercourse of society; how they serve to bring back the feelings into a harmonious tone, after being jarred and put all out of tune by the collisions with the world.

But I am spinning out this letter into an unreasonable length, and indulging in mere general fancies, while you are no doubt looking for the news which a letter ought to contain. For this I must refer you to the letters of Madame D'Oubril, and the rest of the family, who see, and know, and can more charmingly relate what is passing in the world, than myself. I delivered your message to Mademoiselle Antoinette, who received it as graciously as you could wish. She is full of

occupation, having the cares of these numerous *soirées* upon her mind; arranging tableaux, &c., so that it is difficult to have a few moments' conversation with her, except at the edge of the evening, before the cares of the tea table and the tableau commence.

* * * Farewell, my dear Dolgorouki. Give my kindest remembrances to Mr. D'Oubril, whom I shall be most happy to see once more in his own delightful family circle, which owes so much of its worth to his own goodness.

Believe me ever, yours faithfully,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

P. S. I had nearly closed my letter without apologizing to you for writing in English, but really I dare not trust myself in the French language, for fear of making a thousand errors. As you have been studying English, this will serve as a lesson for you.

His correspondent had returned from Barcelona to Madrid, when the following note was addressed to him:

No date, but supposed to be February 19, 1828.

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI:

The invitation to the ball this evening is too kind and flattering a mark of attention on the part of the Duchess of Benavente not to be accepted with the most grateful acknowledgments. I trace it, however, to the good offices of Madame D'Oubril, who is constantly giving me some new proof of her amiableness.

It is whimsical that I have been dreaming half the night of my passion, the divine little Marie and her costume; and thought I was at your house to see the children in their

dresses, when Madame D'Oubril told me I was invited to the ball. The only inconsistency in the dream was, that the ball was to be at the Prince Partanna's.

I have just received news that my work on Columbus was to be published on the 11th of this month. It is reviewed (by anticipation) in one of the London papers, which says that it will give me a "prodigious increase of fame." If one half of this be true, I shall be content, but I still tremble in awful expectation. Yours ever,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

P. S. As you read English better than I write French, I make no other excuse for writing in my own language.

The Life and Voyages of Columbus, the work here alluded to, was published by Murray in four large volumes. He was much found fault with for the price, the size, and the gross typographical errors with which it abounded. He had assured Mr. Aspinwall that he would have the correction of the proofs done by some competent person; but Mr. Irving had given no directions on the subject, and he was very badly represented on the occasion.

The first American edition of two thousand copies, in three octavo volumes, was sold to the Messrs. Carvill, the principal booksellers of New York, after having been first offered by Ebenezer Irving to Messrs. Carey, Lea & Carey, of Philadelphia.

E. I. [writes Peter to Washington] offered the edition to Messrs. Carey in sheets, three volumes at $2 per volume, at 40

per cent. discount, or in boards at 33⅓. They replied that they would wish to sell it to the trade at those discounts, and that the terms he proposed were out of all bounds, and would not permit them even to make him an offer. He showed the letter to Brevoort, and on consultation they considered it necessary to seek another publisher. Brevoort applied to Messrs. Carvill, whom he knew, and who agreed to give seven thousand dollars for the two thousand copies in sheets, one thousand dollars on delivery, the remainder in four, six, and nine months, giving you a profit on the edition of about three thousand dollars. Messrs. Carvill are the first booksellers in New York.

Mr. Carey came on to New York about the beginning of February, and after considerable conversation offered a profit of two thousand five hundred dollars, and when he found that it would not procure it manifested a disposition to augment the proffer, but was informed that it was too late.

The price at which the book is to be published is two dollars and a quarter per volume or six dollars and three quarters for the three volumes.*

* In a letter to the author written about this time, Carey makes a proposition to him respecting any future publications; and about the last of March, 1828, put the question to his brother and agent, Ebenezer, what he would ask for the right of publishing the four previous works, History of New York, Sketch Book, Bracebridge Hall, and Tales of a Traveller, for seven or ten years.

The result was an arrangement soon after with that house for a seven years' lease of the copyright of these works at six hundred dollars per annum, payable semi-annually, and to take the stock on hand at sixty-five cents per copy.

Having glanced for a moment at these mercantile arrangements respecting the publication of Columbus, which were left entirely to the control of his brother Ebenezer, I now introduce a letter to Brevoort, which gives a further insight into the author's feelings on offering to the world a work which told the history of one of the most stupendous and memorable events in the annals of mankind, and was to be pronounced more honorable to the literature of his own country than any that had yet appeared in it. In the estimation of an eminent American critic, Mr. Alexander H. Everett, then Minister at Madrid, but soon to exchange that diplomatic situation for the editorship of the North American Review, he had already secured and would permanently retain, in our literary annals, the brilliant position of the harbinger and founder of the American school of polite learning; but he naturally felt anxious as to his reception in this new department of literature, in which Moore, in his Life of Sheridan, and Scott, in his Napoleon, works but recently published, were considered to have failed.

MADRID, Feb. 28, 1828.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:

I have received two letters from you, the last dated Dec. 19, and both full of the most interesting domestic intelligence. I feel under the greatest obligations to you for the kind interest you have taken in my History of Columbus. I find by the London papers it was to be published by Murray on the 11th inst. I am, therefore, at this moment undergoing dissection from the coarse hands of the London critics. A comfortable

idea for an author, who knows that he has several lurking enemies among the crew. If the work succeeds, it will be of immense service to me; if it fails it will be, most probably, what many have anticipated, who suppose, from my having dealt so much in fiction, it must be impossible for me to tell truth with plausibility. I am most anxious for success, however, in my own country. Whatever you may say to the contrary, I cannot but feel that I have been regarded by my countrymen with an altered mien. [Then alluding to the malignant attacks that had been forwarded to him, as has before been stated, from American papers, on points independent of mere literary merit, and in which he felt that great injustice was done him, he adds:]

I have never sought, nor will I ever seek to vindicate myself from aspersions. My writings, my character and life must all speak for themselves, and I must abide by the average opinion which will ultimately be awarded. I confess it will give me satisfaction if my present work, by its success, replies to some of the cavilling that has been indulged against me; but I fear I can never regain that delightful confidence which I once enjoyed of, not the good opinion, but the *good-will* of my countrymen. * * *

I am sorry to find by your letters that you have had your share of the rubs and cares of the times; I had hoped you were safe in port and out of the reach of storms and disasters; but so it is; we are none of us completely sheltered from misfortune. If we do not put to sea, the sea overflows its bounds and drowns us on the land. For my own part, with all my exertions, I seem always to keep about up to my chin in troubled water, while the world, I suppose, thinks I am sailing smoothly, with wind and tide in my favor.

In a few days I shall leave Madrid on a tour through the southern parts of Spain, a journey which I have long been anticipating, but which my literary occupations have hitherto prevented me from undertaking. I am grieved, however, that my brother Peter cannot accompany me as he had proposed. His health for upwards of two months past has been extremely disordered; being troubled by a return of almost incessant headaches, which render a rough journey of the kind highly imprudent. He intends to return by easy travelling to France, and will be accompanied by my nephew Theodore, who lately arrived here. This is a sad disappointment to me, and throws a cloud upon my anticipations of pleasure from this tour. I shall, however, have agreeable travelling companions in the Secretary of the Russian Embassy and the Russian Consul-General, two intimate friends of mine; and I shall have letters to the principal persons in authority in Seville, Granada, &c., from M. Salmon, the Secretary of State, which will serve to make my way smooth and to give me facilities in gaining access to such objects of curiosity as are sometimes closed to strangers in this jealous country. I am also in hopes of being joined in the South by Wilkie, the painter, who has been passing the winter in Madrid, and is an old acquaintance and friend. You doubtless know his merit, and must be aware how interesting it would be to have such a companion. We have already made excursions together to the Escurial and to Toledo, in the course of which I have found my own observations on the people and the country quickened by the sagacious remarks of such a practised observer. Wilkie remains here for some time yet to finish a picture he has just commenced, but talks of coming to Seville in the month of April, when I shall most probably be there. * * *

On the 1st of March, 1828, Mr. Irving set off in the diligence for Cordova, in company with Mr. Gessler, Russian Consul-General, and Mr. Stoffregen, Secretary of the Russian Embassy, the two intimate friends referred to in the foregoing letter, to make a tour through the most beautiful, romantic, and historical part of Andalusia. His brother Peter had originally intended to accompany him on this tour, as we have seen, but he found his health too feeble and uncertain for the rough exposures to which he would be subject in travel in Spain, and he therefore left Madrid to proceed by slow journeys to Paris, the same day that Washington started for the south of Spain. "It seemed," says Washington, in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Paris, "on taking leave of him at Madrid, as if I had parted with half of myself."

At Cordova, where they arrived on the 4th, they made arrangements for horses to take them to Granada; and, as a story was afloat of eleven robbers, mounted, on the Rambla road, they engaged an escort of four men. As they were about to start, the diligence brought a reinforcement to their party in the person of an English clergyman, a Mr. Tomlinson, and an American, who proposed to join them; and for these an additional escort was secured—Bautiste Serrano de Ecija, a stout man with a fierce eye. "Would have to pay him high—first-rate fellow—knows all the robbers—has been a robber himself," whispered the landlord to Mr. Irving.

A description of his journey from Cordova to Granada, and of his first visit to the Alhambra, the scene of his future elysian abode, will be found in the following letter:

[*To Mademoiselle Antoinette Bollviller.*]

GRANADA, March 15, 1828.

I promised, my dear Mademoiselle Bollviller, to write to you in the course of our tour, but when I made such a promise I had little idea of the difficulty of performing it while travelling in Spain. One is exhausted by incessant fatigue, and put out of all tune by the squalid miseries of the Spanish posadas. I am now so surrounded by dirt and villany of all kinds that I am almost ashamed to despatch a letter to your pure hands from so scoundrel a place.

Our journey has hitherto been auspicious, that is to say, we have escaped being robbed, though we have been in dens as perilous as that of Daniel and the lions; our greatest risk, however, has, I am convinced, been from our own escort, which for part of the way has been composed of half-reformed robbers, retired from business, but who seemed to have a great hankering after their old trade.

I am greatly pleased with my fellow travellers. Stoffregen, having never before been so far to the south, is in continual transport with the luxurious indications of a southern climate, and when he gets among orange groves, hanging full of golden fruit, and hedges of aloe, myrtle, and the Indian fig, he seems like one intoxicated. It is true his happiness is subject to continual interruptions, being in a state militant with landlords, muleteers, waiters, and all the vagabond rabble of the posadas. He is a little too sensitive to the miseries of Spanish travelling,

which, indeed, are sufficient to try the patience of Job; so that, between the delights of the country and climate and the abominations of the inns and their inhabitants, he is kept in a constant fever either of pleasure or vexation. As to Gessler, he has excited my frequent wonder, and has convinced me of the truth of certain fairy tales which I had hitherto mistaken for fairy tales. He has two magic gifts with him: a leathern bottle curiously wrought, which is never empty, though continually in use; and a sack, equal in the incredible amount of its contents to the pocket of Peter Schlemil's mysterious friend. From this sack, whenever we were in want of a repast on the journey, he drew forth hams, sausages, fowls, conserves, and above all a pie in which was a monstrous fish, equal to that which swallowed Jonah. I have had uncomfortable doubts as to the manner in which Gessler had come by these miraculous gifts, and watched to see whether, like Peter Schlemil, he had been selling his shadow, but I was glad to find he had still shadow enough for the substance of two ordinary men. I have never, however, partaken of the contents of this magic bottle and sack without privately making the sign of the cross, by which means I have hitherto escaped all injury.

Our journey through La Mancha was cold and uninteresting, excepting when we passed through the scenes of some of the exploits of Don Quixote. We were repaid, however, by a night amidst the scenery of the Sierra Morena, seen by the light of the full moon. I do not know how this scenery would appear in the day time, but by moonlight it is wonderfully wild and romantic, especially after passing the summit of the Sierra. As the day dawned we entered the stern and savage defiles of the Despeña Perros, which equals the wild landscapes of Salvator Rosa. For some time we continued winding along the

brinks of precipices, overhung with cragged and fantastic rocks; and after a succession of such rude and sterile scenes we swept down to Carolina, and found ourselves in another climate. The orange trees, the aloes and myrtle began to make their appearance; we felt the warm temperature of the sweet South, and began to breathe the balmy air of Andalusia. At Andujar we were delighted with the neatness and cleanliness of the houses, the patios planted with orange and citron trees and refreshed by fountains; we passed a charming evening on the banks of the famous Guadalquivir, enjoying the mild balmy air of a southern evening, and rejoicing in the certainty that we were at length in this land of promise.

While at Cordova we made excursions on horseback among the heights of the Sierra Morena which rise behind the city, visiting the celebrated hermitage and the convent of St. Geronimo. The mountains were clothed with aromatic shrubs, and with flowers which in other countries are the forced productions of gardens and hothouses. From these heights the eye revels over a delicious landscape; a broad green valley fertilized by the windings of the shining Guadalquivir, and bounded by long lines of mountains famous in the hardy predatory wars of the Moors and Christians. The snowy summit of the Sierra Nevada lies like a brilliant cloud in the distance, marking the situation of Granada, the city of romantic history. Every mountain summit in this country spreads before you a mass of history, filled with places renowned for some wild and heroic achievement.

But Granada, *bellissima* Granada! think what must have been our delight, when, after passing the famous bridge of Pinos, the scene of many a bloody encounter between Moor and Christian, and remarkable for having been the place where

Columbus was overtaken by the messenger of Isabella, when about to abandon Spain in despair, we turned a promontory of the arid mountains of Elvira, and Granada, with its towers, its Alhambra, and its snowy mountains, burst upon our sight. The evening sun shone gloriously upon its red towers as we approached it, and gave a mellow tone to the rich scenery of the vega. It was like the magic glow which poetry and romance have shed over this enchanting place.

For several days past we have been incessantly occupied traversing the city and its environs; but the Alhambra and Generalife have most excited our enthusiasm. The more I contemplate these places, the more my admiration is awakened of the elegant habits and delicate taste of the Moorish monarchs. The delicately ornamented walls; the aromatic groves, mingling with the freshness and the enlivening sound of fountains and runs of water, the retired baths, bespeaking purity and refinement, the balconies and galleries open to the fresh mountain breeze, and overlooking the loveliest scenery of the valley of the Darro and the magnificent expanse of the vega; it is impossible to contemplate this delicious abode and not feel an admiration of the genius and the poetical spirit of those who first devised this earthly paradise. There is an intoxication of heart and soul in looking over such scenery at this genial season. All nature is just teeming with new life and putting on the first delicate verdure and bloom of spring. The almond trees are in blossom, the fig trees are beginning to sprout; everything is in the tender bud, the young leaf, or the half-open flower. The beauty of the season is but half developed, so that while there is enough to yield present delight, there is the flattering promise of still further enjoyment. Good heavens! after passing two years amidst the sunburnt wastes of Castile, to be let

loose to rove at large over this fragrant and lovely land! what a fulness of pure and healthful pleasure gushes into the heart; and how do we look back with distaste upon the pale and artificial life of the city, and wonder how we could have condemned ourselves to its formal and frivolous routine!

COURT OF THE LIONS, ALHAMBRA.

I think I told you that I would write you a letter from the Alhambra; I have escaped from the noise and dirt of the posada, and have come here partly to perform my promise, partly to enjoy a little tranquillity It is now near the hour of sunset of a warm day, the sun is still shining upon the towers which overlook this court, and a beautiful, mellow light is spread about its colonnades and marble halls. The fountain is immediately before me, ever memorable from the tragic fate of the gallant Abencerrages. I have just diluted my ink with its waters; and here I sit quietly inditing a gossiping letter on the place that has been the scene of an atrocious massacre. We talk of realizing past scenes when we tread in the traces of renowned historical events, but I find it impossible to get into the vein of feeling consonant to such a place. The verity of the present checks and chills the imagination in its picturings of the past. I have been trying to conjure up images of Boabdil passing in regal splendor through these courts; of his beautiful queen; of the Abencerrages, the Gomares, and the other Moorish cavaliers who once filled these halls with the glitter of arms and the splendor of oriental luxury; but I am continually awakened from my reveries by the jargon of an Andalusian peasant who is setting out rose bushes, and the song of a pretty Andalusian girl who shows the Alhambra, and who is chanting a little ro-

mance that has probably been handed down from generation to generation since the time of the Moors.

For the greater part of this day I have been occupied exploring the neglected parts of the Alhambra and the towers which lie in ruins. I have been in quest of the portal by which the unfortunate King Boabdil sallied forth when he descended to the vega to surrender the keys to Ferdinand and Isabella. He descended outside of the city walls, by the same road by which the Grand Cardinal of Spain ascended at the head of a band of cavaliers to take possession of the Alhambra. Boabdil asked of the sovereign, as a melancholy boon, that no one might be permitted to enter the Alhambra by the portal at which he had sallied forth. This prayer was granted; the portal was walled up, and has continued so to the present day. I found this interesting anecdote in an old chronicle, but no one here knew anything of it or of the condemned portal. I set a poor devil at work, however, who inherits a hovel in the ruins; and to my great joy he has found out the gateway for me. He inquired of some old people upward of eighty years of age, who had passed their lives in the Alhambra, and they pointed out the gateway which had been walled up ever since their recollection; and one remembered to have heard his parents say it was the gate by which the Moorish king had departed, when he took his last leave of the Alhambra. This gateway is in a ruined tower that has been blown up by the French. With the keen relish of antiquarian research, I traced the whole route of the Moorish monarch down to the vega, to a small chapel dedicated to St. Sebastian, but which in former times was a mosque. Here an inscription on the wall designated it as the place where the unfortunate Boabdil met the Catholic sovereigns and surrendered to them his throne.

Beside the satisfaction of having settled this point of inquiry, I received from my poor devil guide many most curious particulars of the superstitions which circulate among the poor people inhabiting the Alhambra respecting its old, mouldering towers. I have noted down these amusing little anecdotes, and he has promised to furnish me with others. They generally relate to the Moors and the treasures they have buried in the Alhambra, and the apparitions of their troubled spirits about the towers and the ruins where their gold lies hidden. When I have more time and paper I may recount you some of these traditions, as I know you have a great relish for the marvellous. At present the sun is set; the old halls begin to darken around me, and the bat is flitting about the court in place of the birds which were lately chirping here. I have performed my promise, and have written to you from the halls of the Alhambra. How unworthy is my scribbling of the place; but depend upon it, half of the pretended day dreams of travellers about celebrated places are quietly dreamt in comfortable quarters, far from the scenes they celebrate. The present letter I will finish by lamp light at the posada. I will gather you a flower, however, from the Court of the Lions, and enclose it in the letter to atone for the want of flowers in my style. And so farewell at present to the Alhambra and all its tragical and poetical associations.

Posada.—As Stoffregen has been writing to Madame D'Oubril and to Dolgorouki, I refer you to his letters for more particular accounts of our excursions both on horseback and on foot about this place and its romantic environs; particularly our dinner at the country palace of the worthy archbishop, situated among the mountains, where, during our repast, we were re-

galed by the sound of fountains and the perfume of orange and citron trees. * * *

Give my most kind remembrances to M. and Madame D'Oubril, and to all their amiable family. How often and often do I think of you all, and wish myself passing a social hour with you. I begin to be slow in forming attachments and acquiring an interest in people, and fear it will be a long time before I meet with a family to fill up the void I feel since I took leave of you all. I hope the dear little women round the table in the outer saloon have felt the want occasionally of their most devoted admirer, and that the divine little Marie sometimes thinks of me.

Tell Dolgorouki to be a good boy and to take care of Wilkie, and I will write him a letter in the next budget. Farewell, my dear Mademoiselle Antoinette. I feel a pleasure in scribbling this letter to you; it is like having a long conversation and being sociable, which one has little opportunity of being in the slip-slop *soirées* of Madrid. If you write me a reply, I beg you to let it be in French; for if you undertake it in English, I fear you will make it a task, and either write very brief or defer it too long a time. God bless you.

Your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XVII.

LETTER TO PRINCE DOLGOROUKI FROM MALAGA—DESCRIPTION OF JOURNEY FROM GRANADA TO MALAGA—ADMIRATION OF WILKIE—LIVING TABLEAUX—LETTER TO MADEMOISELLE BOLVILLER—LAST LOOK OF GRANADA—JOINED BY A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER ON THE JOURNEY—GROUNDLESS MISGIVINGS—THE ALPUJARRAS—REPASTS IN BRIGAND STYLE—GESSLER—STOFFREGEN—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT—DESCRIPTION OF JOURNEY FROM MALAGA TO SEVILLE—GIBRALTAR—CADIZ—ARRIVAL AT SEVILLE—MEETS WITH WILKIE—GOING TO WORK ON THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

[*To Prince Dolgorouki.*]

MALAGA, March 29, 1828.

YOUR letter, dated the 5th and 8th of this month, my dear Dolgorouki, has given me some of the pleasantest moments I have experienced since I left Madrid. It was a complete *Tableau de famille*, presenting before me that amiable, domestic circle which, for two years past, it has been my greatest delight to mingle with. I feel most sensibly also the kindness of my good friend, Mademoiselle Constance, in adding her note of remembrance; but the precious lines from my dear, dear, dear little Marie, was a happiness beyond all hope. I have fancied the little woman leaning with her whole body over the table, her ringlets hanging all round her charming face as she achieved that prodigious manuscript, every letter of which was almost as big as herself.

You reproach me for not having written to you or Wilkie.

My dear friend, you have no idea what little time or mood our mode of travelling leaves for letter writing. Every day is passed in incessant action and fatigue; on horseback or on foot, scrambling among rocks and precipices, we have scarcely ever the conveniences necessary to letter writing, and when not in motion, we are generally so exhausted as to need absolute repose. The present letter I write merely as an apology for a longer and more particular one, which I will write when I have more leisure and more composure of mind.

We arrived here yesterday, after nine days' hard travelling from Granada, in course of which we visited the ruins of Berja, passed through some of the most interesting parts of the Alpujarras, and along the skirts of the mountains that border the Mediterranean. A great part of our route has been excessively fatiguing, midst savage scenes, and through a part of the country destitute of comfort; but we have been repaid by the sublimity of these stern mountain regions, which have impressed me at times with that feeling of severe grandeur which I have experienced in reading the pages of Dante. As in his poem also, this austere majesty is at times relieved by touching and unexpected beauties, for nothing can surpass the soft and tranquil loveliness of some of those little fertile vegas which are, here and there, locked up in the marble embraces of the Alpujarras. The sight of the Mediterranean was also to me a source of constant delight, for I have been so much accustomed in early life to all that concerns the sea, that to hear it roar and to look upon its broad blue expanse bring up a thousand tender associations.

Our road at times wound along the face of vast promontories, where we rode along a path formed like a cornice, from whence we looked down upon the surf beating upon the rocks,

at an immense distance below us. I have always heard Andalusia cited for the beauty and richness of the country, but from all that I have as yet seen, the wild and melancholy grandeur of its naked mountains predominates in my recollection over the soft fertility of its vegas.

We are now enjoying the most delicious weather, with cloudless days and lovely moonlight nights—a rich valley surrounded by majestic mountains on the one side, and on the other a picturesque port with the blue Mediterranean spreading out beyond it.

The spring is here putting forth all its sweetness; we are among oranges and citrons, the fig, the palm tree, the vine, the olive, the aloe, the Indian fig, and all other poetical plants of the voluptuous South. The senses of one long accustomed to the North, revel with a degree of intoxication in such a climate, and among such scenery. The air breathes balm and odors, for even among the rudest mountains, every weed you tread on sends out its perfume. But enough of Andalusia. I have but little time for writing at this moment, and am wasting it in mere general expressions of delight.

You interest me by your account of Wilkie's new picture, but you do not give me sufficiently clearly your opinion of it. I hope he continues in the intention of coming to Seville, and that I shall meet him there about the middle of April, about which time I expect to arrive there. I wish he could make up his mind to pass a few more months in Spain; I think he could pass them both agreeably and profitably at Seville. I do not know whether I shall have time to write to him by this post. If I do not, I beg you to remember me to him most affectionately. I am glad you visit him frequently, for you are able to appreciate as well the sterling worth of his private

character, as the rare excellence of his talents; and in his present state of health, when so much time hangs heavy on his hands, the visits of an intelligent friend are invaluable.

I notice all your vauntings of the new tableau of the Fornarina, by Mademoiselle P——; but with all due acknowledgment of the picturesque capabilities of that lady's countenance, which I long since discovered in the course of my solitary perambulations about the saloons of Madrid, I cannot credit the possibility of the tableau comparing with that of the celestial A——. The latter has even risen in my estimation by the second exhibition. I pretend not to dispute judgment with you in respect to inanimate pictures, but as to these *living tableaux*, I will yield in critical discernment to none of your connoisseurs; and I would not give the assumption by Madame A—— for all the tableaux that Raphael ever painted. So adore your *Lady of the Pillar* in welcome; but if ever I hear that Madame A—— is elevated into a saint, I will make a pilgrimage to her shrine.

April 2d.—You give me the sincerest pleasure by your warm and apparently judicious eulogium of the new picture of Wilkie. Everything you observe concerning him is highly interesting, and it delights me to find you so capable of entering into the peculiarities of his style of art, as well as the quiet, but deep excellence of his character. There is truth and wisdom in all that Wilkie paints, and all that he says. He is one in whose conversation, as well as in his productions, you may study the philosophy of his art, or rather those precious principles of philosophy which repudiate all art. I would not give an hour's conversation with Wilkie about paintings, in his earnest but precise and logical manner, for all the enthusiastic and rapturous declamations of the common run of amateurs and artists.

They fill one's mind merely with flowers, but honest Wilkie sows in it the true seeds of knowledge.

I have left this letter open in hopes of being able to add considerably more to it, but it is now too late, and I must hurry to a conclusion. Is there any chance of your coming to Seville in the course of the spring or summer? I shall remain there some time, and if you have any intention of visiting that place within the year, I wish you would manage to do it while I am there.

Indeed, my dear Dolgorouki, I feel grievously my separation from you all, and I know I shall feel it still more sensibly when the hurry and variety of travelling is over, and I come to be soberly settled at Seville. Do let me hear from you, and do not get out of patience with me for not being a very industrious correspondent. I am a sad delinquent in many matters, and need great indulgence and charity from my friends; but I trust you know by this time, I am a man of exceeding good intentions, though one of those unfortunate men who are rather slow in carrying their intentions into action.

Very truly yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Mademoiselle Bolviller, Madrid.*]

MALAGA, April 2, 1828.

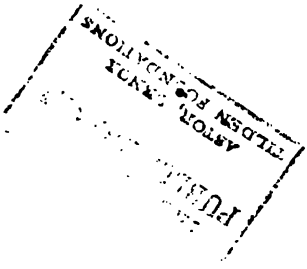
I am glad, my dear Mademoiselle Antoinette, that you wrote to me in English, notwithstanding I had entreated the contrary. I have been so accustomed to converse with you in that language that when I read your letter it seemed as if you were talking with me, and even if a little error of idiom should now and then occur it is rather agreeable than otherwise, and

gives a *naiveté* to your style. I am only vexed at that malignant spirit, the prince, that he should hurry you to a conclusion when you were writing so charmingly. I beg that when you write again you will have a supply of *bonbons* at hand to send to him from time to time, to beguile his impatience. Still I must not complain of him ; for he has been a good boy, and has written to me twice without receiving a line from me. If I can meet with a white mouse with green eyes, in the course of my travels, I will undoubtedly send it to him, even though it should be the very mouse possessed by the renowned collector of curiosities Prince Bonbommin Bonbobbin Bonbobbinnett.

We have hitherto had a most laborious, fatiguing, but wild, romantic, and delightful tour. I can hardly imagine that I am travelling in one of the old and civilized countries of Europe. Nothing in the savage parts of my own country and among its native savages could be more original and wild than some of our mountain scramblings among the mountains of the Alpujarras.

I took a last look at Granada from the height on the road of Padul, where the unfortunate King Boabdil wept as he was about to lose sight of his late capital forever. It still bears the poetical name of *el suspiro del Moro*, and they pretend to show in a rock the print of the hoofs of Boabdil's horse, when he stood as his rider gazed with tearful eyes upon Granada. The view is from amidst arid hills. You have a mere peep at a part of the vega, and you see Granada glittering beyond, with the red tower of the Alhambra surrounded by tufted groves. As you turn from this scene to pursue the route of the unfortunate king, a dreary waste of naked and sunburnt mountains extends before you. Poor Boabdil may have contemplated it as emblematical of his lot. He had turned his back upon all

GRANADA.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that was sweet and pleasant in life, and a stern, and rugged, and joyless futurity lay before him. The Alpujarras quite equalled my expectations. They present singular contrasts of the wildest and most savage sterility, with lovely valleys redundant in fertility and of the freshest verdure. The fields of grain were in their young vegetation, and spread sheets of emerald green to relieve the eye from the aridity of the mountains. The villages peeped out from among groves of oranges, citrons, figs, and almonds, and the very rocks were covered with the luxuriance of southern plants of poetical renown, which struck their roots into every crevice. The mountains also, notwithstanding their nakedness, have a beauty from their rich and varied tints, for they are composed frequently of the finest marble.

In the course of our progress through the mountains, after leaving the beautiful village of Lanjaron, we fell in with a singular character, just at the foot of one of the wildest and most solitary passes. He had all the air of one of those predatory rovers who hover like hawks among the Spanish mountains to pounce upon the traveller. He was mounted on a young and active mule that bounded among the rocks like a goat. He wore the Andalusian hat and jacket, and pantaloons bordered by silver lace; a cartridge belt of crimson velvet slung over one shoulder and passing under the other arm; two carabines slung behind his saddle, pistols in front, a cutlass by his side, a long Spanish knife in the pocket of his vest, in a sheath ornamented with silver. He was a complete subject for Wilkie's pencil. He joined us and kept with us for the rest of the morning, through some savage defiles of the mountains. We were somewhat puzzled to make out his character, or to know whether he were bandit, soldado, contrabandista, or simply

caballero, for though he talked very freely about himself he had the Andalusian propensity of inventing facts as fast as his tongue could wag. Stoffregen took a violent dislike to his whole conduct and demeanor, and as we had but a solitary *escopeta* to defend us, he seemed to think we had fallen into very unsafe company. We took a repast together in a little venta in a deep gorge of the mountains, and from further conversation with our new comrade I conceived a better opinion of him, and considered him one of the amusing Fanfarons common to this part of Spain. He told us he was concerned in the mines of Berja whither we were travelling, and offered to conduct us by a more direct route through the mountains, which would save us at least half a day's travelling. After consulting with our muleteers who we found knew this man, and confirmed the truth of what he said, Gessler and myself concluded to follow the route he pointed out. I found afterward that Stoffregen assented to this change of route with the utmost repugnance, and on subsequent reflection he was right, for though the man turned out to be an honest person, and the route really was the shortest and best, yet it was extremely imprudent in us to put ourselves so completely under the guidance of an utter stranger in those wild regions, so infested by desperate characters. The change of route, however, procured us some curious variety of scenery. Our way for the most of the day lay up the dry bed of a river, which in times of rain must swell to a great size, but was now shrunk to an insignificant stream. It was bordered by arid mountains; there were neither villages nor hamlets; the whole country was solitary and savage. Toward sunset we arrived at the village of Cadiar, surrounded by olive orchards, with a small vega, through which ran the river bordered with willows. Here we put up at one of the

most wretched posadas I ever met with in Spain. Our *caballero andante* introduced us to a family of his relations, the principal persons of the place, who lived in a spacious and well-furnished mansion, and who pressed us to take up our lodgings with them for the night, but we preferred the independence of our miserable posada. The next morning we resumed our journey, and the *caballero andante* sent a guide with us to show us the way through some of the intricate parts of the mountains, and lent us one of his carabines as an additional security. He turned out to be a sergeant of a company of Douaniers. It was in this day's journey that we passed through some scenes, the extraordinary rudeness and savage sublimity of which I shall never forget. Those who would know the Alpujarras in their true wildness must explore such lonely passes. We were at one time on the dizzy verge of vast precipices, with a chaos of marble mountains spread before us; at other times we travelled through deep barrancos and ramblas, with red rocks of immense height absolutely impending over us. Our muleteer and our *escopeta* proceeded warily and took every precaution to guard against attack, for it is in these savage and solitary defiles that the traveller is exposed to most danger. After emerging out of one of these passes, which would have furnished a fine subject for the pencil of Salvator Rosa, we came to an open part of the country where the sternness of the mountains was softened by the verdure of a small valley. The bed of the river passed at the foot of a height on which was a Moorish-looking village with flat roofed houses, with vines, fig trees, and oranges growing about them. Here we halted, made our table of a rock in the dry bed of the river, and with the aid of Gessler's magic bottle and sack, made a sumptuous repast.

I have somehow or other got betrayed into these details,

and have been going on as minutely as if I had a volume of paper to fill up and a year of leisure before me. After all these descriptions, which are mere scanty outlines of magnificent scenes which dwell in my recollection, can afford but little satisfaction in perusal; but we are apt to be tedious when relating things which have delighted us.

In my letter to the prince, I have spoken of the grandeur of the scenery along the Mediterranean coast. Here the sea lends its sublimity to the prospect. I had supposed our road would lie along the beach, but on the contrary it continually wound among the mountains, climbing and descending frightful precipices, and at times overhanging the rocks beaten by the surf. It was inspiring to look out from the bosom of these rugged mountains to the blue and placid bosom of the Mediterranean; and as we rode, to watch the sails that were gliding at a great distance, some of them evidently bound, like ourselves, to Malaga. Sometimes we beheld the fishermen away below us on the sandy beach, drawing their nets, and could just hear their voices as they shouted and sung at their labor.

In the loneliest and most savage parts of these scenes the cross by the roadside gives an inexpressible touch of horror. It is generally in some turn or angle of the road where the murderer could lie in wait, or on the brow of some hill where he could see from afar the approach of the unfortunate traveller. As the most beautiful scenes of nature derive tenfold interest by anything that indicates the cheerful residence of man, so the wildest and most awful scenes derive tenfold horror from these mementos of human crime and passion. The cross stuck in the fissure of a rock by the roadside in a mountain pass of a deep broken barranco, spreads a character of ferocity over the whole scene.

Our mode of travelling in these parts has in it something that partakes of the rude nature of the country. Our muleteers have the air of veritable brigands, and doubtless now and then indulge in the profession as a gentleman occasionally lays by his humanity and indulges in the pleasures of the chase. Our repasts are in the true brigand style; sometimes at a brook among the rocks by the roadside, sometimes on the sea shore under the shade of a fisherman's hovel, sometimes on the brow of a mountain. You cannot conceive the luxury of these repasts in the open air, in wild and picturesque places; and how charmingly the magic leather bottle of Gessler diffuses an enchantment over the scene. But I must not confine my eulogium solely to the bottle and the sack of Gessler, though so potent in their effects during our journey. I must likewise bear testimony to his inexhaustible good humor which nothing can sour or destroy. I never met with a more genial, kind, accommodating fellow traveller. Under every fatigue, cross purpose, or annoyance to which one is subject in a journey of this kind, he never utters an impatient word to his companions, but has always some pleasant observation with which to beguile the vexation of the moment.

Stoffregen is more sensitive to the annoyances of the road and the wretchedness of the inns, but his impatience is so under the control of an excellent heart and admirable good breeding, that it annoys himself more than others. The same delicate sensibility that lays him so open to petty vexations, renders him also extremely susceptible of agreeable impressions, and he is in continual transports with the beautiful objects around us in the more smooth parts of our tour.

I have been interrupted repeatedly while writing this letter by visitors, and have been obliged to go out and make visits;

and thus the time is exhausted by mere ceremony, which I had intended to devote to my friends. I have received a charming letter from the discreet princess and two parts of a letter from that little Queen of the Fairies, Marie, beside most kind notes from my amiable friend Mademoiselle Constance. I fear I shall not be able to reply to them by this post. The evening is advanced. I have farewell visits to pay, and everything to pack up and arrange for an early departure in the morning. Should I not write, I beg you to plead my apology to them all. They know I love them all too well to neglect them wilfully.

To-morrow we set off on our journey to Gibraltar by the mountains of Ronda. I was for some time fearful that I should have had to perform this part of the tour alone, for Mr. Gessler and Mr. Stoffregen, deterred by the reports of the rugged nature of these mountains, had determined to go by sea coast, and I could not prevail upon myself to give up Ronda and its wild serrania. They have, however, kindly resolved to accompany me, and I trust will eventually feel repaid by the noble scenery of the mountains, and the singular characteristics of the people who inhabit them.

We have been greatly pleased with our sojourn at Malaga. It is a finely situated place, in a fertile valley surrounded by mountains, and open to the Mediterranean. We have had beautiful moonlight nights, and you can have no idea of the charming appearance of one of these southern Mediterranean ports by moonlight.

Farewell. * * Remember me most particularly and kindly to Mrs. and Mr. D'Oubril and to each member of their amiable family, and may God bless you all.

Your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, April 15, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR:

I wrote to you some time since from Granada, at which city I passed ten days, constantly employed in examining its antiquities, and in riding about its beautiful environs. On leaving Granada, we took the route for the mines of Adra, varying occasionally from the common road, and passing through some of the wildest and grandest scenery of the Alpujarra mountains. The towns and villages in the vicinity of the mines present an appearance of prosperity and increase unusual in Spain. They are little spots of the country where the rust is rubbed off, and one can see what it might be rendered with proper management.

From Adra, we kept along the seaboard to Malaga, our road occasionally winding into the interior where the coast was precipitous, or where there were long promontories, but sometimes passing along the very profiles of the mountains where they overhang the sea, the surf breaking far below us against the rocky feet of the cliffs. The scenery along this coast is uncommonly grand, but stern and melancholy, and the road ascends and descends such broken and rocky passes of the mountains that the travelling is excessively laborious. As few strangers also pass through these parts, there are no accommodations to be met with at the posadas. You must forage through the village to collect materials for a repast, and you may esteem yourself fortunate at night if you can have a private room to sleep in and a mattress spread on the earthen floor. The Spanish travellers generally, who pass through these mountains, are of hardy and simple habits. They wrap themselves in their

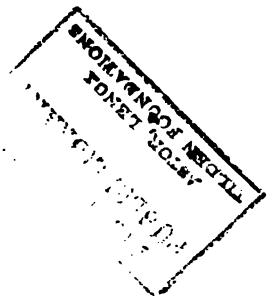
cloaks, and lie on the mantas of their mules and horses, with a saddle or a pair of alforjas for a pillow.

We passed several days at Malaga, where we experienced great attention and hospitality from our consul, Mr. Barrell, to whom you had given me a letter. I was much pleased with him; he appears to be a frank, amiable, and worthy man. I wish he had a more profitable post. He desired me when I should write to you to remember him to you very particularly.

From Malaga we took the circuitous route to Gibraltar by the mountains of Ronda, among which we encountered the only bad weather we have met with in the course of our tour. For three days that we were in the Serrania, we were drenched by frequent and heavy rains, but were in some measure compensated by the grand effect of mingled storm and mist and sunshine on the wild and stupendous scenery around us. The people of these mountains are the finest that I have seen in Spain, and the contrabandista of Ronda is the knight errant of the Spanish vulgar.

We remained four days at Gibraltar, overwhelmed by hospitality, which, on the part of the military messes of the British regiments, is in the jovial and tempestuous style of the old school; for the officers confined to the rock, where there are few resources of general society, prolong the conviviality of the table. Sir George Don, the Governor of Gibraltar, is a fine compound of the veteran soldier, the keen sportsman, and the old English country gentleman. He keeps up strict order in the garrison, all the military works are admirably perfected and maintained; he has turned the slopes and skirts of this once sterile and glaring rock, into a delicious oriental garden, while at his little country retreat of St. Royal, about two leagues distant, he lays by the military and puts on the

GIBRALTAR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farmer, cultivates fields of his own, and by his advice and example improves the agriculture of the Spanish farmers, so that the whole neighborhood has acquired additional beauty and fertility under his influence.

At Gibraltar, I met with an old friend and intimate in Mr. McCall,* the American vice-consul, and with a new friend, but one of the most obliging, hospitable, warm-hearted men I ever knew, in our countryman Mr. Sprague.

At Cadiz, I remained but a part of two days. It is a beautiful city—one of the most beautiful I have ever seen, but one is continually reminded that all the outward gayety and splendor of its snow-white and spacious mansions cover internal poverty, ruin, and wretchedness. I heard nothing while there but repinings at past prosperity and present distress. Mr. Burton, our consul, to whom you gave me a letter, was unremitting in his kind attentions; you had likewise given Mr. Gessler a letter to him, and you could not have done him a greater service. Mr. Burton has in consequence given him the right hand of good fellowship, and will in fact be a right hand to him; for he is experienced in the official duties of a consulate, and in the mode of dealing with captains and sailors; all which would be wonderfully perplexing in the commencement to honest Gessler, who is more accustomed to courts and camps than to seaports. At Cadiz I left my fellow travellers for a few days, they intending to remain there for a short time, and I being impatient to get to Seville. I embarked at Cadiz on a steamboat at seven o'clock in the morning, and at

* Dick McCall, as he was familiarly called among his gay companions, when he formed one of the Lads of Kilkenny, and was dubbed a knight at the Old Hall near Newark. See vol. i., chap. xi.

about five o'clock the same day landed at Seville, after a very pleasant voyage.

I have thus given you a brief outline of one of the most interesting tours I ever made. You expressed an intention once of visiting the south of Spain, before you left the country. I would advise you to do so by all means, and I am sure you will be delighted both with the country and the people.

Take the Andalusians with proper allowance, and they are an admirable race, and I know you are not one who regards any people with national or popular prejudice. From all that I have seen, too, the dangers of travelling are much exaggerated. You can always ascertain what parts of your route are really dangerous, and in such, from your official character, you can procure *gendarmes* as escort, who are the most dreaded by the robbers. A couple would be sufficient, and they would be serviceable in a variety of ways on the journey. In all our route from Granada by Adra and along the Mediterranean coast to Malaga, we had only one *escopeta*, a common guide of the country, all that coast being considered safe.

In the mountains of Ronda, we had a *gendarme* on horseback, and another on foot. It is probable that by next year such arrangements will be made as will render the most desirable points of Andalusia perfectly accessible to female travellers, in which case the ladies could accompany you. A diligence is to be established in connection with the line between Madrid and Cordova. It is to run from Andujar to Granada. A diligence has recently been established between Granada and Malaga, and was to arrive for the first time at Malaga the very day I left that city. From Malaga, the road to Gibraltar along the seacoast is easy, and requires but two days; ladies can travel it comfortably on mules or horses with saddles like arm-

chairs. From Gibraltar the road to Cadiz is likewise very practicable for ladies, and is one of the safest in Spain. We took no escort on that road; part of it lies through mountains beautifully wooded. It affords a pleasant specimen of mountain travelling, without the hardships of the other sierras, for you can always put up at good inns. From Cadiz, the steamboat takes you to Seville, and here you meet the diligence to take you back to Madrid. It would be a tour with which Mrs. Everett would be particularly interested, and Miss Louisa might find materials to fill her letters to her friends with wonderful details. I have been fortunate enough to meet with Wilkie here, and promise myself much gratification in visiting the masterpieces of Murillo in company with him.

There appears to be much to be seen in this city, and the whole character of the place is peculiar, retaining a strong infusion of the old Moresco. I am apprehensive it will be close and sultry in summer, though I am assured that the mode of living in the lower stories, with patios covered with awnings, and deep in the interior of the houses, guarantees one against the heat of the sun. The houses have certainly a cool and delicious appearance, the inner courts, shady, decorated with fountains, and set out with citrons, oranges, and flowers. If I find them as comfortable in hot weather as they are described, I shall probably remain some time here.

To Peter he writes the same day, which was the day after his arrival at Seville, which he considered the end of his tour:

Wilkie is here, and will remain here a few days longer, when he returns to Madrid, and thence proceeds to Paris. He has sketched out on canvas his defence of Saragossa, in

which he has introduced an excellent likeness of Palafox. The Prince Dolgorouki writes to me in the highest terms of this picture. My stay in Seville is uncertain. I have not seen the libraries. I shall probably remain here some weeks till I can get the work we talked of in order for the press.

The work here alluded to was the Conquest of Granada, which he had brought with him in an unfinished state from Madrid. "If I continue in motion," he adds, "I shall lose the fall season. I think a little close application and hard work will soon get all in train." He also anticipated the necessity of considerable emendations in the second edition of Columbus, from some English publications which Murray had sent him, and some curtailments to reduce the volume of the work.

Instead of the few weeks which he speaks of as the probable limit of his stay in Seville, we shall find his sojourn in that beautiful city and its vicinity prolonged to more than a year.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY—WILKIE AND THE PAINTING OF ST. THOMAS—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT—QUARTERS AT MRS. STALKER'S—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT, AFTER RECEIVING HIS OPINION OF COLUMBUS—LETTER TO PRINCE DOLGOROUKI—CHARACTER OF THE ANDALUSIANS—THE CHURCHES RICH IN PAINTINGS—LETTER TO MADEMOISELLE BOLVILLER—THE ACCUMULATING DEBT OF CORRESPONDENCE—BULL FIGHTS, HIS NOTION OF—SEVILLE A RESIDENCE FOR A COURT—SAN JUAN DE ALFARACHE—RELICS OF MOORISH LABOR AND MOORISH TASTE.

I INTRODUCE a few extracts from his diary:

Friday, April 18th.—Went with Wilkie and Mr. ——, and a young gentleman of Lima to see the church of La Caridad—noble painting of Moses striking the rock—opposite, the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

Went into chapel of St. Thomas—saw St. Thomas, by ——, fine painting—much admired by Wilkie. [The artist for whose name Mr. Irving, when making his record, was evidently at a loss, was Zurbaran, who preceded Murillo; the painting, St. Thomas Aquinas. I have heard him speak of the impression it produced on Wilkie, who stood gazing at it for a long while in deep admiration, and then gave vent to his surprise at the early perfection of Spanish art: "And this they had before Murillo."]

Tuesday, April 22d.—Sat to Wilkie this morning for a

sketch of my portrait—go with him and Sig. —— to the library of the city—small collection—old friar very kind and attentive—likenesses of Murillo and Velasquez painted by themselves.

Wednesday, 23*d*.—Write letter to Mr. Everett—call on Wilkie, who finishes my portrait—dine with Gessler and Stoffregen at Mrs. Stalker's [an English boarding house].

I give the letter to Mr. Everett, which is in answer to one referring to a notice of Columbus from the London Times, and announcing his intention of preparing a review of the work for the North American, in which it appeared in the succeeding January.

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, April 23, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR:

* * * I am much obliged to you for the kind interest you express in my literary concerns, and am happy to find you intend to review my work, as I am sure it will meet with a fair and able criticism from your pen. Mr. Rich has enclosed me the review from the Times. I rather derive encouragement from it than otherwise. The great fault found by the critic is, that my work contains but little novelty of fact, the main body of information being already in existence in the works of Las Casas, Herrera, and Fernando Colon. He ought to have added Peter Martyr and the Curate de los Palacios. This is only to say what I have said myself in my preface, that the information relative to Columbus was scattered through a variety of works, and substantiates my assertion that a history combining all that had been related by different historians as well as the minor but very interesting facts existing in various docu-

ments recently discovered, was a desideratum in literature. What general reader will hunt up the various works I have mentioned, to obtain from them full information respecting Columbus and his voyages? yet unless he read them all he will be but partially informed on the subject.

The English reader hitherto has derived his information on this head almost exclusively from the notice of Columbus in Dr. Robertson's history; this, though admirably executed, is but a general outline. It occupies one hundred and twenty or thirty pages. I found a faithful narration of all that was likely to be interesting to the reader, particularly the American reader, would occupy at least one thousand. No one is more likely to be well informed on this subject than yourself, and I recollect in a conversation with you at the time I undertook the work you expressed your surprise that no complete history of Columbus was in existence.

If, therefore, as this critic says, my work is "elegantly and agreeably written," so as to form to those who learn the history of Columbus from it for the first time, "a most delightful production," I have in a great measure attained my end.

I have received much encouragement from various private letters, expressing the opinions of my correspondents themselves, and of others of note, particularly of Sir James Mackintosh, who has been very flattering in his eulogiums.

As to Murray, he sends me a verbal message by Mr. Rich, requesting alterations and corrections, instead of writing particularly to me on the subject. I have always foreseen that there would be many corrections required in the second edition, and would have been glad to have had any errors I had committed clearly pointed out that I might amend them.

* * * I have concluded to remain for the present at Seville, and will therefore be much obliged to you if you will forward to me the books sent by Mr. Murray, as I wish to make the necessary corrections as soon as possibe.

I will thank you to forward them by the first diligence, directed to me to the care of Don Miguel Walsh, the British Consul. If you will have the goodness to put the seal of the legation on them it will make the parcel more respected, as books are articles of violent suspicion in this country.

* * * In perusing my work, should you observe any faults which I might amend in the second edition, I would take it as an especial favor if you would point them out. My corrections will chiefly be confined to errors in facts, to repetitions or inaccuracies in language, &c. I have no idea of writing up any part of the work to a higher tone. It is generally labor lost to attempt to make a work better that has already made its impression on the public.

I have visited the archives of the Indias, and presented a letter of introduction to the chief. He tells me, however, that it is necessary to have an express order from the king before I can inspect the archives or make any extracts or copies. I wish very much to examine some documents prior to publishing the second edition of my work. Can you, without inconvenience in your intercouse at court *proporcionar* me an order of the kind?

Mr. Wilkie leaves Seville to-morrow in the diligence for Madrid, where he proposes to remain a week and then to continue on to Paris.

I have been much interested in visiting some of the masterpieces of the Spanish painters with him. His observations on paintings are full of maxims on the art, and of maxims that

apply to art generally. You will find a conversation with him on his return extremely gratifying, and he will feel a pleasure in conversing with you, for he entertains a very high opinion of you, as well as a grateful sense of the kind services you have rendered him.

Present my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Everett and Miss Louisa, and believe me, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Mr. Irving parted with Wilkie on the 24th of April, and soon after changed his lodgings from the Fonda de la Reyna to Mrs. Stalker's, where he remained during the months of May and June. Here he formed the acquaintance of John Nalder Hall, a young Englishman in delicate health, of whom mention will be made hereafter.

The letters which follow were addressed from these quarters.

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, May, 7, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR:

* * * I cannot tell you how gratified I am by the very favorable opinion you have expressed of my work. To tell you the truth, I stood in great awe of your opinion. I knew you to be more competent than most men to judge in the matter, and that you had a terribly keen searching eye in literature as well as politics. I can only say that since I read your letter my mind has been relieved from a thousand doubts and anxieties, and I have

enjoyed a tranquillity as to the ultimate success of my work, which none of the previous letters I had received from my friends has been able to produce.

I shall immediately set about the corrections for the second edition, which I perceive will be by no means so important as I had apprehended.

The hints of honest Rich will be of great service, and I shall feel greatly indebted to you if you will point out any that may occur to you in looking over the volumes in the course of your critical examination.

As to visiting the archives here, if it is a matter of such difficulty on the part of the government, I would not wish you to press it. I had supposed a simple application would have been sufficient. There are some documents concerning Columbus of which Mr. Navarrete has obtained copies, which he intends to publish in his third volume, and of which I have never been able to obtain a full sight at Madrid. I should have wished to get a sight of these, as I fear the third volume of Mr. Navarrete will be as long in making its appearance as the Jewish Messiah. It is not, however, a matter of much moment.

The documents are probably of greater importance in the eyes of Mr. Navarrete than they would be in the eyes of the public, and I believe I have already either ascertained or divined the substance of them. When Mr. Rich returns, he will probably be able to procure me a copy of Navarrete's third volume, if it is actually in the press. * * *

SEVILLE, May 18, 1828.

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI:

* * * You talk in your letters of the possibility of your paying Seville a visit. I fear you will defer it till after my

departure. The weather will soon be too hot to admit of your travelling so far to the south; and I question my remaining here until the cool autumnal months. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to ramble about Seville and its vicinity, in company with you. It is a place full of interest, both as it relates to works of art, and to the character of the place itself and its inhabitants.

The Andalusians are further removed from the rest of Europeans in their characteristics, than any of the people of Spain that I have seen. They belong more to Africa in many of their traits and habitudes; and when I am mingling among them in some of their old country towns, I can scarcely persuade myself that the expulsion of the Moors has been anything more than nominal.

Stoffregen has no doubt given you an account of a great cattle fair, which we visited a few leagues from Seville. When I was in the centre of this fair, with tents pitched around me, droves of cattle, and troops of horsemen in the Andalusian costume riding about the fields in every direction, I could scarce persuade myself that I was in Europe, and that it was not a wild, roving encampment of some predatory Arab army.

The churches here would furnish you with continual banquets. They are extremely rich in paintings, and, what gives the greatest zest to your enjoyment, is the idea that these paintings are but little known to the world at large. They are not like the great paintings of Italy, which have been admired and extolled and criticised, and written about, by every connoisseur, or would-be connoisseur, who has made the grand tour. A celebrated Italian painting is like the belle of a metropolis, who is so much admired and talked about that the imagina-

tion grows weary of her; she seems to grow stale and common both to eye and ear; but one of these Spanish masterpieces, in an obscure convent seldom visited by the foot of a traveller, is like a beauty in a country village, fresh and sweet from being rarely seen and stared at. For my part, I feel less interest in great belles or great paintings, which all the world know and admire, than I do in those out of the way beauties which one seems to have discovered. Indeed I carry this so far that I have two or three delicious little Murillos which I have found out in obscure and almost remote chapels or convents, and which I in a manner keep to myself. I carry on a kind of intrigue with them, visiting them quietly and alone; and I cannot tell you what delightful moments I pass in their company; enhanced by the idea of their being so private and retired. The moment a painting is drawn forth from its native chapel or convent, and introduced upon town in a public gallery, it loses half its charms with me; and as to those renowned "Virgins" who are visited by all the rabble rout of travellers, they are not ladies for my money.

May 21*st*.—You tell me you are studying the English again; are you really *studying it*, or only dipping into it occasionally, leaving intervals sufficient between your lessons to forget them. A few weeks' steady application would put you in complete possession of the language, and I should be delighted when next we meet to have a free medium of communication between us. I fear I shall never acquire sufficient fluency in the French to speak it with ease and pleasure. I always feel shackled in it, and cannot express all that I think, nor give any turn or coloring to my thoughts; and what is social intercourse when one has to struggle with such impediments? Do therefore study English a little for my sake,

and now and then take an extra lesson merely as an act of friendship.

You say you are in a state of warfare with Mademoiselle Antoinette; do not expect any aid or connivance on my part. I am her most faithful ally, and shall certainly take her part if you dare to advance beyond the Pruth. In the mean time, until I see hostilities actually commenced, I remain as ever, your assured friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Mademoiselle Bolviller, Madrid.*]

SEVILLE, May 28, 1828.

I have suffered some time to elapse, my dear Mademoiselle Antoinette, without replying to your charming letter, but I have had a long arrearage of letters to pay off to correspondents in Europe and America, and many lie by me yet unanswered. Oh! this continually accumulating debt of correspondence! It grows while we sleep, and recurs as fast as we can pay it off. Would that I had the turn and taste for letter writing of our friend the prince, to whom it seems a perfect delight; who, like an industrious spider, can sit in that little dark room and spin out a web of pleasant fancies from his own brain; or rather, to make a more gracious comparison, like a honey bee goes humming about the world, and when he has visited every flower, returns buzz—buzz—buzz to his little hive, and works all that he has collected into a perfect honeycomb of a letter. For my part, I know no greater delight than to receive letters; but the replying to them is a grievous tax upon my negligent nature. I sometimes think one of the great blessings we shall enjoy in heaven, will be to receive letters by every post and never be obliged to reply to them.

Do not think, however, that what I have said applies to my correspondence with you; or with that truly good boy, the prince. With me it is in letter writing as in conversation, I must feel a particular interest in a person to be able to acquit myself with any degree of attention and animation in either; but there are those with whom it is a real pleasure, both to converse and correspond. It is the number of uninteresting persons with whom one must keep up correspondence and conversation of mere civility that makes a toil of the common intercourse of life.

You tell me you have been at a bull fight, and that you have renounced all amusements of the kind forever. I should be much mistaken in the opinion I have formed of you, could you really relish those barbarous spectacles. Depend upon it, it is neither the better nor the braver parts of our nature that is gratified by them. There appears to me a mixture of cowardice and ferocity in looking on in selfish security and enjoying the perils and sufferings of others. The "divinity that dwells within us" has nothing to do with pleasures of the kind, they belong to our earthly, our gross and savage nature. I have sunk considerably in my own estimation since I have found I could derive gratification from these sights; I should have been grieved to find you as bad in this respect as myself.

I am sorry to hear that you are to pass your summer in Madrid and not to visit Aranjuez or La Granja. What a pity that the diplomatic circle should be doomed to the sterile monotony of that city of the desert; what a residence this Seville might be made for a court! Such a heavenly climate and delightful neighborhood; such fine rides, such pleasant country retreats, such water excursions on the Guadalquivir! I have visited some lovely places in the vicinity; and whenever

I find any situation peculiarly delicious, I am sure to find that it has been a favorite resort of those noble fellows, the Moors.

I made an excursion a few days since down the Guadalquivir to an old convent, called S. Juan de Alfarache, which is built among the ruins of a Moorish castle, and I dined at a country seat in the neighborhood, which had been the retreat of some Moorish family. You cannot imagine scenery more soft, graceful, luxuriant, and beautiful. These retreats are built along the side of a ridge of hills overlooking the fertile valley of the Guadalquivir, and the serpentine windings of that river, with Seville and its towers rising at a distance, and the Ronda mountains bounding the landscape. But consider all this ridge of hills and the valley immediately below you a perfect garden, filled with oranges, citrons, figs, grapes, pomegranates; hedged by the aloe and the Indian fig in blossom; the whole country covered with flowers, such as in other countries are raised in hothouses, but here growing wild; for the very weeds are flowers and aromatic plants. Fancy all this lovely landscape rendered fresh and sweet by recent showers, the soft air loaded with fragrance and the hum of bees on every side, and the songs of thousands of nightingales reminding you of spring time and the season of flowers.

In these country seats one continually meets with the relics of Moorish labor and Moorish taste; channels cut into the sides of the hills, through the living rock, in search of choice springs of cold and delicate water, and basins and fountains to collect it and to cool the courts and halls of the mansions.

The pleasantest excursion, however, that I have made from Seville was to Alcala de la Guadayra. It is situated on the

Guadayra, a beautiful little winding stream that throws itself into the Guadalquivir near to Seville. At Alcala there are noble remains of an immense Moorish castle, the towers and walls in fine preservation.

Nothing can be more charming than the windings of the little river among banks hanging with gardens and orchards of all kinds of delicate southern fruits, and tufted with flowers and aromatic plants. The nightingales throng this lovely little valley as numerously as they do the gardens of Aranjuez. Every bend of the river presents a new landscape, for it is beset by old Moorish mills of the most picturesque forms; each mill having an embattled tower—a memento of the valiant tenure by which those gallant fellows, the Moors, held this earthly paradise, having to be ready at all times for war, and as it were to work with one hand and fight with the other. It is impossible to travel about Andalusia and not imbibe a kind feeling for those Moors. They deserved this beautiful country. They won it bravely; they enjoyed it generously and kindly. No lover ever delighted more to cherish and adorn a mistress, to heighten and illustrate her charms, and to vindicate and defend her against all the world than did the Moors to embellish, enrich, elevate, and defend their beloved Spain. Everywhere I meet traces of their sagacity, courage, urbanity, high poetical feeling, and elegant taste. The noblest institutions in this part of Spain, the best inventions for comfortable and agreeable living, and all those habitudes and customs which throw a peculiar and oriental charm over the Andalusian mode of living may be traced to the Moors. Whenever I enter these beautiful marble patios, set out with shrubs and flowers, refreshed by fountains, sheltered with awnings from the sun; where the air is cool at noonday, the ear delighted in sultry summer by

the sound of falling water; where, in a word, a little paradise is shut up within the walls of home; I think on the poor Moors, the inventors of all these delights. I am at times almost ready to join in sentiment with a worthy friend and countryman of mine whom I met in Malaga, who swears the Moors are the only people that ever deserved the country, and prays to heaven they may come over from Africa and conquer it again.

You promise to give me the news of the gay world of Madrid. I shall be delighted to receive it from you, but you need not go out of the walls of your own house to find subjects full of interest for me. Let me have all the news you can of your domestic circle; you have a world within yourselves; at least it was all the world to me while at Madrid. Stoffregen, I presume, is like Sinbad when he returned from his voyages, he has so much to relate. The prince talks something of coming to Seville. Is there any probability of it? I should mark the day of his arrival with a white stone, and would be delighted to be his cicerone.

Tell me everything about the children. I suppose the discreet princess will soon consider it an indignity to be ranked among the number. I am told she is growing with might and main, and is determined not to stop until she is a woman outright. I would give all the money in my pocket to be with those dear little women at the round table in the saloon, or on the grassplot in the garden, to tell them some marvellous tales.

Give my kind remembrances to Mr. and Madame D'Oubril and to all the household, large and small. I hope Mademoiselle Constance keeps her little flock in order, and that Madame Agnes has as great command as ever over the little sons. Tell

my little Marie I kiss her hand and hold myself her loyal and devoted knight. If she wishes at any time the head of a giant or the tail of a fiery dragon, she has but to call upon me. My arm and my court sword are always at her command.

With the greatest regard, your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XIX.

REMOVES TO A COTTAGE IN THE VICINITY OF SEVILLE—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT—LETTER TO MADEMOISELLE BOLVILLER—THE QUIET AND COMFORT OF HIS NEW QUARTERS—THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE—LETTER TO PRINCE DOLGOROUKI—IMPRESSIONS OF SPANISH BEAUTY—ADVICE—WILKIE—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT RESPECTING COLUMBUS—LETTER TO PETER IRVING—CONQUEST OF GRANADA—ARRANGEMENT WITH CAREY—JOURNEY TO PALOS—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT, IN REPLY TO ONE ANNOUNCING THE KING'S PERMISSION TO HIM TO INSPECT THE ARCHIVES OF THE INDIAS, AND GIVING HIM AN EXTRACT FROM HIS CRITIQUE ON COLUMBUS.

ON the first of July, Mr. Irving removed with John Nalder Hall, the young Englishman in delicate health, who had been his fellow lodger at Mrs. Stalker's, to a cottage in the vicinity of Seville, where he passed six weeks, occupied upon the Conquest of Granada and a second edition of Columbus. This cottage was enclosed by a high wall, and at sunset the keeper shut the gates and locked them in for the night. Occasionally the gates were closed also upon some suspicious looking horsemen, who would come and go mysteriously, and to whom the keeper would appear to be giving harbor for the night.

The record in his diary of the second day's sojourn,

would seem to mark their lonely abode for an ominous vicinity.

Wednesday, July 2d.—At Casa de Cera—write at Granada—evening go out with Hall who rides while I walk—make a tour by the river Guadayra—old Moorish mill—bridge near by, with cross on it of murdered traveller.

It was from this cottage, in which they hoped to get through the hot season better than they should at Seville, that the following letters were addressed.

In the second, which has more or less bearing upon his personal and literary life, will be found a description of these new quarters, for which he had exchanged his English boarding house in Seville, and an allusion to the companion who shared them with him.

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

Seville, July 11, 1828.

My dear Sir:

* * * I am so much out of the world here that I hear nothing. A newspaper three or four weeks old is full of intelligence to me, and quite fresh in its contents.

I have corrected my work on Columbus for a second edition, as far as I have the means of doing so. Mr. Rich writes me word that Mr. Navarrete says his third volume will contain some curious matter for my second edition. * * I am told his work will not appear until September, and I presume we may allow a still more remote date in consequence of the customary delays in this country. I cannot defer the pub-

lication of the second edition for such an indefinite period. I believe the most material facts Mr. Navarrete alludes to are drawn from the papers of the pleito, between the heirs of Christopher Columbus and the Spanish crown. Should you have occasion to see Mr. Salmon in the course of your official transactions, I should take it as a kindness if you would procure me an order to inspect the papers and documents "in the pleito between the Admiral Don Diego Colon and the fiscal of the crown, *and any other papers that may relate to the history of Christopher Columbus.*" The part of the request underlined you may omit should it cause any difficulty. I believe an order will readily be granted for any specific documents. The difficulty only is with respect to general requests to search the archives. I find great kindness and attention here among the people of the cathedral and its librarians. In the course of my rummaging, I have come by chance upon a work on Cosmography, &c., by the Cardinal Pedro Alideo, which is cited by Las Casas as having been several times in his hands, and full of marginal notes by Columbus and his brother, the Adelantado. I found the precise work, with all the marginal notes, mostly in Latin, remarkably neatly written. It is curious in the extreme, as containing relations, &c., of Columbus, of various things bearing upon his theory, and written prior to the discovery. None of the people of the library knew of its being the handwriting of Columbus; or, indeed, seemed to attach any particular value to the book until I made them sensible of it. What a prize this would have been for friend Rich.

[*To Mademoiselle Bolviller, Madrid.*]

SEVILLE, July 20, 1828.

I ought to make you many excuses, my dear Mademoiselle Antoinette, for suffering so long a time to elapse without

writing, but the weather set in exceedingly hot, and for a time seemed to incapacitate me for every mental exertion, and I afterwards became unsettled in all my customary habits by a change of residence, having taken up my quarters in a cottage about half a league from Seville. I shall now endeavor to get myself "*en train.*" From what I have written to you about scenes in Andalusia I find you have taken an idea that this is a most lovely and most wonderful country; but you must recollect I only speak of particular places. The general appearance of Andalusian plains, for a great part of the year, is cheerless and sunburnt, from the heat of the climate and the want of trees, that prevalent defect in Spanish scenery. The cottage in which I am residing looks out over an immense plain, called the "Tablada," which is now completely parched, and the air from it as warm as the vapor of a furnace. No trees are to be seen, except at a great distance a few plantations of olives—those wretched groves, which to my eye make a landscape still more arid. The great comfort of the cottage is a little garden behind it full of orange and citron trees, with a porch overhung with grape vines and jessamines. I have taken up my quarters here with a young English gentleman, who is in a critical state of health from having broken a blood vessel. The place suits me from its uninterrupted quiet. The mornings and evenings are cool from the prevalence of the sea breezes, and the nights are delicious. I pass my time here, therefore, completely undisturbed, having no visits either to pay or to receive; with a horse to ride about the plain for exercise, or to take me to Seville when I wish to visit the library. It is a long time since I have been so tranquil, so completely insulated, so freed from the noises and distractions of the town, and I cannot tell you how much I relish it. There is a quiet

and deep enjoyment in sitting out in the air in the still serenity of the country, and passing one of these balmy summer nights in gazing at the stars. They have the purity and splendor in this clear atmosphere which I have witnessed nowhere else save in my own country. Though within only two miles of Seville, the landscape is as solitary as it would be at fifty miles' distance from a town in any other country; and nothing reminds one of the vicinity at night but the deep chimes of the cathedral bells, which are rich and melodious in their tones, and have a magnificent sound as heard across the plain. When I get for a time in the country, even in this comfortless and melancholy country of Spain, I feel such a tranquillity of the spirits, such a cessation of all those agitations and petty cares that perplex me in town, that I wonder at having passed so much of my life in scenes in which I take so little relish, and to which I feel myself so little adapted. We are great cheats to ourselves, and defraud ourselves out of a great portion of this our petty term of existence, filling it up with idle ceremonies and irksome occupations and unnecessary cares. By dint of passing our time in the distractions of a continual succession of society, we lose all intimacy with what ought to be our best and most cherished society, *ourselves.* And by fixing our attention on the vapid amusements and paltry splendors of a town, we lose all perceptions of the serene and elevating pleasures and the magnificent spectacles presented us by nature. What *soirée* in Madrid could repay me for a calm, delicious evening passed here among the old trees of the garden, in untroubled thought or unbroken reverie—or what splendor of ballroom, or court itself, can equal the glory of sunset, or the serene magnificence of the moon and stars shining so clearly above me. * * *

21*st*.—I have been dwelling most extravagantly, you will think, upon the charms of country life, and yet the deep chimes of the cathedral bells which throw such a solemn charm over the solitary plain in the evenings, seem to claim some testimony in favor of that noble building. If ever you come to Seville, be sure to visit its glorious cathedral. That, however, you will be sure to do; your good taste will not suffer you to keep away, but visit it more than once; visit it in the evenings, when the last rays of the sun, or rather the last glimmer of the daylight, is shining through its painted windows. Visit it at night, when its various chapels are partially lighted up, its immense aisles are dimly illuminated by their rows of silver lamps, and when mass is preparing amidst gleams of gold and clouds of incense at its high altar. Visit it at those times, and, if possible, go alone, or with as few gay ladies and gentlemen as possible, for they are the worst kind of companions for a cathedral. I do not think altogether I have ever been equally delighted with any building of the kind. It is so majestic, ample, and complete; so sumptuous in all its appointments, and noble and august in its ceremonies. It is near the house where I lodged when in Seville, and was my daily resort. Indeed, I often visited it more than once in the course of the day. It is delightful to me to have a grand and solemn building of the kind near to me in a city. It is a resort where one gets rid of the noise, and nonsense, and littleness of the petty world around one, and can call up in some degree (though after all but slightly) a glow of solemn and poetical feeling; the most difficult of all sentiments to be summoned up in a city.

A quiet saunter about a cathedral, particularly towards the evening, when the shades are deeper and the light of the

painted windows more dim and vague, has the effect upon me of a walk in one of our great American forests. I cannot compare the scenes, but their sublime and solitary features produce the same dilation of the heart and swelling of the spirit, the same aspiring and longing after something exalted and indefinite; something—I know not what, but something which I feel this world cannot give me. When my eye follows up these great clustering columns until lost in the obscurity of the lofty and spacious vaults, I feel as I have done when gazing up along the trunks of our mighty trees that have stood for ages, and tracing them out to the topmost branches which tower out of the brown forest into the deep blue sky—my thoughts and feelings seem carried up with them until they expand and are lost in the immensity. I find I am running into very long tirades in this letter, and am spinning out thoughts for the want of facts to relate. But I have no domestic gossip nor the chit-chat of a circle of acquaintances to communicate, which are the lively and interesting materials for a letter; you must excuse, therefore, my prosing. Give my love to all my dear little friends of the round table, from the discreet princess down to the little blue-eyed boy. Tell *la petite Marie* that I still remain true to her, though surrounded by all the beauties of Seville, and that I swear (but this she must keep between ourselves) that there is not a little woman to compare with her in all Andalusia. With my kindest remembrances to Mons. and Madame D'Oubril, and to my good friend, Mlle. Constance, I am, my dear friend, very truly yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SEVILLE, July 21, 1828.

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI:

I find if one would not be forgotten by one's friends it is necessary to keep up a regular epistolary fire; but what novelty can I furnish, vegetating as I do in the midst of a sunburnt Andalusian plain, to you, surrounded by the bustle of a diplomatic life and the gayety and gossip of a capital? What can I tell you of Seville that you have not heard a thousand times? I know nothing of its inhabitants, for I have not mingled with them. As to the famed beauty of its women, I am inclined to set it down as one of those traditional things that has commenced in fact, and been handed down from age to age, and from traveller to traveller, though it has long since become a falsehood. There are beautiful women in Seville as (God be praised for all His mercies) there are in all other great cities; but do not, my worthy and inquiring friend, do not come to Seville as I did, expecting a perfect beauty to be staring you in the face at every turn, or you will be awfully disappointed. Andalusia, generally speaking, derives its renown for the beauty of its women and the beauty of its landscapes, from the rare and captivating charms of individuals. The generality of its female faces are as sunburnt and void of bloom and freshness as its plains. I am convinced, the great fascination of Spanish women arises from their natural talent, their fire and soul, which beam through their dark and flashing eyes, and kindle up their whole countenance in the course of an interesting conversation. As I have but few opportunities of judging of them in this way, I can only criticise them with the eye of a sauntering observer. It is like judging of a fountain when it is not in play, or a fire when it lies dormant and neither flames nor sparkles. After all it is the divinity *within* which makes the

divinity *without;* and I have been more fascinated by a woman of talent and intelligence, though deficient in personal charms, than I have been by the most regular beauty.

I presume your secretaryship * multiplies your labors, and with your usual *Duende* habits keeps you in a continual bustle. You repine at times at the futility of the gay and great world about you. The world is pretty much what we make it; and it will be filled up with nullities and trifles if we suffer them to occupy our attention. My dear Prince—I ask pardon—my dear Dolgorouki—you have everything before you, and heaven has given you talents to shape and mould this gay chaos to your own purposes if you will but set about it rightly. Fix your attention on noble objects and noble purposes, and sacrifice all temporary and trivial things to their attainment. Consider everything not as to its present importance and effect, but with relation to what it is to produce some time hence. If a pursuit—whether it is to lead to a valuable accomplishment, to add to your stock of serviceable knowledge, to increase your intellectual means, and give future dignity to your name. In society, let what is merely amusing occupy but the waste moments of your leisure and the mere surface of your thoughts; cultivate such intimacies only as may ripen into lasting friendships, or furnish your memory with valuable recollections. Above all, mark *one line* in which to excel, and bend all your thoughts and exertions to rise to eminence or rather to advance towards perfection in that *line.* In this way you will find your views gradually converging towards one point, instead of being distracted by a thousand objects. You will be surprised how

* The Prince, before an Attaché, was now Secretary of Legation to the Russian embassy.

soon you will become disentangled from the thousand petty cares, and petty pleasures, and petty troubles that are now spun round you like spiders' webs, and you will be surprised also to find how full of really great objects the world is around you, but which you were prevented from seeing by the intruding trifles *at the end of your nose.*

Have you heard from Wilkie since his arrival in London? I am extremely anxious to know how he finds himself after his return in his own native country, and how his late paintings are relished by his countrymen. I saw lately the portrait he made of a little girl after his return to Madrid; it was sent here to be forwarded to London. When I recollect how slowly he used to work and how laboriously to finish, I am astonished to perceive the facility with which he has adopted so opposite a manner. I think he has gained greatly in the freedom of his pencil and the general effect of his paintings.

You once offered me a Spanish work, entitled, I think, *El origen de los Indias.* I am just now engaged in some researches in which I wish to consult it, but cannot procure it in this place. If you have an opportunity, I wish you would send it to me, and I will return it when I have done with it.

I regret extremely that there is no likelihood of your visiting Seville while I am here. * * * The chances of my return to Madrid are very slight, yet I cannot endure the idea that I am to leave Spain without seeing anything more of any of your household. But to return to Madrid would interfere with all my plans, and throw me again into the midst of friendly connections from which it would cost me painful exertions again to tear myself. * * *

Farewell, my dear Dolgorouki. Your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, July 31, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR :–

* * * I feel much obliged to you for your kindness in repeating to me the favorable things which have been said of my work. I am almost entirely out of the way of hearing any thing here. There is one fact in my history which I have not seen pointed out, but which I think places the character of Columbus and his enterprises in a different light from that in which I had previously contemplated them; it is his advanced age. Muñoz, and I think Robertson, had made him born about 1445 or '6. I make him about ten years older; a fact established by the authority of the curate of Los Palacios, his friend and host, and corroborated by various other circumstances in his life and his letters. It is singular that the passage in the manuscript of the curate of Los Palacios should have been overlooked by the historians who had it in their hands. I think all the actions of Columbus, his perseverance, his fortitude, his undaunted enterprises, receive wonderful additional force from his advanced age.

I find Mr. Sparks is in London, prosecuting his researches and endeavoring to bargain with Murray for his correspondence, &c., of Washington, though, according to Aspinwall, Murray fights rather shy; being deterred by the size of the work. He cannot fail to make a valuable speculation as well as a very interesting work of it.

I observe from your letter that Murray has not written to you on the subject of your work. I do not wonder at it. He is the most negligent man in his correspondence (for a man of business) that I ever had any dealings with. I have felt extremely vexed at times, until I found that he was so to everybody.

The work of Mr. Everett, here alluded to, was entitled "America; or, A General Survey of the Political Situation of the several Powers of the Western Continent, with Conjectures upon their future Prospects," which Murray had engaged to publish, and which was published by him before the close of the year.

The arrangement with Messrs. Carey, Lea & Carey of Philadelphia, alluded to in the following letter, was an assignment of the right of publishing four of his works—Knickerbocker's History of New York, the Sketch Book, Bracebridge Hall, and the Tales of a Traveller, for seven years at $600 a year—an arrangement already referred to on a previous page.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

SEVILLE, August 2, 1828.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

* * * I have been hard at work, notwithstanding the heat of the weather. The corrections of Columbus have cost me more time and labor than I had anticipated, for when I once begin to alter and correct, I know not when to finish. I have completed them, however, and shall send off the books by the first opportunity.

I am working at the Chronicle of Agapida, and am getting the part that I have finished copied; but this last is slow business, and will cause some delay. I trust, however, to get it ready for the fall season. My chief fear of the work is that there will be found to be too much in it of the same kind of thing—that it may prove monotonous, and in some parts

heavy. I shall work it up, however, as much as possible, and endeavor to lighten it where it is *weighty*. * * *

The letters from E. Irving are very satisfactory. I am glad he has made the arrangement with Carey, as it will probably be more profitable, and it will certainly relieve him from a vast deal of trouble. The works also will be put into wider and more active circulation. As to money matters, I feel quite easy at present in respect to them. I have no great care to make much money; my only wish is to be placed out of the reach of embarrassment, and I feel confident now that we shall neither of us have any further perplexity or trouble on this head.

Nine days after the date of the preceding letter, Mr. Irving set out in a calesa, on a rough journey to Palos, fourteen leagues distant, whence the little squadron of Columbus made sail for the new world. He gave to the public an interesting sketch of this visit in the Appendix to the second edition of Columbus, and the reader will also find some allusion to it in the following letter to Mr. Everett, which is in reply to one from that gentleman, enclosing a letter from Mr. Salmon, the Secretary of State, announcing the king's permission for him to inspect the archives of the Indias, and giving him an extract from a critique on Columbus, which he was preparing for the North American Review.

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, August 20, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 12th inst. has made me most deeply and irretrievably your debtor. I thank you a thousand times for your persevering kindness in procuring me the royal permission to inspect the archives of the Indias; and I cannot but feel gratified by the very handsome manner in which it was communicated to you by the prime minister. I believe the keeper of the archives had not received the order, but the moment he read the letter of Mr. Salmon, he put everything at my disposition, and he and his colleagues have shown me the most particular and unremitted attentions whenever I have visited the archives since. I find nothing relative to Columbus that has not been published by Navarrete, excepting the documents in the lawsuit between the heirs of Columbus and the Fiscal, from which I have made some minutes.

You are the best judge of the propriety of presenting a copy of my work to the king, and I will thank you to do as you think proper in the business. I should have felt diffident of such a thing, as savoring of the vanity of authorship, had the idea originated with myself, but I have no hesitation when sanctioned by your advice. I beg you will also express to Mr. Salmon how much I feel indebted to him for his repeated courtesies.

The extract from your critique on Columbus is so exceedingly flattering, that it quite agitates me. If I thought I could really merit the extent of your encomiums! yet they are opinions which you are deliberately giving to the press, and I know you do not commit your judgment lightly or rashly. * * *

I regret that I shall be deprived for a considerable time of

the benefit of your general criticism on my writings, for I perceive there must be much in your critique that would be extremely valuable to me, in the daily exercise of my pen. The high eulogium with which it concludes is extremely exhilarating to cheer me forward, but your particular remarks and occasional censures would let me know where to put down my feet. * * *

Last week I made a journey to Palos, to visit the place from whence Columbus sailed on his first voyage of discovery. The journey was rather rough, and I had to put up with the usual evils of Spanish posadas, but I was extremely gratified. I had a letter to one of the descendants of the Pinzons, a most respectable and pleasant old gentleman, seventy-two years of age, healthful, cheerful, and active. He entertained me with great hospitality, made me acquainted with his family connection, and accompanied me to every place memorable in the history of the expedition. The Pinzon family is still numerous and apparently flourishing, and ever since the time of Columbus has continued in the neighborhood, principally at Moguer, where the best houses are occupied by members of the family, and they, for centuries, have filled the posts of trust and dignity of the little city. I visited Palos, the convent of La Rabida, the church at which Columbus read the order for the caravals, the church where he watched and prayed all night after his return, according to a vow which he had made in a storm at sea; in short, I sought everything that had any connection with him and his history. * * *

CHAPTER XX.

CHANGE OF QUARTERS TO PORT ST. MARY—EXTRACTS FROM LETTER TO PETER—TRANSMITS SAMPLE OF CONQUEST OF GRANADA TO LONDON—SENDS OFF CORRECTED EDITIONS OF COLUMBUS TO ENGLAND AND AMERICA—LITERARY PLANS—LONGING TO RETURN TO AMERICA—EXTRACTS FROM DIARY—REMOVAL FROM THE CERILLO TO THE CARACOL—BUSY ON VASCO NUÑEZ—EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO PRINCE DOLGOROUKI—LETTER TO EBENEZER IRVING—SENDS MSS. OF THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA—MURRAY'S OFFER TO HIM TO CONDUCT A MAGAZINE, AND TO WRITE FOR THE QUARTERLY—REPUGNANCE TO THE PROPOSAL—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT, NOTICING MURRAY'S OFFER—CONQUEST OF GRANADA AS AN HISTORICAL PRODUCTION—EXTRACT OF LETTER TO PRINCE DOLGOROUKI ON THE SUBJECT.

FINDING the heat too great at their cottage on the sunburnt "tablada" of Seville, Mr. Irving and Mr. Hall removed to a little country seat about three quarters of a mile from the town of St Mary, about eight miles from Cadiz, on the opposite side of the Bay.

It stands on a hill, [writes Washington to his brother Peter, Sept. 2, the day after they had taken possession], commanding an extensive prospect of sea and land, with Cadiz and its beautiful bay on one side and the distant mountains of Ronda on another.

The letter continues:

I have just sent off to the steamboat Duke of York, which sails immediately for England, a part of the MS. of the Conquest of Granada, and shall forward the residue as fast as I can get it copied—which is in truth but slowly. I have sent about half of the first volume; a full and favorable sample of the work, and have authorized Col. Aspinwall to dispose of it to Murray, or to any other leading and respectable bookseller for 2,000 guineas, or as near that sum as he can get. I should have preferred waiting until the whole manuscript was completely copied, that I might have given it a careful revision in its entire state, but the delays of the copiers are so intolerable that I was in danger of losing the season. * * *

I have sent off my corrected editions of Columbus to England and America, but, in consequence of my visit to Palos, and my inspection of some documents in the archives of the Indias, I shall have to make a few corrections, which I must forward by letter.

I shall remain here until the end of September, perhaps a little longer, and think I may then pay another visit to Seville, to look into the archives of the Indias. Mr. Everett procured me the royal permission to inspect the archives of the Indias, but it did not arrive until about a week before I left Seville, when the weather was so hot that it was almost impossible to do anything.

I shall remain some little time longer in Spain, until I can get more manuscript in sufficient train to ensure its completion hereafter without difficulty—the getting up the work on Granada and the correcting of Columbus have hitherto engrossed me, and may occupy me some little time longer; after which I will endeavor to arrange other things, so as to be beyond the reach of chance or change of mind. I have quiet and leisure

here to work, and with a little assiduity may make ample provision for all future wants; but when I once leave Spain, I fear I shall for a long time be unsettled and incapable of working. I am haunted by an incessant and increasing desire to visit America, and if I once get in motion it is a chance if I come to anchor again until I find myself at New York. I will endeavor, therefore, to provide against the possibility of such restlessness.

I give a few extracts from his diary, commencing the third day after he and Mr. Hall had taken possession of Cerillo, the country seat about a mile from Port St. Mary, before mentioned.

Wednesday, Sept. 3d.—Rewrite article about Martin Alonzo Pinzon in the illustrations of Columbus.

Saturday 6th.—Finish articles about Pinzon—write one in a letter to Murray—inclose the others in letters to Murray and E. I.—evening write introduction to History of Granada.

Monday 8th.—Go to Cadiz—two and a half hours crossing—write to E. I.—send letter *via* Gibraltar, containing corrections for Columbus—leave with Mr. Burton [the American consul] MS. of the first half volume of Granada, to be sent to E. I.

Wednesday 10th.—Incapable of working—walk out with Mr. Hall—latter on horseback—walk to seaside—bathe near an old tower—in the afternoon walk to town.

Thursday 11th.—Find the persons of Mr. Crowley's house are coming out to take refuge in the Cerillo, through fear of the fever—cross to Cadiz to consult with Mr. Burton what course to take, as we must leave the Cerillo, and the country is

alarmed by reports of fever in Gibraltar, and cordons are drawing in various places.

Friday 12*th.*—Make preparations to return to Seville—learn that the steamboats are not permitted to come from Seville—our retreat in that direction cut off.

Saturday 13*th.*—Seeking for a house in the country.

Monday 15*th.*—Agree to take the Caracol at about $15 a month, partly furnished—move there this afternoon—[This little retreat was a short distance from Port St. Mary, and commanded a fine view of the bay and city of Cadiz—Here Hall was destined to find his end.]

Saturday 20*th.*—For several days past busy myself copying Conquest of Granada.

Wednesday 24*th.*—Read MS. of various things to Hall—cannot work—evening write letter to Mlle. Bolviller—give account of visit to Palos.

Sunday 28*th.*—Begin MS. of Vasco Nuñez—write but little.

Monday 29*th.*—Write all day at Vasco Nuñez.

October 2*d.*—Vasco Nuñez all day—write till 1 o'clock at night—[Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, one of the companions of Columbus.]

The same day he addresses a letter to Dolgorouki, giving some interesting particulars respecting Wilkie and himself, of which I have space only for the following extract:

I have received a long letter from Murray, and a very gratifying one. The first edition of Columbus was nearly exhausted, and he was waiting for my corrected copy to put a new edition

to the press. The sale continues excellent and steady, and he appears to be very well satisfied. He has purchased from Wilkie the sketch he made of my likeness, which he means to have engraved in the best line manner for the new edition. I have sent part of the manuscript of a new work to London for publication; if it meets with ready acceptance from the publishers, I will talk more to you about it. I never feel very sanguine about a work I have just finished. I can think of nothing but its faults.

Gessler is as happy as a man in love and not married can be. He is full of the bustle of furnishing a house to which to conduct his bride when the Great Autocrat of all the Russias shall have time to think about the matter and give his consent. The Pope has already given his holy sanction. It is a sublime thing for a man to have to gain the consent of these two great spiritual and temporal potentates before he can kiss his bride. It is really, according to the old saying, "moving heaven and earth" to effect his purposes.

I am staying at a small country seat called the Caracol, just outside of Port St. Mary's, and commanding a fine view of the bay and city of Cadiz. Here I live quite out of the world; my principal walk is on the terrace roof of the house, and I rarely receive a visit or pay one, but amuse myself reading and scribbling.

[*To Ebenezer Irving.*]

PORT ST. MARY'S, Oct. 16, 1828.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

By the ship Florida, Capt. Trip, about to sail from Cadiz for New York, I send you the greater part (if not all) of the manuscript of my new work, The Conquest of Granada. It will make about a thousand pages of the Sketch Book size.

I wish you to sell the work to Carey, Lea & Carey; that is to say, sell them the right of publishing an edition of a certain number of copies. They offered me terms in a letter received some time since, but which I have not at hand. In case I published a work like the Sketch Book or Bracebridge Hall, they offered specific sums for the right of publishing 3,000 or 4,000 copies, or for the copyright.* * * * * *

Murray writes me word that he intends to publish a popular edition of Columbus—that is to say, one in a duodecimo form. He seems to be highly gratified by the success of the work. I think it probable an edition of the same size would answer in America. However, you had better bargain with Carey for the right of publishing that work also. It is not worth while giving yourself trouble and perplexity for the sake of making a little more profit. The works will be profitable enough for my wants. Let the booksellers find them advantageous works for their trade. The last letter I have received from Murray is the best critique I have ever had as to my general reputation with the public. He is about to set up a monthly magazine, free from any political or party bias, purely literary and scientific. He has offered me a thousand pounds a year to conduct it, besides paying me liberally for any articles I might contribute to it. In fact, the salary and other offers for casual writing would ensure me at least seven thousand dollars a year, besides what I might make by works published independently. I have declined his offer, principally because I will not bind

* The American copyright of the Conquest of Granada was sold to Messrs. Carey & Co., of Philadelphia, by the brother to whom this letter is addressed, for five years, for $4,750, payable in 2, 4, 8, 12, and 18 months from the day of publication.

myself to any undertaking, however lucrative, that would oblige me to fix my residence out of America. I trust after this you will believe me sincere in my inclination and intention to return home. The offer, however, is highly flattering, considering that Murrray has the best talent of England at his command.

The entry in Mr. Irving's memorandum book, four days prior to the date of the foregoing extract, is as follows:

October 12.—Receive letter from Murray; offers £1,000 a year to conduct a monthly magazine, and to pay liberally besides for any original articles I may insert; offers one hundred guineas an article for contributions for the Quarterly Review.

The letter just given does not notice this last part of Murray's proposition, but in a communication to Peter, which includes an allusion to the entire offer, he says: "As for the Review itself" [the Quarterly], "it has always been so hostile to our country, I cannot draw a pen in its service."

It is a noteworthy fact in this connection, that it was afterwards made matter of opprobrium against him, that he was a *frequent* contributor to the London Quarterly, at a time when that periodical was distinguished for its hostility to the United States. But of this I may speak hereafter.

The following letter, among other matters of literary interest, also touches upon Murray's offer of 100

guineas an article for contributions to the London Quarterly.

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

PUERTO STA. MARIA, Oct. 21, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR:

* * * I have had two letters from Murray lately, in which he seems disposed to make up for past neglect. He is about putting a new edition of Columbus to press, and is eager for all kinds of graphical illustrations, fac-similes, &c., that can be procured for love or money. Had he written this some time since, I could have procured him something of the kind; now it will be difficult. He wishes also similar illustrations for a Life of Cervantes that Mr. Lockhart is writing, and wishes me to employ any competent person to take fac-similes of letters, unpublished poems, drawings of Cervantes' house, apartment, &c., giving me a *carte blanche* as to expense. Do you know if anything of the kind is to be had?

Murray has offered me a thousand pounds a year to conduct a periodical magazine he is about setting up, to be devoted entirely to literature and the arts, without the least mixture of politics or personality, and to pay me liberally besides for any articles I may contribute to it. I have declined, as I do not wish to engage in any undertaking that would oblige me to fix my residence out of America; and, indeed, I am unwilling to shackle myself with any periodical labor. He also offers me a hundred guineas an article for contributions to the Quarterly. This is extremely liberal, but, unfortunately, his review has been so hostile to our country, that I cannot think of writing a line for it. Had it been otherwise, I could hardly have resisted such a temptation. Since my tour in the old kingdom of

Granada, I have finished and transmitted a work for publication on the subject of the Conquest by Ferdinand and Isabella. I collected materials for it about two years since, having been struck with the subject while writing the Life of Columbus. My brother assisted me in my researches, but after I had roughly thrown it into form, I felt distrust on the subject, and let it lie. My tour reassured me, and I took it up resolutely at Seville, and worked it into regular form. Col. Aspinwall, to whom I remitted the first part some weeks since, appears highly pleased with it, and has put it in Murray's hands, from whom I await a reply. It is in the form of a Chronicle, made up from all the old Spanish historians I could lay my hands on, colored and tinted by the imagination so as to have a romantic air, without destroying the historical basis or the chronological order of events. I fancy it is as near the truth as any of the chronicles from which it is digested, and has the advantage of containing the striking facts and achievements, true or false, of them all. Of course it will have no pretensions as a grave historical production, or a work of authority, but I cannot help thinking it will present a lively picture of the war, and one somewhat characteristic of the times, so much of the materials having been drawn from contemporary historians.

I have been residing for some weeks in the country in the neighborhood of Port St. Mary's, and I had intended to proceed to Gibraltar, but the fever prevented me. I expect to leave this before long to return to Seville. * * *

Can you give me any idea how the Presidential election is like to be determined? I have had no intelligence on the subject for a long while. * * *

In a letter of a later date (Dec. 13), Mr. Irving

writes of the Conquest of Granada to Prince Dolgorouki as follows:

The work which I forwarded to England for publication some time since, is on the subject of the Conquest of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella. It is a kind of Chronicle, made up from all the old chronicles and histories, printed or in manuscript, that I could meet with. I have introduced nothing that is not founded on historical authority, but I have used a little freedom of pencil in the coloring, grouping, &c., &c., and have brought out characters and incidents in stronger relief than they are to be met with in the old histories. Notwithstanding these liberties (which are intended to give it a romantic charm), I really believe the work will contain a fuller and more characteristic account of that remarkable war than is to be found elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE AUTHOR RETURNS TO SEVILLE TO MAKE RESEARCHES IN LIBRARIES—HEARS OF A THREATENED ABRIDGMENT OF COLUMBUS—RESOLVES UPON AN EPITOME HIMSELF—A RAPID OPERATION—LETTER TO PETER ON THE SUBJECT—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT RESPECTING SOME POINTS IN THE HISTORY OF COLUMBUS—HIS IMPRESSION OF THE ABRIDGMENT AS A LITERARY COMPOSITION—ABRIDGMENT GIVEN GRATUITOUSLY TO MURRAY—SENDS COPY TO AMERICA—BARGAIN WITH THE CARVILLS FOR SECOND EDITION OF COLUMBUS AND THE ABRIDGMENT—RECEIVES TIDINGS OF THE DEATH OF HALL—LETTER TO A RELATIVE ON THE SUBJECT—PASSAGE RESPECTING HIM FROM A LETTER TO BREVOORT—ANECDOTE OF INVOCATION—LOCKHART AND COLERIDGE'S OPINIONS OF CONQUEST OF GRANADA—BARGAIN WITH MURRAY FOR IT—LETTER TO PETER ON THE SUBJECT—MEDITATES ARTICLE FOR A CHRISTMAS WORK OF ALLAN CUNNINGHAM—BUSY ON DON RODERICK—CLOSE OF 1828.

ON the third of November, Mr. Irving carried out his intention of returning to Seville, "to make researches in the library left by Fernando Columbus, and in the archives of the Indias," leaving his companion at the "Caracol," expecting soon to follow him. A fortnight later, as appears by his diary, Nov. 18, he received a letter from his brother Peter, informing him that some anonymous person in America was about to publish an abridgment of his Life of Columbus, which, in his view, would be extremely injurious

to both the work and himself: "as," he writes, "he must of course garble it, and mangle the style by alterations to avoid the law respecting copyright."

As the history would probably come to an abridgment as a class or school book, Mr. Irving had intended to make one himself, but had delayed, fearing it might prejudice the sale of the larger work, if issued too soon; but now that he found himself menaced with this interference with his rights and the produce of his labors, before the extended history had been six months from the press, he set to work at once to carry out his purpose, writing immediately to his brother Ebenezer, to announce a forthcoming epitome by himself. To this course, he was strongly urged by his brother Peter, to whom it appeared important to his interest, and the reputation of his work, that he should prepare an epitome of it to prevent its being garbled and mangled in the manner threatened. "Gibbon," he reminds him, "abridged his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; Goldsmith abridged his Histories of Rome and Greece, and the public was thus put in possession of valuable school books from the pens of those original authors." Then after one or two suggestions as to the reasons for the abridgment it might be well to state in the preface, to prevent the charge of book making, he adds pleasantly: "By the way, your case is similar to that of Goldsmith, stated in the preface to a collection of his scattered Essays. You recollect his story

of the fat voyager, who was to furnish slices of his own bacon, to support his shipwrecked companions, and insisted on having the first *cut* himself."

In his reply, dated Nov. 19, the day succeeding the receipt of this unpalatable news, Washington writes:

Your information of the intended piracy upon Columbus annoyed me at first excessively, for I have had so much fagging already with that work, that the idea of attempting an abridgment was intolerable, especially as I have so much other matter to employ my time upon during the short period I can yet linger in Spain. Still I cannot endure the idea that a paltry poacher should carry off the fruits of my labors. I sat down, therefore, this morning, and have already written about twenty pages, and now think I shall be able to digest the work into a very spirited and compact form, that will eventually be more profitable than the more bulky one, if not a better piece of literature.

In a subsequent letter to Peter, of November 30, he writes that he was getting on easily and rapidly, with the abridgment; convinced that it would make a most compact, interesting, and entertaining work in one volume, of a size to be widely and permanently saleable. "I think," he adds, "the literary pirate will eventually prove a benefactor."

A fortnight later, he writes to the same brother:

I have finished the Abridgment, and shall send it off to America by the brig Francis, which sails from Cadiz for New

York about the 22d inst. I have had it copied, that I might forward a copy to Murray. It will make about five hundred pages of the Sketch Book, or four hundred good full pages of ordinary printing. I finished it in nineteen days—hard work, but I think it will be all the better for being written off at a heat. I have no doubt that it will prove a work of extensive and durable sale. All the passages and scenes of striking interest are given almost entire, and the other parts are compressed with clearness and fluency, and without losing in language, I think they gain in spirit by conciseness. The vessel by which it goes to America was originally advertised for the 15th, and to enable me to forward the MSS., man, woman, and child of my acquaintance here that understood English, volunteered to assist in copying it, so that I had it copied in the course of a very few days.

I have had no intelligence from Col. Aspinwall of any definite arrangement with Murray for the Conquest of Granada. From the tenor of his last letter, however, I feel satisfied he will get full terms; but I begin to fear the work will not be published until spring.

The copy of the abridgment for Murray, mentioned in this letter, he gave to that publisher without charge, who, it may be stated incidentally, disposed of an edition of ten thousand for his Family Library. If he failed of reimbursement from the more costly and extended history, the deficiency was no doubt made up by the gratuitous compendium.

The same day he writes to Mr. Everett, in reply to a letter not in my possession, respecting some points in the History of Columbus, as follows:

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, Dec. 18, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR:

I am not certain whether I have seen anything of the work of Count Nassione on the question of the birthplace of Columbus, but I have an idea that I found the amount of his arguments stated in some other work. It appears, however, that after writing two dissertations on the subject, he left it still undecided. I examined carefully and painfully every work and document I could find relative to the subject, and it cost me several days of hard and dry investigation. I came to the opinion in favor of Genoa from the reasons stated in my illustrations, and from various other trivial reasons that I did not think it important to state. I conceived it proper to pay this respect to a question which has been made a subject of such voluminous controversy among grave men, but having once settled my opinion, I will take especial care not to unsettle it again. I have determined never to enter into disputes upon any of these contested points. They will continue to be contested until the day of judgment, and there will never be wanted champions on both sides in Italy to draw their pens and write volumes in the cause on the least provocation. As to the portrait at the Lonja, it is not likely to be a portrait of Columbus, but rather of his son Diego. It is too young for the admiral, and it is painted in a ruff, which article of dress was not worn in Spain until some years after his death, in the reign of Charles V. Should Count Massimino send you the work of Nassione, I shall feel much obliged to you if you will let me have a sight of it.

I have been indefatigably engaged for three weeks past in preparing an abridgment of Columbus. I found that some liter-

ary pirate in America had advertised an intention to do so, which would not merely have robbed me of part of the fruits of my labors, but would have presented my work in a mutilated and garbled state to my countrymen. * * *

On the 19th of December, Mr. Irving transmits to his brother Ebenezer, "by Midshipman Farrand, who was recently in Seville," a copy of the abridgment for publication in America.

I beg you will have it published as quick as possible [he writes]. Print a good number; let it make a volume of moderate size, and full, though clear and legible page, and let the price be moderate. Profit is of secondary importance. Manage the matter so as to command a circulation, and to drive the pirate ashore. * * * If you have made a bargain with any bookseller for the publication of the second edition of Columbus, you may modify the bargain so as to include the publication of this work, which I am confident will ultimately have a wide and general sale, for it has the marrow of the large work, and is abridged, I think, both spiritedly and fluently.

The brother to whom this letter is addressed, it may be here stated, made an arrangement with the Carvills, of New York, the purchasers of the first edition of Columbus, by which he disposed to them of the right of printing the second edition, and the abridgment for five years, for $6,000.

It was before the transmission of this abridgment, which was to find an undisputed field, and in the midst

of the incessant labor of his hurried preparation, that Mr. Irving received the news of the death of the companion whom he had left at the "Caracol," and with whom he had spent so many months of lonely fellowship on the tablada of Seville, and outside the walls of Port St. Mary. The mournful event drew from him the following letter, which I give from a copy preserved among his papers, and which is endorsed as having been addressed to Mrs. ——, the cousin and heir of Mr. Hall.

SEVILLE, Dec. 5, 1828.

MADAM:

Before this letter reaches you, you will doubtless have received intelligence of the death of your relation and my lamented friend, Mr. Hall. Having lived for several months together in a state of perfect seclusion in the country, I had become intimately acquainted with the unassuming worth and amiableness of his character, and had conceived a regard for him which it would have taken years to form in the casual intercourse of general society. It has been a matter of deep affliction to me that I should have been absent at the time of his death: had I apprehended such an event as being at hand, nothing should have induced me to part from him. The residence in the vicinity of Port St. Mary had agreed extremely well with him. For three months he had been free from any spitting of blood, and was altogether so much better than when I had first known him, that I began to entertain sanguine hopes of his recovery. Unfortunately, he mounted his horse one day after the animal had been for several days without exercise. It was extremely restive, and reared and plunged, and worried Mr. Hall to such a degree as to render him unwell for

two or three days, and to bring on a return of the spitting of blood. He recovered from this, and for a fortnight appeared to be doing very well. I then took leave of him, and came to Seville, where he was to rejoin me in the course of a week or two. I had looked out for lodgings for him for the winter, and was daily expecting his arrival, when I was shocked by the news of his death. It appears that he had again imprudently mounted his horse, which at about a mile's distance from the house became restive, reared, and fell with him, and rolled upon him. He never mentioned this circumstance, but it was related after his death to his servant by a Spanish gentleman who was present and assisted him to remount. He returned home extremely ill. Another violent attack of spitting, or rather vomiting blood, was brought on, which proved fatal.

I had repeatedly entreated him to give up his exercise on horseback, which I had feared would be productive of some unfortunate accident; but he felt confident of his horsemanship, and thought the exercise of service to him.

It has been some consolation to me to feel convinced that, though I was absent at the time of his death, he was in want of no assistance; for he had with him an excellent and most attentive servant, a German of the name of Sebastian Becker, who had been with us all the summer, and had become much attached to Mr. Hall, and was much liked by him. There were also several English gentlemen in Port St. Mary disposed to render him every attention, and a German gentleman, Mr. Bohl (distinguished in the literary world), who during the whole time of our residence in that neighborhood showed us the most hospitable civilities. The latter superintended the funeral of Mr. Hall, which was extremely private, for such is the bigotry of this country, that a Protestant is regarded with hostility even

after death. He had to be buried in the evening, in a field not far from the house. The English gentlemen resident in Port St. Mary, and the Russian consul of Cadiz, &c., attended his funeral. He left £20, all his clothes, horse, &c., &c., to his servant, in recompense for his kind and devoted attentions to him during his illness. His books and papers were to be sent to England, and I understand Mr. Bohl undertook to forward them.

I have given you these details, as I presumed his friends would be anxious to learn something of the particulars of his death, and because I thought it would be a consolation for them to know that though he died among strangers, he was not neglected, but was attended faithfully and kindly to the very last. I have the honor to be, madam, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

In alluding to the death of this amiable and interesting companion in a letter to Brevoort, of December 20, fifteen days after the date of the letter just given, Mr. Irving writes:

He was intelligent, well bred, and accomplished. His malady confined him almost entirely to the house. Sometimes he rode out a little, and I accompanied him, either on horseback or on foot, but most of our time was passed at home, I writing, he drawing and studying Persian and Arabic. * * * I cannot tell you, my dear Brevoort, how mournful an event this has been to me. It is a long while since I have lived in such domestic intimacy with any one but my brother. I first met with this young gentleman in the house in Seville

where I am now boarding, and was insensibly interested in his precarious situation, and won by the amiableness and correctness of his manner. I could not have thought that a mere stranger in so short a space of time could have taken such a hold upon my feelings.

It was the spirit of this young Englishman that the author invoked, and as the anecdote has already found its way into print, I will give it in the words in which I had it from his own lips:

"Hall," said Mr. Irving, "was rather sceptical, and prone to speculate dubiously about the reality of a future life and the possibility of spectral visitation. In one of these moods, during a talk about ghosts, he turned suddenly towards me, and asked me somewhat abruptly whether I would be willing to receive a visit from him after death, if he should go before me, as he was so likely to do? "Why, Hall," I replied, "you are such a good fellow, and we have lived so amicably together, I don't know why I should fear to welcome your apparition, if you are able to come." "Nay," said Hall, "I am serious, and I wish you to say you will consent, if the thing is practicable." "Well, then," said I, "I am serious too, and I will." "Then," said Hall, "it is a compact; and, Irving, if I can solve the mystery for you, I engage to do it."

After his death, the horse of Hall was brought to him at Seville, and one evening he rode him to their old retreat, at Casa Cera, near that city. Here, solemnized by the scene and its associations, and recalling

their strange compact, he breathed an appeal for the promised presence of his departed friend. But, said he, he did not come, and though I have made similar invocations before and since, they were never answered; adding half playfully, half mournfully: "the ghosts have never been kind to me."

It would seem from a letter of Hall, addressed to Mr. Irving at Seville, only a week before his death, that their residence at the Caracol had not been without its romance. "Sebastian," he writes, "had got hold of a story of several robbers secreted in a cave, in the bank surrounding the Caracol. He has seen several crawl in and out on their hands and knees of the holes in the bank. The Capitaz says he fears to inform against them, lest they should have money to release them from prison, and then we should all be assassinated. We shall have thieves in the water jars next."

It is a little singular, also, that their residence at Casa de Cera, on the tablada of Seville, was proved to have been a sort of robber rendezvous, and the keeper and his wife, before Mr. Irving left Spain, were arrested for giving harbor to robbers, who were traced to their cottage.

December 20th.—Mr. Irving writes to his brother Ebenezer:

I have just received a letter from Col. Aspinwall. He had received the last portion of my Conquest of Granada, but by

some accident which I cannot comprehend, chapters 34 and 35 are wanting. This will check the publication until I can supply them. Unluckily, I have no copy by me, nor anything but my rough draft of the work, and cannot for the life of me conceive what those chapters treat of, otherwise I could supply their place. I shall endeavor to devise some mode of getting out of the dilemma, but at all events, I wish you to have those chapters copied immediately, and forwarded by the first packet to Col. Thomas Aspinwall, American Consul, London. This is a most unlucky circumstance, as Murray seemed disposed to make a bargain out-and-out for the work. His "Elbow Critic" [Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law] had read a considerable portion of the MS., and pronounced it a first rate work.

Coleridge also had read it, Aspinwall wrote him, and pronounced it "a *chef d'œuvre* of its kind."

[FROM THE DIARY.]

December 21.—Unsettled all day, thinking of sailing for England to supply the loss of the MS. of Conquest of Granada.

Monday 22.—Search all my papers this morning. By the merest chance find a memorandum in lead-pencil stating the contents of the two missing chapters. Draft one from my notes.

Wednesday 24.—Conclude chapters missing. Send letters to Col. Aspinwall, with chapters.

It turned out that the two missing chapters had been sent in *duplicate* by his own mistake to his brother Ebenezer.

On the 27th of December, Mr. Irving received a letter from Col. Aspinwall, informing him that he had made an arrangement with Murray, for the purchase of the Chronicles of Granada: 2,000 guineas, at long dates. "I have concluded everything with Mr. Murray," writes that gentleman, Dec. 12. "He gives you your own price, but the notes are to be at eight, twelve, sixteen, twenty and twenty-four months, from January 10, 1829; the last note for £500, and all the rest for £400 each. The assignment is to be exactly like the last in terms, so that the property in the copyright will remain with you till the notes are paid."

In noticing this arrangement in a letter to Peter, of December 27, Washington writes:

You see, therefore, that the colonel has gone for the whole, and got me the outside price of 2,000 guineas. As to the length of the dates it is a matter of minor importance; between the old funds lying in the hands of the colonel and what I have in the hands of my banker at Madrid, I shall be able to get on until within reach of the first instalment, and shall probably have other funds arising, as I shall have to comply with the earnest request of an old literary friend, Allan Cunningham, to furnish him with an article for a Christmas work, to be illustrated by Newton, Leslie, Wilkie, &c. He offers me for a short sketch and tale, or for either, any sum I may ask, from £50 to £100. His object is, of course, to get my name in the list of his contributors. Murray also is very anxious for me to furnish him with a small popular volume.

I close the history of this year of the author's life with the following memoranda from his diary, beginning on the day succeeding the date of the foregoing extract.

December 28*th.*—Write a little at Don Roderick—evening at home.

29*th.*—Write a little at Don Roderick—could not work freely—went to Clerigo to purchase books.

30*th.*—Incapable of working—change my room—evening at the opera—Crocciato—introduced to the Marchioness of Arco Hermosa, daughter of Mr. Bohl.

Wednesday 31*st.*—Call this morning with Mr. and Mrs. Hipkins on the Marchioness of Arco Hermosa—make a long visit. The Marchioness relates many village anecdotes of the village of Dos Hermanos—return home and make a note of two of them—evening at home.

Thus ends the year—tranquilly.—It has been one of much literary application, and, generally speaking, one of the most tranquil in spirit of my whole life. The literary success of the History of Columbus has been greater than I anticipated, and gives me hopes that I have executed something which may have greater duration than I anticipate for my works of mere imagination. I look forward without any very sanguine anticipations, but without the gloom that has sometimes oppressed me. The only future event from which I promise myself any extraordinary gratification is the return to my native country, which, I trust, will now soon take place.

CHAPTER XXII.

STILL AT SEVILLE—LITERARY PLANS AND PURSUITS—LETTER TO PETER—LETTER TO PRINCE DOLGOROUKI—RECEIVES DIPLOMA OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF HISTORY—LETTER TO PETER—THE BOLIVAR SHARES, AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT—THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION—HIS IMPRESSIONS OF ANDREW JACKSON—REASON FOR ADOPTING A NOM DE GUERRE FOR THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA—EXTRACTS FROM DIARY—LETTER TO PETER—LONGING DESIRE TO RETURN TO AMERICA—UNPUBLISHED CHRONICLES—LETTERS TO PETER—PUBLICATION OF CHRONICLES OF GRANADA—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT—LETTER TO PETER—ABOUT TO LEAVE SEVILLE FOR GRANADA.

THE period of Mr. Irving's sojourning at Seville, where he had been since the third of November, was continued through the months of January, February, March and April; a visit to the Barbary States which he had meditated in the interim, having failed of its accomplishment. In pursuance of the purpose which I keep steadily in view, to make the author his own biographer, I intermingle some passages from his letters and diary, which will illustrate in his own words his life and literary plans and pursuits during these four months.

[*To Peter Irving, at Havre.*]

SEVILLE, Jan. 3, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I shall endeavor to get up the chronicle of the invasion as soon as possible. The fag at the abridgment has rather thrown me out of the writing mood for a little while, but the fit is reviving. * * *

In my last I mentioned my having received a letter from Allen Cunningham, begging me to furnish him with a short sketch and tale, or either one, for a yearly miscellany to be published next autumn, similar to the German almanacs. I have not yet replied, for I fear to crowd myself with work. Yet I remember Cunningham for a worthy, pleasant, clever man. He is a friend of Wilkie's, and his miscellany is to be illustrated by engravings from Wilkie, Newton & Leslie. I shall endeavor to prepare something for him.* I feel anxious to make the most of my present sunshine, but the very anxiety agitates me, and I feel at times a little perplexed what to take hold of.

[DIARY.]

January 3d.—Write part of story of Enchanted Soldier of the Alhambra.

Wednesday 7th.—Finished in a lame way the story of Enchanted Soldier.

Saturday 10th.—Write a little at the tales of the Alhambra —write to Prince Dolgorouki and to Don Diego Clemencia.

SEVILLE, Jan. 10, 1829.

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI

I am very greatly obliged to you for your attention in forwarding me the diploma of the Royal Academy of History,

* He sent Cunningham "The Widow's Ordeal."

and will thank you to remit the enclosed reply to Don Diego Clemencia, the Secretary. * * * I feel very sensibly the compliment which the Royal Academy has paid me in making me a member, and should like to know to what member's proposition I am indebted for the measure.*

I fear my chronicle of the Conquest of Granada will not answer the high anticipations you appear to entertain of it. I have been hazarding a kind of experiment in literature, and the success is in some degree a matter of chance. The Conquest of Granada has hitherto been a fertile theme for tales of romance and chivalry; in the account I have given of it, there is nothing of love or gallantry, and the chivalry is the chivalry of actual life, as it existed at the time, exhibited in rugged and daring enterprises and rough, hard fighting. I have depicted the war as I found it in the old chronicles, a stern, iron conflict, more marked by bigotry than courtesy, and by wild and daring exploits of fierce soldiery, than the gallant contests of courteous cavaliers. However, the work will soon be published, and then you will be able to judge of its merits; but do not indulge in high expectations nor form any romantic idea of its nature.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

SEVILLE, Feb. 7, 1829.

I am sorry I cannot give a good account of myself for some weeks past. I have done little or nothing. I believe I overworked myself in preparing the Abridgment, a great part of which I had also to copy in a hurry to get it ready for a ship about sailing. For some time after I was quite out of order, and was threatened with a return of the malady that once afflicted me in consequence of a similar fit of vivid excitement

* The proposition came from Navarrete.

and application. Spots appeared on my skin in various places, and I thought I should have had to take baths; but fortunately all have passed away, and I am in good health. I cannot, however, get myself fairly and warmly at work. I have sketched two or three light tales, and have written a few of the early chapters of Don Roderick, but feebly and unsatisfactorily. I shall soon, however, get in train again. The mind ebbs and flows in these matters like the tide. * * *

I wish a thousand times you could be here to pass the winter with me. This climate, throughout the greater part of the year, would exactly suit you. There is almost perpetual sunshine. For the last five weeks I have had fire in my room, but there is very little occasion for it. We make occasional parties into the country; chiefly to St. Juan de Alfarache, a convent situated on the site of a famous old Moorish castle, about two miles from Seville. It is on the brow of a hill, commanding a beautiful view of the city, the windings of the Guadalquivir and the distant mountains of Ronda, &c. Here we dined on the grass in the open air on the third of January. The country looks as fresh and green, and the air is as soft and genial as in the month of May in other countries. On last Sunday we had a little junketing party at a country seat about three miles from this, and I cannot tell you how delicious it was to ramble about the fields and gardens. In fact, you have in this country for eight months of the year the delightful temperature of spring; excepting that the sun at midday is apt to be too powerful even in the winter. * * *

I had letters lately from ———. I am sorry to find he has paid two more dividends on my shares of 15*s.* each, which makes the cost of the shares amount to £30 each. He says he has written to you fully on the subject. Do give it a

thought, and decide for me. I am content to lose all that I have paid, so that I can get completely exonerated. These demands always produce an indignation and irritation of spirit, that no profit can compensate for. * * *

This last allusion refers to his unfortunate investment in the Bolivar mines, made at Paris in 1825, and which had ever since remained without productive value, while his resources were tasked to meet the recurring demands for new assessments. He subsequently preferred to forfeit the shares rather than submit to further exactions of the kind, sinking in this adventure, and the "shipments" before glanced at, more than the entire profits of the English edition of the Life and Voyages of Columbus.

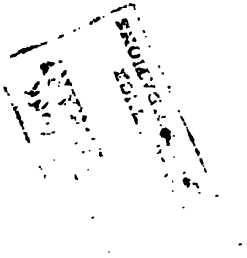
The following is in reply to a letter of Mr. Everett, received on the 10th, giving him the result of the Presidential election, in which Andrew Jackson received 178 votes; John Quincy Adams 83.

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, Feb. 14, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your statement of the relative number of votes for General Jackson and Mr. Adams quite surprises me. It shows how fallacious are all calculations upon the humor of the people, since many of our electioneering astrologers were confident in their predictions that Mr. Adams would be reëlected. I was rather sorry when Mr. Adams was first raised to the presidency, but I am much more so at his being displaced; for he has made a far better president than I expected, and I am



ANDREW JACKSON.

Andrew Jackson

loth to see a man superseded who has filled his station worthily. These frequent changes in our administration are prejudicial to the country; we ought to be wary of using our power of changing our Chief Magistrate when the welfare of the country does not require it. In the present election there has, doubtless, been much honest, warm, grateful feeling toward Jackson, but I fear much pique, passion, and caprice as it respects Mr. Adams.

Since the old general was to be the man, however, I am well pleased upon the whole, that he has a great majority, as it will, for the reasons you mention, produce a political calm in the country, and lull those angry passions which have been exasperated during Mr. Adams' administration, by the close contest of nearly balanced parties. As to the old general, with all his *hickory* characteristics, I suspect he has good stuff in him, and will make a sagacious, independent, and high-spirited president; and I doubt his making so high-handed a one as many imagine. * * * As I give the old fellow credit for some degree of rough chivalry, I have no idea that he will play a petty, persecuting game with his opponents, when their opposition has been fair and honorable. I do not apprehend, therefore, many changes of office from mere political pique, and I believe that a person like yourself, who has filled his office faithfully, ably, and respectably, will never be molested. * *

The London newspaper has blundered with respect to the title of my new work It is called "A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada," by Fray Antonio Agapida. I have adopted a *nom de guerre*, as allowing me a freer scope in touching up and coloring the subject from my imagination.

I received recently a diploma as corresponding member of

the Royal Academy of History of Madrid; for which, I understand, I am indebted to the friendly services of Mr. Navarrete. I am quite anxious to see this third volume of voyages, which, I am told, is only waiting for a preface to be published.

I am glad to hear Don Jorge is likely to get his little work through the press. A Mr. Hockley, who arrived here not long since from Madrid, and who knows Don Jorge, gave me a most amusing account of his perplexities with the censor, who saw libel and treason against the king in the Spanish version of Rip Van Winkle. * * *

P. S. I can say nothing positive as to a return to Madrid, but I do not think it probable. I regret that I did not set off some weeks sooner for the capital, for I have been out of order, and the journey would have done me good; but I am now getting in train again, and, having my books and papers about me, I do not like to unsettle myself for the present. I have been disappointed in my hopes of being able to make researches in the archives of the Indias. I find the permission was confined to the papers relating to Columbus, and the keeper of the archives, though extremely civil and friendly, is rigorous in obeying the very letter of his instructions. I found it impossible, therefore, to obtain an inspection of other papers relative to the early discoveries, and have not thought it worth while to make further application.

[FROM THE DIARY.]

February 14th.—Receive letter from Peter, inclosing copy of letter from Carey, of Philadelphia, mentioning his having purchased copy of Granada.

Tuesday, 17th.—This evening arrived thirteen British officers

—nine of them of the Frigate Dartmouth—among them are Lieutenant Washington, &c.

Wednesday, 18*th*.—Visit cathedral with officers—dinner in memory of General Washington.

February 22*d*.—Saw the officers off in the steamboat—wrote a little at Don Roderick.

March 1*st*.—Wrote all the morning at Don Roderick—3—Write to Peter, informing him of my thoughts of going to America.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

SEVILLE, March 3, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

* * * I have had a partial return of the writing mood, and have been laboring at Don Roderick; but I shall have to go over and work up all that I have done, for it is not executed to my mind. Still it is a considerable advance in the execution of the work. I trust in a few days to finish the narrative of the invasion and perdition of Spain. You will probably be disappointed in the manner in which the work will be executed. I throw out a great deal, and reduce the whole to a chronicle or legend that will take up perhaps but part of a volume. I have many reasons for so doing that I cannot detail in a letter. The original plan would be too much like a transcript of the old chronicle by the Moor Rasis, and would probably be stigmatized as such; at the same time the material of the chronicle was too coldly extravagant and flimsy to please as romance, and could possess no merit as history. It also has been so much harped upon by Scott and Southey as not to possess novelty with literary persons. A large work, therefore, resting upon such materials, would run a risk of being a literary failure. The story condensed into a short chronicle or

legend, containing the most striking scenes at full length and with full effect, appears to me more likely to be successful, and may be supported by succeeding chronicles of Don Pelayo, &c., so that the entire two volumes will contain a variety, part of which will be entirely new to the British public. However, I shall judge better of this as I proceed. In all my writings I have to be governed by a certain tact which I cannot well explain. I feel how a thing ought to be done and how I can render it effective, and if I go counter to this feeling I am likely to come off lamely; yet I cannot reduce this feeling to any rule or maxim by which I can make my plan comprehended in its essential points by others. As to this chronicle of Don Roderick, it has always been a flimsy kind of story that I could not grasp firmly. It seemed to want substance in my hand. I think I now feel it, and have brought it to a sound, substantial form, which I can expand and ornament and render attractive. * * *

Lent has just begun, and every amusement here is at an end. I shall remain in Seville to see Holy Week in April, which is celebrated here with great splendor. I shall then take my departure, and hope that by that time I shall have some manuscript in such forwardness as to be able to finish a work while moving from place to place, so as to have it out in the course of the summer. The loss of this winter has put me sadly behind my calculations. I have a craving desire to return to America, which has been increasing on me for the two years past, until now it incessantly haunts my mind and occupies all my dreams. I have said nothing positively on the subject in my letters to our friends in America, nor shall I say anything, for so many circumstances and considerations have arisen to prolong my stay in Europe from year to year, that I

do not like to state plans which may be frustrated. I am now resolved to go as soon as I can arrange my papers, so as to have materials to work upon for some few months without the necessity of much invention or planning. I know that otherwise, on returning home, I shall be so much distracted by society, &c., that I shall not be able to carry on any literary labor that requires leisure and calm thinking.

I may never have a more favorable time to return home than the present year, when I shall have one work just launched and another launching, and materials in hand for easy arrangement. If I defer it, God knows what may arise to prevent me.

"The work just launched," was the Conquest of Granada, and the other "launching," was the Voyages of the Companions of Columbus, now in readiness. "The materials on hand for easy arrangement" were a Sketch of the Life of Mahomet, prepared while at Madrid, and intended as introductory to other writings, which he had in contemplation connected with the Moorish domination in Spain; Legends of the Conquest of Spain; Chronicles of Don Pelayo, and the successors of Don Pelayo; Chronicles of the Ommiades (or the house of Omeya, one of the two lines descended from Mahomet), Chronicle of Don Fernando Gonzalez, Count of Castile; Don Garcia Fernandez (his successor); the Seven Sons of Lara; and Chronicle of Fernando el Santo (the Conqueror of Seville); all of which, with the exception of Mahomet and the Legends, remained for a long time in a crude

state in his portfolio, and were afterwards worked upon, though he never gave them to the press, except some fragments in the Knickerbocker Magazine. We shall hereafter find, that as he was diverted from Columbus to engage upon the Conquest of Granada, so he was led aside awhile from his Life of Washington to take hold of these still unpublished chronicles

[FROM THE DIARY.]

March 5th, 6th, 7th.—Don Roderick. *8th.*—Write all morning at Pelayo. *9th.*—Visit the cathedral library, and make notes. *10th.*—Write at Pelayo—receive a letter from P. I. enclosing one from E. I., and an agreement with Carey & Co.

[*To Peter Irving, Esq.*]

SEVILLE, March 11, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I have yours dated February 24, inclosing the articles of agreement of Carey, Lea, & Carey. I am right glad to have such spirited, off-hand booksellers to deal with in America as these gentlemen. * * *

I sent a copy of the abridgment of Columbus to Murray by a vessel which sailed from this port some time since. He probably has it before this time.

I have a long letter from Wilkie, dated 30th January. He said he had met with Price * a few days before at a jovial dinner at Liston's; he enquired much after you and me. His theatre, Wilkie says, is now the favorite one, and even excels Covent Garden in pantomime; there is a moving picture in one

* Stephen Price, formerly manager of the Park Theatre, New York.

of the pieces, painted by Stanfield, and said to be one of the finest works of art ever seen in a theatre. Young Braham and Liston form the strength of Drury Lane. Liston has twenty guineas a night. Wilkie had met Kenney at Mr. Samuel Rogers'. Kenney wears well. He had met with Leslie and Phillips (the portrait painter) and their whole families, men, women, and children, at Petworth, the seat of Lord Egremont. Such is the princely style in which that nobleman entertains. Leslie is a rising man, both in the esteem of his friends and the favor of the public. Newton has lately been elected associate of the Royal Academy by a great majority. He is painting a picture of Gil Blas receiving in the posada the first visit of the Queen of the Philippine Islands. Newton, Wilkie says, is more sought after, for his society, by the great people than any one in the profession. The very favorable notice of Columbus that appeared in the Literary Gazette, the first notice that was published of the work, was written, Wilkie says, by Lockhart. Sir Walter Scott has applied to Wilkie, Leslie, and Newton, for illustrations for a complete and new edition of the Waverley novels.

[*To Peter Irving, Rouen.*]

SEVILLE, April 10, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER

I have this day received a copy of the Conquest of Granada, sent to me *via* Gibraltar. Murray informs me that he keeps back the publication of it in England until the Catholic question is settled, as the public can read, talk, and think of nothing else. He says he has begun to print Moore's Life of Lord Byron; he adds, "he has executed his task in the most masterly manner, and it will be, I feel confident, one of the most interesting pieces of biography that ever was written." I

heartily rejoice to hear this; for Moore's Life of Sheridan did not seem to give sufficient satisfaction. I know he feels this subject ten times as much as he did the other. His Life of Sheridan was always a job that went against the grain with him. Murray concludes his letter with a painful piece of intelligence concerning Moore, that he was "in daily apprehension of losing his only daughter." Let me know if you hear anything on the subject. She was a lovely little girl, and her death would be a terrible blow to both her parents.

Murray has published the Chronicle in a beautiful style. I observe he has altered the title page. I had put "A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada by Fray Antonio Agapida." He has inserted my name; I presume to make the work more immediately salable, but it is an unwarrantable liberty, and makes me gravely, in my own name, tell many round untruths. I here openly make myself responsible as an author for the existence of the manuscript of Agapida, &c., &c. Literary mystifications are excusable when given anonymously or under feigned names, but are impudent deceptions when sanctioned by an author's real name.

I have just looked into the work. It reads smoothly, and I trust will have a good success among the literary; but I suspect it will be heavy in the hands of mere readers for amusement. The former kind of success is most desirable and most advantageous in the long run. Should I find the Chronicle takes, I will be able to follow it up soon with the Invasion, &c. * * *

The Chronicle, however, though regarded by Coleridge and other critical authorities as a "masterpiece of romantic narrative," and pronounced by our own

noble poet, William Cullen Bryant, "one of the most delightful of his works," was not destined to achieve a sufficient popularity to encourage him to persevere in the same line.

Two days after the date of this letter to Peter, Prince Dolgorouki arrived in the diligence from Madrid, to whom Mr. Irving had written a fortnight before, in looking forward to his speedy coming:

I am quite overjoyed at the prospect of soon meeting with you. I shall certainly remain in Seville until you come, and shall feel a new delight in revisiting with you all the lions of this place. I feel so attached to Spain, that the thoughts of soon leaving it are extremely painful to me; and it will be gratifying to me to take a farewell view of some of its finest scenes in company with one who knows how to appreciate this noble country and noble people.

Mr. Everett sent by him, as Mr. Irving had requested in a previous letter, the Edinburgh Review, containing Jeffrey's critique on Columbus, and also, it would seem by the epistle which follows, the January number of the North American, containing the Minister's own review of the work.

[*To Alexander H. Everett.*]

Seville, April 15, 1829.

My dear Sir:

Prince Dolgorouki has delivered me your letter and the two reviews you have had the goodness to send me. I have read with the greatest interest and satisfaction your ample, masterly,

and beautiful review of my writings. I do not know how you can imagine that there are any passages to which I could take objection. You have, indeed, in giving a discriminating piece of criticism, pointed out certain errors into which I have run, and deficiencies which are incident to my nature; it was your duty to do so. I am conscious of the truth of your remarks, and in making them you enhance the value and the authority of the exuberant encomiums you have passed upon me. A mere friendly eulogium would have had no weight with the public, and would have been very unsatisfactory to myself. Having spoken your mind freely about my defects, I feel the more confidence in your praises, and after making all due allowance for the effects of personal intimacy and kindness, I assure you it is deeply gratifying to receive such praise from such hands.

* * * I feel certain that there must be many incorrectnesses in my writings, for though I labor sometimes carefully at parts, I often write very rapidly; and what I write with facility and spirit I am not apt to retouch with any great solicitude. I labor more to bring up careless and feeble parts to a tone and keeping with the rest, than nicely to finish what appears to me already good. Columbus had more slovenliness of style in one stage of its preparation than any work I ever wrote; for I was so anxious about the verity of the narrative, and had to patch it together from so many different materials, that I had no time to think of the language. It was not until I had completely finished it as to facts, that I went over the whole of it and endeavored to bring up the style.

I give a few of the entries in his diary between the date of the foregoing letter and that which is to follow:

April 16*th.*—Miserere in the cathedral in the evening—walked in the cathedral with Dolgorouki until half-past eleven.

17*th.*—Went with Prince Dolgorouki to the church of St. Thomas, to see the painting by Zurbaran—wrote letter to Madame D'Oubril—walked about Seville by moonlight with Dolgorouki.

18*th.*—Rending of the veil at the cathedral.

22*d.*—Sat for likeness to Escacena—write letters to the little D'Oubrils.

This last employment, in one naturally disinclined to letter writing, illustrates his fondness for children, of which, and their fondness for him, there are many indications in the letters addressed to him:

"The children desire to be remembered to the chocolate merchant, and to assure you that they have not forgotten Hempen House, nor the German princess with the long nose;" writes Mr. Thomas Aspinwall to him at one time, and again at another; "Madame and all the young fry desire their kindest remembrance. They have picked out a tree for you to lie under, and tell them stories when you come to Highgate next summer."

In the following letter we find Mr. Irving about to take another look at Granada. "I had intended," he writes to Mr. Everett, "to visit the African coast; merely Tangiers and Tetuan, for a few days to get a peep at the turbaned Infidels in their own towns, but I fear I shall have to abandon the intention, as I find the Austrians are blockading Tangiers." He was the

more desirous to visit Granada a second time, as he would now see it in all the beauty of its vegetation, and when he was there before, the spring was not far enough advanced "to leave a full idea of the charms of the scenery."

[*To Peter Irving, Rouen.*]

SEVILLE, April 29, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

* * * The day after to-morrow I set off on horseback with Prince Dolgorouki for Granada, where I mean to indulge myself with a luxurious life among the groves and fountains of the Alhambra. I shall be there in the most splendid season, with moonlight nights. If I have a writing vein there, of which I am in hopes, I shall remain there for a month or six weeks. I beg you, therefore, to continue to write to me to the care of Don Miguel Walsh.

I have just received Navarrete's third volume, and will look over it to see what corrections it will be necessary for me to make in my History of Columbus.

I write in extreme haste. Let me hear from you often. You have the true art of letter writing, for your letters always present the bright side of things, and put me in good humor and good spirits.

I will write to you at more length from Granada. The prince and myself travel alone. He came down here in company with the French ambassadress and a large party, but deserted them all to remain with me. He is of an amiable temper and a most affectionate disposition. * * *

Your affectionate brother,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SOJOURN IN THE ALHAMBRA.

THE GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR—PASSAGES OF LETTERS—THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA PUBLISHED IN LONDON—FINISHES THE LEGENDS OF THE CONQUEST OF SPAIN—LETTERS TO PETER ON THE SUBJECT—LETTER TO DOLGOROUKI—DUKE DE GOR—EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO EBENEZER AND PETER—HEARS OF HIS APPOINTMENT AS SECRETARY OF LEGATION TO LONDON—LETTER THEREUPON TO MR. WETHERELL AT SEVILLE—INDIFFERENCE TO OFFICIAL HONOR—LETTER TO LOUIS M^CLANE—TO MR. EVERETT—HIS PLAN OF RETURN BROKEN UP—LETTER TO PETER—REPLY TO THE OBJECTION THAT THE APPOINTMENT WAS BELOW HIS TALENTS AND POSITION—A TRAVELLING COMPANION TURNS UP, WITH WHOM HE PROPOSES TO LEAVE GRANADA.

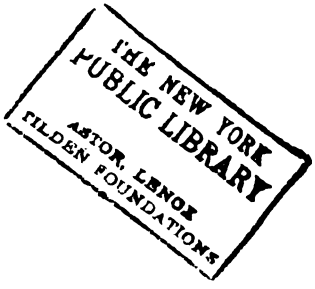
MR. IRVING left Seville on the first of May, in company with the Prince Dolgorouki, and after a pleasant journey of five days on horseback, of which he has given us some particulars in the Tales of the Alhambra, arrived at Granada. On the 12th of May, he left the Posada de la Espada, in which he had lodged on his arrival, and took up his residence in the Governor's quarters in the Alhambra, who had given him permission on the day previous to occupy his vacant apartments in that august old pile.

His letters speak with delight of this romantic residence

You see [he writes to Peter, May 13] I date my letter from the old Moorish palace itself; for yesterday, by permission of the Governor of the Alhambra, the Prince and myself moved into one of its vacant apartments. You may easily imagine how delightfully we are lodged with the whole pile at our command, to ramble over its halls and courts at all hours of day and night without control. The part we inhabit is intended for the Governor's quarters, but he prefers at present residing down in the city. We have an excellent old dame and her good-humored, bright-eyed niece, who have charge of the Alhambra, who arrange our rooms, meals, &c., with the assistance of a tall servant boy; and thus we live quietly, snugly, and without any restraint, elevated above the world and its troubles. I question if ever poor Chico el Zogoyby was as comfortable in his palace.

On the very evening of his occupation, he was surprised by a visit from his nephew, Edgar Irving, son of his brother Ebenezer, a midshipman in the navy, who was returning home from a cruise in the Mediterranean, when he heard of his being there, and left his ship at Gibraltar to pay him a visit. His sudden appearance in this romantic abode, was, writes his uncle, "as if he had dropt from the clouds, or been conveyed by some enchantment of the palace." On the morning of the 16th, the prince set off to continue his tour through Andalusia, and the following day his nephew took his departure for Andujar, Cordova, Seville, and so back to Gibraltar, leaving him the solitary tenant of the Alhambra.

THE ALHAMBRA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Though I felt rather lonely and doleful after your departure [he writes to his nephew at Seville], yet I considered it fortunate that you departed when you did, for you would have found it excessively dismal here; the weather being wet and gloomy, and so cold that for a day or two I had to remain the whole of the time wrapped in my cloak. For my own part, I managed to occupy myself with my pen and papers, but I apprehend you would have found it a cheerless life to stroll about the cold marble halls even of a palace. The return of fine weather and sunshine has again restored all the charms of the Alhambra. I take my breakfast in the saloon of the ambassadors or the court of the Lions; and in the evening, when I throw by my pen, I wander about the old palace until quite late, with nothing but bats and owls to keep me company. Little Dolores, the bright-eyed Spanish girl who waits upon me, cannot comprehend the pleasure I find in these lonesome strolls; as nothing would tempt her to venture down into the great dreary courts and halls of the palace after dark; and Matteo Ximenez, the ragged historian who brushes my clothes is sadly afraid I am very melancholy.

To the father he writes:

I really felt heavy at heart when I bid him farewell, as he mounted his horse at the lower gate of the Alhambra, and I was for a long time on the top of the tower of Gomares, watching him with a spyglass, as I caught glimpses of him at the turnings of the road across the Vega, until I lost sight of him and his tall trudging guide, as they disappeared behind the foot of the mountain of Elvira. It reminded me of some of the poor Moors, who must have often watched from this tower the

march of armies in that direction, as he departed by the Bridge of Pinos and the Puente de Lope, the most famous pass in the time of the Moorish wars.

Seven days after the departure of the prince, he writes to him:

ALHAMBRA, May 23, 1829.

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI:

I have had great pleasure in receiving your letter from Malaga, by which I found that you had arrived so far in safety. * * For a day or two after the departure of yourself and my nephew, I felt somewhat solitary, especially while the weather was clouded and rainy; but I got at work among my books and manuscripts, and have become quite busy and cheerful. * * The evening of the day of your departure, the Duke of Gor paid me a visit in the Alhambra. * * The next day I dined *en famille* with the duke; there were two or three gentlemen present besides the family, and I found the party extremely agreeable. I have since called at the house in the morning, and found the duchess surrounded by her beautiful children, and occupied in teaching some of them to write. The duke has many old chronicles, &c., and some curious manuscripts, which he has offered to lend me, and has undertaken to procure me access to the conventual libraries; so that I have no doubt I shall find him and his family an acquaintance exactly to my taste.

The day before yesterday the Alhambra was invaded by a detachment of British officers, no less than seven. I dine with some of them to-day, who are quartered in a Fonda, just at the foot of the hill of the Alhambra. * * *

The death of the Queen has completely closed the opera for

a long time. I shall have therefore little inducement to descend into the city. I have been down but once in the course of several days. I feel perfectly delighted with the sweetness and tranquillity of my quarters, and as they will be daily improving in their charms as the weather settles and grows warmer and more sunny, I think I shall feel some difficulty in tearing myself away from them. * * *

Dolores and the Tia send you a thousand expressions, but given with such volubility, and in such an Andalusian dialect, that I cannot understand half of them.

I am, my dear Dolgorouki, ever your attached friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

To his friend Henry Brevoort, he writes the same day:

I have this morning received your most welcome letter of the 30th March, which you forwarded to my brother Peter. You see I am still lingering in Spain, and I declare to you, I feel so much interested by this noble country and noble people, that, though I have from time to time made resolutions and preparations to leave them, I have as often postponed my departure. By the date of my letter you will perceive I am *royally* quartered. I came to Granada about three weeks since, to pass a little time here during the finest season of the year, in company with a young Russian prince, the Secretary of the Russian Legation; and the Governor of the Alhambra finding us poorly lodged in the town, gave us permission to take up our residence in a corner of the old Moorish palace, which had been assigned to him for his quarters, but which he had not taken possession of. Here, then, I am nestled in one of the

most remarkable, romantic, and delicious spots in the world. I have the complete range, and I may say, control of the whole palace, for the only residents beside myself are a worthy old woman, her niece and nephew, who have charge of the building, and who make my bed, cook my meals, and are all kindness and devotion to me. I breakfast in the saloon of the ambassadors, or among the flowers and fountains in the court of the Lions, and when I am not occupied with my pen, I lounge with my book about these oriental apartments, or stroll about the courts, and gardens, and arcades, by day or night, with no one to interrupt me. It absolutely appears to me like a dream; or as if I am spell-bound in some fairy palace. * * *

I think I shall be tempted to remain here for three or four weeks longer at least. I wish to enjoy the delights of this place during the hot weather, and to have a complete idea how those knowing Moors enjoyed themselves in their marble halls, cooled by fountains and running streams.

I thank you for the information you give me concerning the publication of my works. I am not sorry that the publication of the second edition of Columbus is retarded, as I may have to make a few alterations and corrections, in consequence of having just received Mr. Navarrete's third volume of documents, containing some relative to Columbus. For the same reason I am willing the Abridgment should be held back. If there is any particular reason, however, for hastening the publication of the latter, let it take place, as the corrections would not be very material.

During my sojourn in the Alhambra, I shall have leisure and quiet to look over my manuscripts and to get them in order, so as to present some other work to the public before long. I shall also note down the corrections to be made in the History

of Columbus. * * * Your particulars concerning our ancient cronies are peculiarly gratifying to me. Indeed, my dear friend, you cannot imagine how I dote on the remembrance of old friends and old times. I have laughed heartily at your account of that bulbous little worthy, Jack Nicholson. Give my hearty remembrances to him, and tell him I set as much store by him as ever, notwithstanding he does not write me any more letters. I am rejoiced to hear that * * * has at length come uppermost in the political wheel. What a whirligig world we live in! and then to have * * * for his faithful Squire! I think it a pity fat Jack Falstaff had not lived in these piping times. I'll warrant me he would have had the robbing of the exchequer.

Your account of yourself is particularly encouraging—"that you might pass yourself off for a fresh bachelor of 35"—God bless us! who knows but I may be the same—though I must confess, I think I am beginning to wax old as doth a garment, and am, like Jack Nicholson, gradually increasing in the belt. However, I begin to grow hardened and shameless in the matter, and have for some time past given up all gallanting, and declared myself an absolute old bachelor.

You seem to be all masking mad in New York. I am afraid our good city is in a bad way as to both morals and manners. What the cities of the old world take moderately and cautiously she gets roaring drunk with. I must say all this rioting and dancing at the theatres, with public masquerades every night in the week, has a terribly low-lived, dissolute, vulgar look. We are too apt to take our ideas of English life from such vulgar sources as Tom and Jerry, and we appear to be Tom and Jerrying it to perfection in New York.

Give my kindest remembrances to your good parents and

to all the Renwick family. It gives me sincere delight to hear that Mrs. Renwick enjoys such good health and good spirits. My dear Brevoort, the happiest day of my life will be when I once more find myself among you all. We will then talk over old times, and vaunt as much of our old feats and old frolics as did ever Master Shallow and Fat Jack. I have got so entangled, however, in literary undertakings here in Europe that I cannot break away without interrupting all my schemes, and sacrificing profits which a little time, patience, and perseverance will enable me to realize, and which I trust will secure me a moderate independence for the remainder of my existence. This alone keeps me from immediately returning. My dearest affections are entirely centred in my country.

Your affectionate friend,

W. IRVING.

It was on the day of the date of this letter, that the Chronicles of Granada, which had appeared in New York on the 20th of April, were published in London, the work, though ready, having been kept back by Murray in consequence of the Catholic Emancipation question, which then occupied the minds and attention of everybody. In July, Aspinwall wrote him that Murray said it did not sell well, but that Newton was delighted with it, and Coleridge considered it the *chef d'œuvre* of its kind. Peter, who had set his heart upon his sticking to his imaginary chronicler, and completing his projected history of Moorish domination in Spain, under the guidance of that delusive personage Fray Agapida, wrote him that though

some disliked the fiction of Agapida, and the dashes of comic humor gravely given through him, yet that many persons of taste and judgment, whose favorable opinion was no slight sanction, were delighted with the amusing manner by which censure is conveyed by the bigoted and ill-directed praises of the old chronicler. The moral and the lesson, he observed, were both perfectly given in his view, while the mode of effecting the object was both original and highly entertaining.

At the date of the following letter, the author was about putting the finishing touches to The Legends of the Conquest of Spain, which were brought to an end "in the Alhambra, June 10, 1829," though six years elapsed before their publication.*

[*To Peter Irving, Rouen.*]

ALHAMBRA, May 30, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

* * * I have been working for some days past upon the story of the Invasion by the Moors; part of what I have done I think will please, but I cannot help contracting the whole into very moderate limits. There are no substantial materials for an ample chronicle like the Conquest of Granada. The history of Don Roderick, as generally admitted by chroniclers, lies within a narrow compass. To follow the chronicle of the Moor Rasis in all its details would be to ride the invention of another, for it is just as much a fiction as the Gonsalvo

* The Legends close as follows: "Written in the Alhambra, June 10, 1829." "Finished Don Roderick," is the entry in his diary of June 11.

of Cordova of Florian, and a great part of the fiction is flimsy and in bad taste. I will do what I can with it, but I have an internal feeling in these matters which is tyrannical with me, and which I vainly strive against; or if ever I do work against it I am sure to come lamely off. I have picked some parts out of the chronicle of the Moor which worked up with materials from other writers are admirable, and will add great richness to the usual course of his history. But the greater part of his Episodes I have had, on much reflection, and after repeated trial, to reject. I am anxious before I leave my present quiet retreat to put other manuscripts in order, so that I may have materials to work upon with facility, even in the midst of distractions; but I find it difficult just now to apply myself with the vigor and assiduity I could wish. My mind is not sufficiently quiet and composed. I am full of anxiety to return home, &c. * * *

The day preceding the date of the letter which follows, Mr. Irving vacated the Governor's apartments in the Alhambra, and moved his bed into the little chamber looking into the garden of Lindaraxa.

The arrangement with the Carvills, referred to in the opening extract, was the sale of the copyright of the second edition of Columbus and the abridgment, for five years, for $6,000.

[*To Peter Irving, Rouen.*]

ALHAMBRA, June 13, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

* * * The arrangement made by E. I. with the Carvills is very satisfactory. I am sorry, however, to find that

Carey has published the Conquest of Granada on the 20th of April; I repeatedly requested that the work should not be published in America until he received news that it had actually been published in England. By a letter received this day from Col. Aspinwall, I find that Murray has not yet published it, and probably will not do so until the proroguing of Parliament. * * *

* * * Nothing could be more favorable for study and literary occupation than my present abode. I have a room in one of the most retired parts of the old palace. One window looks into the little garden of Lindaraxa, a kind of patio, full of flowers with a fountain in the centre; another window looks down upon the deep valley of the Darro, which murmurs far below, and in front of the window, on the breast of a mountain covered with groves and gardens, extends the old Moorish palace of the Generalife. I have nothing but the sound of water, the humming of bees, and the singing of nightingales to interrupt the profound silence of my abode; and at night, stroll until midnight about the galleries overlooking the garden and the landscape, which are now delicious at night from the brightness of the moon.

I am determined to linger here until I get some writings under way connected with the place, and that shall bear the stamp of real intimacy with the charming scenes described.

It is a singular good fortune to be thrown into this most romantic and historical place, which has such a sway over the imaginations of readers in all parts of the world, and I think it worth while departing from my original plan and remaining here a little while to profit by it.

I am so delightfully situated that I descend but rarely into Granada. I have a very excellent place of resort there, how-

ever, in the house of the Duke of Gor. He is between thirty and forty years of age, extremely prepossessing in his appearance, frank, friendly, and simple in his manners; one of the best informed and most public-spirited men in the place. The duchess is perfect amiability, and they have a charming family of children. The duke has a curious library, which he has offered for my use. He has procured me permission also to visit when I please the old Jesuit library of the university, where I am left to myself with the keys of the bookcases, to pass the whole day if I please, rummaging at perfect liberty. At the duke's table I have made two or three very pleasant acquaintances, particularly the Marquis of Salar (Hernando del Pulgar), the regular descendant of *El de las Hazañas*. He is a young man, of pleasant manners and with pleasant countenance, full of good humor. I am to have the rummaging of the archives of his family on Monday next, and to see the grants, &c., given to his ancestor by the Catholic sovereigns for his exploits. The caper of entering Granada and dedicating the chief mosque to the Virgin appears to have been a real fact, as it is particularly specified in the grant of Charles V., allowing the descendant of Pulgar always to sit in the choir. There are various circumstances concerning this madcap hero and his privileges which are current among the good people of Granada, with whom his memory is held in great regard. I shall carefully gather them and dress them up for use. * * *

The Chronicle of the Conquest of Spain is grave throughout; perhaps in one or two places there is a gleam of humor; but I thought it misplaced in such a subject, and likely to displease the reader. Nothing has a more trivial or indeed heartless appearance than a jest introduced amidst scenes of real dignity and distress. * * *

[*To Prince Dolgorouki.*]

ALHAMBRA, June 15, 1829.

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI:

Your letter from Seville was highly gratifying to me. * *

How I regret you could not have remained here some time longer with me. With all your raptures about Granada you scarcely know anything of its real charms. The Alhambra requires warm summer weather to make one sensible of its peculiar delights, and as to the beauties of the scenery, they are only to be found out by quiet strolls in all directions. Such delicious walks as I have found out! and such enchanting prospects! really surpassing anything we have seen together. And then I have such a chamber! You remember the little suite of rooms locked up, where the Italian artist worked who had been repairing the Alhambra. It is an apartment built either by Charles V. or Philip, and terminates in the open gallery where Chateaubriand wrote his name on the wall. I have taken possession of that apartment, and one room is very comfortably fitted up as my bedroom and study. I never had such a delicious abode. One of my windows looks into the little garden of Lindaraxa; the citron trees are full of blossoms and perfume the air, and the fountain throws up a beautiful jet of water; on the opposite side of the garden is a window opening into the saloon of Las dos Hermanas, through which I have a view of the fountain of Lions, and a distant peep into the gloomy halls of the Abencerrages. Another window of my room looks out upon the deep valley of the Darro, and commands a fine view of the Generalife. I am so in love with this apartment that I can hardly force myself from it to take my promenades. I sit by my window until late at night, enjoying

the moonlight and listening to the sound of the fountains and the singing of the nightingales; and I have walked up and down the Chateaubriand gallery until midnight. There is something so completely solitary and tranquil in thus being shut up in the centre of this great deserted palace. The good Tia and little Dolores remonstrated at first at my remaining alone in such a remote part of the old building, out of the reach of all assistance, especially as there was no fastening to any of the doors and windows, excepting a slight lock to the outer door. I could not resist the temptation of such a chamber, however, and passed several nights here, in defiance of robbers and *Moros encantados*. This day Mateo Ximenes has summoned up all his mechanical powers, and has been at work securing the doors and windows with bars and bolts, so that at present I am in a state to stand a tolerable siege.

Little Dolores is very grateful for your remembrances of her, and desires me to say a thousand kind things on her part. She is an excellent little being, with a great deal of natural cleverness united with great *naïvèté*. She takes good care of me in consequence of your parting recommendation. Mateo Ximenes, the historiador, continues to be my *valet de chambre*, messenger, and occasional guide and companion in my strolls about the country, and has really taken me to several charming points of view which I should not otherwise have discovered. The Duke de Gor is just the kind of acquaintance here that I could have wished. I have dined repeatedly with him, and experienced many other friendly civilities. He is amiable, intelligent, frank, and obliging, with a simplicity of manners that is peculiarly to my taste. I have the use of his library, which contains many curious works, and he has procured me the free use of the library of the university. I only

wish I could afford to spend a year in this place, I find myself so charmingly situated. * * *

If you can put me up a parcel of French and English newspapers, and forward them to me by any *Corsario*, you will do me a vast kindness, for I am totally behindhand in the news of the day, and do not know which way the world is rolling. I do not care how old the papers are, for it is two or three months since I have seen any. Give my affectionate remembrances to the family, and believe me, my dear Dolgorouki,

Ever your attached friend and fellow traveller,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

ALHAMBRA, July 4, 1829.

* * * I shall remain here some little time longer. The weather is intensely hot for travelling, while here I am living in a Mussulman's paradise. I cannot tell you how delicious these cool halls and courts are in this sultry season. * * * My room is so completely in the centre of the old castle that I hear no sound but the hum of bees, the notes of birds, and the murmuring of fountains.

A day or two since the Duke of Gor passed the day with me, with his family of lovely children, the eldest a beautiful girl of about nine years of age. They came to breakfast, and stayed until night, and a pleasant day we had of it. * * *

I live in the old palace as absolute and independent as the Rey Chico himself. * * * My room is separated from the residence of the family by long galleries and halls, and the winding staircase of a tower; and when I barricade myself in it for the night, the little Dolores crosses herself to think I should venture to remain alone in such a remote part of this enchanted palace. In one of the great patios or courts there is a noble

tank of water, one hundred and twenty feet long and between twenty and thirty feet wide. The sun is upon it all day, so that at night it is a delightfully tempered bath, in which I have room to swim at large.

The gardens in the neighborhood abound with fine fruits, strawberries, apricots, &c., &c., and *brebas* or early figs of that large delicious kind which we met with one morning in a garden near Madrid. What I would give, my dear brother, if you were here to pass some time with me. It is just the kind of place that your imagination could conceive for a summer residence; one really lives here in a species of enchantment.

At the date of the following letter, the diary has this memorandum: "Finished MS. of Moor's Legacy. Received letters informing me of my appointment as Secretary of Legation to London." The letter is addressed to an English acquaintance, who had just returned to Seville from Madrid, and is from a copy preserved among the author's papers.

ALHAMBRA, July 18, 1829.

MY DEAR DON WETHERELL:—

* * * You will be sorry to hear that Mr. Everett is superseded by a new minister, among the sweeping changes made by our new president. Another piece of news will probably surprise you almost as much as it has me, viz.: that I am appointed Secretary of Legation to London. So goes this mad world; honors and offices are taken from those who seek them and are fitted for them, and bestowed on those who have no relish for them. I received news of my appointment this morning, with packets of letters from my friends, urging me to accept a mark of respect conferred on me without any solicitation. I confess I feel extremely reluctant to give up my quiet

and independent mode of life, and am excessively perplexed. There are many private reasons, independent of the mere wishes of my friends that urge me on, while my antipathy to the bustle, show, and business of the world incline me to hold back. I only regret that I had not been left entirely alone, and to dream away life in my own way.

You tell me that Don Juan Nicasio Gallego is translating my life of Columbus. If he will wait a little while, the second edition will be published in America, with many alterations, and I will take care to forward him a copy.

I am scribbling this in a great hurry, as you may suppose, having to reply to the letters received this morning, and my mind being confused by their contents. When you write to your sister, give my kind remembrances to her and to the girls.

Give my kind regards also to your father and mother, and to all the folks of our little Tertullia, and believe me ever very truly, Your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The allusion to Nicholson in the following letter, will be better appreciated when the reader is told that Brevoort had credited to him the first idea of the appointment. Nicholson, it seemed, had written a familiar epistle to the Secretary of State, suggesting such an appointment as one that would redound to the honor of the administration. Mr. Van Buren in a letter to John T. Irving, inquired if his brother would be likely to accept if the office were tendered him, and being affirmatively advised, the appointment followed from President Jackson.

[*To Peter Irving, Esq.*]

ALHAMBRA, July 18, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I received by the last post your letter of July 1st enclosing letters from E. I. and Brevoort, relative to a proposition to appoint me Secretary of Legation to London, and by your letter of July 5th, received this morning, I find the appointment has been made. I regret that you have not expressed your opinion or your wishes on this subject. I am only left to guess at them by your enclosing the note written to you by Beasley, wherein he says I must accept. Such seems to be the opinion and the desire of my brothers and friends in America. I have a thorough indifference to all official honors, and a disinclination for the turmoil of the world: yet having no reasons of stronger purport for declining, I am disposed to accord with what appears to be the wishes of my friends. My only horror is the bustle and turmoil of the world—how shall I stand it after the delicious quiet and repose of the Alhambra? I had intended, however, to quit this place before long, and, indeed, was almost reproaching myself for protracting my sojourn, having little better than sheer self-indulgence to plead for it; for the effect of the climate, the air, the serenity and sweetness of the place is almost as seductive as that of the castle of Indolence, and I feel at times an impossibility of working, or of doing anything but yielding to a mere voluptuousness of sensation. I found, therefore, that, like the Knight of Industry, it was necessary to break the charm and escape; and had resolved to depart for England preparatory to my embarkation for America. This appointment, therefore, will not much alter the course of my movements. * * * I shall prepare for my departure for England; but I will not commit

myself as to this appointment until absolutely necessary, as I may hear from you in the interim, and be induced to change my plans. My Spanish materials I can work up in England, where I can have all the necessary works, and where you will be within reach to consult with. Should I find the office of Secretary of Legation irksome in any respect, or detrimental to my literary plans, I will immediately throw it up, being fortunately independent of it, both as to circumstances and as to ambition.

I cannot help smiling at the real source of this unlooked-for honor. That I should have that fat, jolly little tar, Jack Nicholson, for a patron! I confess there is something so extremely whimsical in this caprice of fortune that I cannot help feeling in good humor with it. Little Jack has had a kind of dogged, determined kindness for me now for about twenty-five years, ever since he took a liking for me on our getting tipsy together at Richmond, in Virginia, at the time of Burr's trial. It is a proof of the odd way in which this mad world is governed, when a Secretary of State of a stern republic gives away offices of the kind at the recommendation of a jovial little man of the seas like Jack Nicholson.

The next day Mr. Irving was informed that his old friend Paulding, who was at Washington at the time, had earnestly seconded the appointment, and indeed, had been a principal hand in promoting it. A day or two after, he received a letter from Paulding strongly urging his acceptance, and advising him in that event to repair immediately to London to meet Mr. McLane, the newly appointed Minister to the

Court of St. James, about the time of his arrival. He wrote to that gentleman the next day as follows:

[*To Louis McLane, London.*]

ALHAMBRA, GRANADA, July 22, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have just received intelligence of my being appointed Secretary of Legation to the Court of St. James, and that I am expected to join you in London as soon as possible. It gives me great satisfaction, sir, to be associated in office with one of whom public report and the private communications of my friends speak in the highest terms of eulogy. I shall make all possible despatch in arriving at London, but must crave indulgence should I not be there as early as you could wish. This intelligence has been entirely unexpected, and has found me in the midst of occupations and engagements of a literary nature, from which it will require a few days to disentangle myself. The travelling in Spain, also, is slow, particularly at this sultry season. I trust, however, I shall be able to join you towards the end of August.

In the mean time, my dear sir, I remain with great respect and esteem, Your very humble servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

To Mr. Everett he wrote the same day:

ALHAMBRA, July 22, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR:

It is with great regret that I perceive your name among the number of those who have fallen beneath the edge of the old general's sword; which certainly spares not. As you seemed to be in some measure prepared for the event, and are

Louis M'Lane.

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so independent of official honors by your varied talent and resources, I presume it has not much shaken your philosophy. I fancy you must have been somewhat surprised among the list of appointments to see my name as Secretary of Legation at London. You could not be more surprised than I was myself. I have neither sought nor desired office, nor has any application been made for me by my family or friends. But so it is in this world; they take from those who are willing and capable, and give to the indifferent and incompetent. I have been completely perplexed by this matter for a few days past. I have no inclination for office; and I question whether I have a turn for it; my recluse literary life, for some time past, has almost unfitted me for the bustle and business of the world, and I have no political ambition to urge me forward in an official career. My brothers and my most particular friends, however, have all written to me, urging me so strongly to accept this that I have yielded to their wishes, in opposition to my own. As the office has been unsought by me, so in accepting it I shall have it clearly understood that I commit myself to no set of men or measures, but mean, as heretofore, to keep myself as clear as possible of all party politics, and to continue to devote all my spare time to general literature.

* * * I am much gratified by the favorable opinion you express of the Chronicle of Granada. I have had no intelligence from England since its publication. * * * I have been passing eight or ten weeks delightfully in this old enchanted palace, and know not how I shall relish the smoke, the noise, the hurry, and the commonplace of London after such a tranquil and poetic abode. * * * I am glad that Don Jorge *

* The translator of the Sketch Book into Spanish.

is likely soon to get his work into print; as the old wives say, he has had a trying time of it.

Ever faithfully, your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

To his brother Ebenezer he wrote the same day (July 22) that his first thought on receiving the news of his appointment was to decline, but perceiving it was the earnest wish of his relatives, he had resolved to accept.

I have been in a great measure inclined also to this determination (he adds) by the very handsome manner in which the office has been offered me by government, without any view to party purposes, and without any solicitation by me or my friends. I consider it, therefore, as emanating from my country, and a proof of the good will of my countrymen, and in this light it is most flattering and gratifying to me. It is singular how circumstances conspire to prolong my absence from home. I had made up my mind to return to America this year. When I left Seville, I packed up my books in trunks and left them there ready to be shipped for New York. It was my plan, after making a tour in Andalusia and revisiting Granada, to embark for England, make literary arrangements in London, pay a farewell visit to Peter and our connections in Birmingham, and set sail in the autumn for New York. This appointment breaks up all this plan, and again puts off my return to an indefinite period. This is a great source of regret, for the desire to return home has been continually growing upon me, and all my schemes for a long time past have been shaped towards that end.

[*To Peter Irving, Rouen.*]

ALHAMBRA, July 22, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I received yesterday your letter of July 6th, enclosing those of J. K. Paulding and Beasley. You will have seen by my previous letter that I had guessed at your wishes with respect to my appointment; but your letter gives me great satisfaction in expressing your opinion so decidedly. I now feel assured and contented in the decision I had made. Never hesitate to give me your advice in all matters, whether trivial or important. You are my better half, and in most matters I have more confidence in your judgment than in my own.

I shall leave the Alhambra in the course of a very few days, but I shall leave it with great regret. Never in my life have I had so delicious an abode, and never can I expect to meet with such another. The weather is now intolerably hot, and even reaches some of the main halls and courts of the palace, but I have a delightful retreat in the halls of the baths, which are almost subterranean, and as cool as grottos. For a fortnight past the old Count of Luque has been living in the Alhambra for his health. His chief infirmity, however, is old age, which even the airs of the Alhambra cannot cure. He is the lineal descendant of the Grand Captain, Gonzalvo of Cordova, and appears to have some remains of gunpowder propensities, as he has been a great chasseur in his time, and even now amuses himself with firing at swallows from the balconies of the hall of ambassadors in the lofty tower of Comares. The old gentleman and myself eat our meals together in the Patio de los Leones, amongst flowers and fountains, and in the evening the countess comes up to the Alhambra with a little party to play at Tresillo. I have this morning

accompanied the old gentleman to town, and been over the whole of his palace, which is of his own planning and building, and an odd piece of architecture it is. In his archives I found a sword of the grand captain—and in the garret, covered with dust, several unwieldy arquebusses, with matchlocks, which, doubtless, made a great noise in the time of the conquest of Granada.

A day or two after his despatch to Mr. McLane, he received a letter from his brother Peter, conveying the opinion of some friends, that the office conferred was below his talents and standing in the world, to which he replied as follows:

ALHAMBRA, July 25, 1829.

I have just received your letters of July 9 and 12. It is too late to be influenced by the afterthoughts of honest ——, suggested by the conversation of ——, as I have already written to Mr. McLane that I would join him in London. There is much force in what they say; but after all, their objections are merely on motives of self-pride; that I ought to hold myself above such minor appointments, &c. Such objections have little weight with me; the only reputation of which I am ambitious is not to be increased or decreased by official station. Had the office of minister to London or consul to the same place been offered, mere considerations of convenience would have determined my choice between the two. Whatever ambition I possess is entirely literary. I cannot express to you how much the habit of turning my thoughts to this point continually has made me careless about all others. I accepted this appointment, therefore, because it would gratify my friends, and would link me with my country. * * I am perfectly

content, therefore, for a time to be Secretary of Legation. If the world thinks I ought to be minister, so much the better; the world honors me, but I do not degrade myself. I have the same feeling in this respect that I have always had on points of precedence; I care not who takes the lead of me in entering an apartment, or sits above me at table. It is better that half a dozen should say why is he seated so low down, than any one should casually say what right has he to be at the top. So much for these objections. * * *

[*To Ebenezer Irving, Esq.*]

ALHAMBRA, July 25, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

* * * While I was balancing in my mind what route to take for England, a young English gentleman, by the name of Sneyd, arrived here, bringing letters of introduction to me. He appears to be well bred, well informed, and of highly prepossessing appearance. Fortunately, his plans require him likewise to be in London about the end of August, and he had marked out a route for himself precisely the one I most wished to take, but which I had felt unwilling to travel alone in this sultry season, where one must travel much at night, and be more exposed to robbers, &c. We have agreed to travel together, therefore, and shall set off in the course of three days. Our route lies through the Mediterranean provinces of Spain; viz., Murcia, Valencia, Catalonia, &c., some of the finest and most interesting parts of the peninsula. We enter France at Perpignan, and go from thence to Montpelier, up the Rhône to Lyons, make a little detour to Geneva and from thence direct to Paris. It is a wonderfully interesting route; I only regret that we have to travel rather rapidly and in so sultry a season.

To Peter he writes, July 28th:

I have just received your letter, covering that of Edward Livingston, Mr. Van Buren, &c. I leave Granada this afternoon at five o'clock in a kind of rumble tumble called a Tartana, on two wheels. We put in mattresses on which we lounge, and knock our heads together; but it is better than travelling on horseback in this hot weather. I am now about to run the gauntlet along the Mediterranean provinces, and if I get out of Spain without being robbed, I shall really consider myself remarkably fortunate. The great part of our baggage, however, goes on by *Corsarios*, who are numerous and well-armed.

Your affectionate brother,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEPARTURE FROM GRANADA—LAST LOOK OF THE ALHAMBRA—JOURNEY IN A TARTANA—UNEXPECTED CIVILITY OF THE DUKE DE GOR—ROBBER MEMENTOES—SPANISH TRAVELLING—MOURNFUL FATE OF HIS TRAVELLING COMPANION—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE AT LONDON—BARGAIN IN AMERICA FOR MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON—TWO LETTERS FROM MOORE ON THE SUBJECT—NEWTON—WILLIAM E. WEST—DETERMINES TO ESCHEW LITERARY DRUDGERY, AND GIVE DIPLOMATIC LIFE A TRIAL—RESOLVES UPON A LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

TWELVE days after his departure from Granada, Mr. Irving writes as follows from Valencia to Henry Brevoort:

I had intended writing to you from the Alhambra, but the time for my departure arrived before I had half finished with my correspondents. I cannot express to you how sensibly I feel the interest you have taken in my late appointment. I am gratified that my brothers consulted you concerning it, as I know you to consider my affairs both with brotherly feeling and with knowledge of the world. As it appeared to be the general wish of my friends that I should accept this appointment I have done so; but I assure you when I took my last look at the Alhambra from the mountain road of Granada, I felt like a sailor who has just left a tranquil port to launch upon a stormy and treacherous sea. * * *

I left the Alhambra on the 29th July, after having passed between two and three months there in a kind of oriental dream. Never shall I meet on earth with an abode so much to my taste, or so suited to my habits and pursuits. The sole fault was, that the softness of the climate, the silence and serenity of the place, the odor of flowers and the murmur of fountains had a soothing and voluptuous effect that at times almost incapacitated me for work, and made me feel like the Knight of Industry, when so pleasingly enthralled in the Castle of Indolence.

I set out for Granada on my long journey for England in company with a young Englishman, Mr. Ralph Sneyd. He is an Oxonian, * * and well bred, intelligent, and amiable. We have made our journey to this place in a kind of covered cart called a Tartana, drawn by a mule. In this we put two mattresses, on which we lolled as we were trundled along the mountain roads at the average of about twenty-eight miles a day. The heat of the weather at this season of the year made it unadvisable to travel on horseback, and as it was, we were obliged to lie by several hours during the heat of the day, and travel very early in the mornings and in the evenings.

To his brother Peter, he writes six days before from Murcia, when only about two hundred miles on his journey:

Our Tartana resembles a covered English market cart. * * It is the most lounging mode of travelling I ever knew. We walk a great part of the way where the road is pleasant and good. Our journey has been through a mountainous, sunburnt

country, wild and solitary, with here and there little valleys of great verdure and luxuriance, contrasting strongly with the general sterility. * * In the course of our journey I met with unexpected marks of the kindness and friendship of the Duke of Gor. Within a league of Guadix a carriage was waiting for us in which was the administrator of the duke's estates in that neighborhood. He conducted us to the duke's house in Guadix, which he informed us was at our command as long as we chose to remain there. Several canons of the cathedral and other persons of the place called to see us in the course of the evening. Ices and other refreshments were served us, and an excellent supper prepared for us. Sancho Panza would have considered himself in paradise in such an abode, but we left it about daybreak, and proceeded to Gor, a small village from which the duke takes his title. It is situated in a little green valley at the foot of lofty and rocky mountains. Here we passed the heat of the day and dined in the old family castle, now almost a ruin and inhabited as a farm house by one of the administrators of the duke, who had received orders to entertain us. I was extremely gratified by these marks of attention of the duke, as he had said nothing to me on the subject.

I have been unexpectedly pleased with Murcia, of which I had heard nothing. It is situated on the banks of a little river, in the midst of delightful gardens and orchards, filled with the finest southern fruits, with here and there lofty palm trees to give an oriental character to the scenery. * * *

Two days later, August 6th, he writes to Peter from Alicant:

We arrived here yesterday after a very interesting journey from Murcia. The road lay along the valley of the Seguras to avoid the Sierra of Crevellente, the passes of which are very much infested by robbers. We slept one night at Orchuela, where Tadmor of yore played off the trick of manning his walls with women armed with reeds. It is in a most romantic, delicious country. Indeed, the whole valley of the Seguras is one of the most lovely parts of Spain. It is level as a table, and is a continued garden for many leagues, covered with groves of oranges, citrons, pomegranates, &c., with palm and date trees. This fertile and beautiful country, which is compared to the Delta of the Nile, is bordered by great rocky mountains, picturesque in their outlines and sublime from their very nakedness and sterility. We passed part of a day at Elche, which has the complete appearance of an oriental town. The houses are flat-roofed, the domes are of glazed tiles, an imitation of brass and copper, that glisten against the deep blue sky, and seem to increase the sultry look of the place, and the town is surrounded by immense groves of date trees. I felt as if suddenly transported into Egypt.

We leave this at two o'clock in the afternoon in a Tartana, and have procured of the governor the escort of two soldiers, to continue with us for two days, until we have passed through some dangerous defiles of the mountains, and have reached the main post road to Valencia; after which I trust we shall have little more to apprehend from this kind of gentry.

In the two days here mentioned, in which he passed through some of the most dangerous parts of the country for robbers, he writes:

We have seen innumerable crosses by the road side; mementos of unfortunate travellers; and also the skulls of robbers hanging in iron cages. At one place four robbers were brought in who had been recently captured. In another, the dead body of a robber chieftain who had been shot through the head by the alcalde of the village. We have had the good fortune, however, to travel unmolested, and have at length reached a place from whence a line of diligence continues on to France.

From this place, which was Valencia, his letter to Brevoort was dated from which I have given an extract at the commencement of the chapter. I continue with some further extracts from the same letter:

We have traversed the ancient kingdom of Murcia; have touched at Alicant, and passed over a part of the rich plain of Valencia. In our route we bordered along the country lately desolated by earthquakes, where the earth is still in a feverish state, and where we saw traces of the effects of the recent convulsions, in the walls of the churches, convents, and houses. Though the towns through which we passed were not those which had most suffered, yet we found many of the inhabitants still living in huts of reeds and clay slightly put together, so as to yield to any agitation of the earth. We heard one still morning the rumbling of an earthquake, but were not sensible of any movement of the earth; we have since heard that it was more violent in another part of the country. Our route has led us through many very wild and picturesque scenes and many delicious valleys, but the general character of the Spanish scenery is stern, mountainous, and arid; partaking more of a melancholy sublimity than of luxuriance or beauty. We have

been through some of the tracts also most noted for robbers, but have escaped without being obliged too pay toll; though for the greater part of the way, we had no other escort but a long-legged Portuguese, with a musket, who acted as our servant along the road. Travelling through the greater part of Spain is pretty much the same at present as it was in the days of Don Quixote. The posadas and ventas have seldom anything to give you; you must either bring your provisions with you, or forage for them through the village. Our beds at night were the mattresses we brought in the cart, which were spread on the floor, and we laid on them in our clothes. The mattresses of the inns, where they possess such conveniences, are not to be trusted at this season of the year.

We have now arrived at the diligence road, and shall henceforth travel more rapidly. To-morrow evening we start in the diligence for Barcelona, and in the course of a few days I hope to cross the Pyrenees and find myself in the gay country of France. I assure you, however, I shall leave Spain with feelings of great regret. A residence of between three and four years in it has reconciled me to many of its inconveniences and defects, and I have learned more and more to like both the country and the people.

Mr. Irving remained in Paris a fortnight with his brother Peter, when hearing of the arrival of Mr. McLane at Portsmouth, he set off to meet him in London.

In a letter of October 6, to his sister, Mrs. Paris, dated from that city, to which he had now returned after an absence of more than five years, he has this allusion to the fate of the travelling companion with

whom he left Granada, and whom he describes to her as "of an old family in Staffordshire, the Sneyds, a young lady of which family, if you recollect, was engaged to be married to the unfortunate Major André."

For three or four days that we continued at Barcelona I was engrossed by the illness of my travelling companion, who was laid up by a fever, the consequence of too much exposure to the sun. As soon as he could bear travelling we set off in the diligence, and such was his eagerness to get to England that we did not go to bed until we arrived at Paris; travelling nine days and nights incessantly. The consequence was a return of his fever, which confined him to his bed for several days at Paris. His object was to get to England by the beginning of September, as he was to be presented to a living of one thousand pounds sterling a year. Another living of about the same income would fall to him in the course of a few years, and he was to have about fifteen thousand pounds from his mother. He had engaged himself to be married next spring to a beautiful girl, the daughter of the British consul at Cadiz; and was anxious to make every arrangement for a speedy return to Spain. All these prospects which had animated him throughout our journey, and had been the themes of our frequent conversation, had made him more and more impatient to get on the nearer he arrived to his journey's end. After being several days in bed at Paris, he took advantage of the first return of strength to set off with all haste for England. Poor fellow! on my arrival in London I was shocked at receiving intelligence of his death! The scenes I have had with his afflicted parents are too painful to be repeated.

The letter from which this extract is taken, concludes:

As yet I can form no idea how diplomatic life will agree with me. So far it has been a complete interruption to all my literary avocations. I am willing to give it a fair trial for the satisfaction of my friends; but I doubt whether I should not have consulted the interests both of them and myself more truly by adhering entirely to my literary career.

I am anxious to pay our relations in Birmingham a visit, but at present it is out of my power to leave London; nor shall I be able to do so until I have accompanied Mr. McLane in his visits of ceremony to the principal officers of the government and the foreign ambassadors, &c. It is extremely tantalizing to be within ten hours' journey of the family at Birmingham, after a separation of between five and six years, and not be able to pay it a visit; but this is one of the privations attendant upon being no longer my own master.

An impatience of restraint, a love of leisure and of ample freedom, a hatred of all tasks upon time or talent, were characteristic of the author, and would no doubt incline him at first to chafe at these trammels of official station, which he felt bound to respect, and would not willingly slight. It was not long, however, before he became reconciled to his new functions, as will appear from the following letter, which gives also some glimpses of old acquaintances.

[*To Peter Irving, Esq., Rouen.*]

LONDON, Oct. 16, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

* * * Ever since my arrival in London I have been so unsettled and so hurried about by various concerns that I have not had a moment to devote to literary matters. Mr. McLane being a stranger in London, and for a part of the time confined to his bed by illness, has needed my assistance incessantly. We have also had all our visits of ceremony to perform, which in this huge wilderness of a city take up a great deal of time. I trust the hurry and bustle is now over, and that I shall begin to have more time to myself. Mr. McLane is settled in a very commodious house No. 9 Chandos street, Cavendish Square; and I have taken lodgings immediately opposite in the same street, so that in half a minute I can step from my own sitting room to the office of the legation, which is a very comfortable one and entirely at my command. There is likely to be but moderate scribe work in the legation, and Mr. McLane seems disposed to take the greater part of that off my hands, by employing young Walsh, who is attached to the legation, and whose father wishes him to be considered by Mr. McLane as a kind of private secretary. * * *

Leslie continues rising in reputation. I have not seen any of the paintings he has produced during my absence, as they are dispersed in the collections of various noblemen. He is about a large picture, which will be a very rich one—Falstaff regaling at the table of Justice Shallow. In this he introduces most of the characters of the Merry Wives of Windsor, &c. He is at the same time painting a smaller piece—Uncle Toby looking into the Widow Wadman's eye. It is admirable—the figures much larger than those he used to paint, and ex-

ecuted with great spirit and freedom, and a happy union of beauty and humor.

King Stephen has opened Drury Lane with very tolerable prospects, considering the depressed state of theatres. He has kindly put me on his free list. He looks like the description of the "old commodore," who had been so terribly knocked about by the bullets and the gout, having chalkstones forming on his knuckles, and rolling heavily in his gait.

I had a letter from Frank Ogden a few days since. He is quartered in our old lodgings under the care of the gentle Mrs. Kay, now a little more advanced in life, and a demure widow. She has tucked him into the French bed which she says Mr. Peter Irving used to think the most comfortable in the world; though Frank finds it rather short for his long legs. He has Mr. Peter's easy chair also, and keeps Mr. Washington's room and bed for the accommodation of a friend. He says he shall always have a bed and plate and knife and fork for you and myself when we choose to come to Liverpool. Mrs. Kay speaks of you with kind remembrance as one of the nicest men she ever knew; and includes me also in her grateful eulogies.

Your affectionate brother,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

To his brother Ebenezer he writes:

* * * The reception I have met with among my English friends, after my long absence, has been most flattering, and I have received repeated expressions of kindness and good will from various officers of the government, who have taken occasion to express their satisfaction at my having been appointed to the legation. As I am now settled in lodgings, I

shall have more time to myself, and intend immediately to take hold of the large edition of Columbus and make the proposed corrections in it. * * *

I requested in my last that you would let me have a statement of my pecuniary affairs that I might know how I stand, and what income I can calculate upon.

It may seem strange that he should be obliged to solicit explicit information respecting the amount of his funds in America, but he was always extremely easy about money matters, and his brothers Ebenezer and John thought it best that he should be kept in the dark on the subject, lest he should remove them to England, or invest them in some hazardous speculations on the Continent. "Your investment in Bolivar mines," writes John to him, "and in steamboats in France, had given me uneasiness on your account, and I was satisfied that if the funds which had been accumulated for you in this country were suffered to remain here that they would be in the hands of those who would keep them secured to you, and enable you to reap a permanent benefit from them." Ebenezer lent himself the more readily to this reserve, that he feared the generous disposition of Washington would give away too freely, before he had secured an ample independence. "You should first determine," he writes to him on an occasion when his brother had directed the payment of $2,000 in wedding presents; "what is necessary for the support of yourself and

Peter, and put that amount securely by, before you undertake to give way to your generous feelings."

I notice your kind solicitude [writes Washington in reply to this caution] lest I should give away my funds too freely, but you need not be apprehensive on that account. I am guided in all these matters by proper calculations. * * You say that I ought to determine what amount per annum is sufficient for Peter and myself, and to realize and keep that untouched, before disbursing to others. This leads me to request that one provision should be made on Peter's account. Let sufficient amount be invested in stock to produce him —— dollars annually. Let it be placed apart, free from all pledge, lien, or other embarrassment, and quite disconnected with your own money matters, and as secure as possible from the risks and vicissitudes of trade.

In the following letter we find the author undertaking to make a bargain in America for Moore's Life of Byron, and Godwin's Cloudesley. For the English copyright of The Life, Moore was to receive from Murray 4,000 guineas, and he intimates in his diary that he should be satisfied if he got from America £300. It will be perceived hereafter that his wishes were gratified.

[*To Ebenezer Irving.*]

LONDON, Nov. 6, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Either by the present or the ensuing packet ship, you will receive a parcel of manuscript, being the first part of *The Life*

of Byron, by Thomas Moore, the poet. I wish you to act in respect to this work, as you would if it were my own; that is to say, make the best bargain you can with some principal bookseller for the purchase of it. Moore is my particular friend; our friendship is of several years' standing, and has ever been of the most unreserved and cordial kind. I am deeply interested in his welfare, and for the ease and comfort of his amiable family; and it will be very important for him just now to make something additional from the American publication of his work. The work will be published in London in two quarto volumes, but I presume may be published in America in two octavos. It will be extremely interesting, and cannot fail to have a great sale. As you will be enabled to give a bookseller a decided start so as to distance all competition, if not virtually to secure a copyright, you ought to receive a very large sum for the work. The bargain, however, must be struck quickly, and the work put to press without delay. Should there be any demur or slowness to make a bargain on the part of the publishers, you may tell them you are instructed in such case to print and publish the work at my expense and risk for the benefit of the author. I cannot think, however, but that there will be an eagerness to secure a work which, it is expected, will make more noise and have a wider circulation than any work that has appeared for some time past.

There must be one or two provisos made; viz., that the MSS. or printed sheets of the work be not shown about, and that no scraps be permitted to appear beforehand in the public papers; and, that the publication of the work shall not take place until authorized by Mr. Moore himself, who will state, by letter, the day when it may be given to the public. Should anything prevent your attention to this matter, I wish you to

place it in the hands of Brevoort, or, if he be absent, of some other person in whom you can have full confidence. I am extremely anxious that something very handsome should be procured for this work; therefore do not hesitate to ask a round sum.

In a few days I shall likewise have another commission of the kind for you to execute. You will receive a manuscript copy of the first volume of a novel by Mr. Godwin (author of Caleb Williams, &c.) The novel will be in three volumes. The two last volumes will be sent in sheets as printed. I have likewise promised Mr. Godwin (who is in very limited circumstances) to procure for him as much as possible from some American bookseller for his work. The bargain must be made promptly, and the work put to press, to secure the advantage of this early copy. As Mr. Godwin has great celebrity, and, as his work must form a contrast to the general run of novels of the day, I should think it would command a ready and extensive sale. A publisher, therefore, ought to pay you a very handsome sum for thus effectually securing him the sole publication of the work.

It appears by his brother's reply, that Messrs. Carey, Lea & Carey, first made an offer to him of $750 for the Life, which they afterwards increased to $1,000. James and John Harper offered $850 at first, but concluded a contract at $1,500; a sum which came very opportunely to Moore to pay for some repairs on Sloperton cottage. Both publishers were loath to take hold of Cloudesley. The Harpers promised to look over the manuscript, and if it met their ap-

T. Campbell —

proval, said they might give $100; but on receiving it they returned it and declined offering anything.

I give two characteristic letters of Moore, which I find among Mr. Irving's papers, connected with the successful result of this negotiation.

SLOPERTON COTTAGE, Jan. 31, 1831.

MY DEAR IRVING:

I don't like to bother a great diplomat such as you are about matters of the shop—particularly as you won't come and be bothered here where I could have my wicked will of you—but time flies, and the golden moment (or rather silver one) for the arrival of my dollars from America ought to be here. Do, like a good fellow, poke them up a little about it, as, if the cash doesn't come, I must—go.

I would (but for the same dislike of pestering, &c.) have asked you to send out my sheets of Lord Edward for me—but sufficient to the day are the dollars thereof, and if you but get me these three hundred and thirty-three pounds sterling out of the fire, I shall give you a dinner when I come next to town, at the Literary Union, and have Tom Campbell (who is now my particular friend) to meet you. He has indeed written me a letter which does him the highest honor, and shows him to be a sound fellow at bottom, whatever he may be at top. Seriously, nothing could be more manly and warm-hearted than the *abandon* with which he has again thrown himself upon my friendship and forgiveness.

God bless you, my dear Washington. Mrs. Moore, who pines for you, sends her best regards with those of,

Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

March 11, 1831.

MY DEAR IRVING:

You are the very man for my money. A thousand thanks for all the trouble you have taken, and you shall reap the usual reward by having more inflicted upon you, as I mean to avail myself of your kind services in the same way about my Lord Edward. It grieved me not to see you while I was in town; though for neither seeing, hearing, or smelling had I a single sense left from a most outrageous cold caught on my way from Ireland. I stayed but three days in town, and made one effort to reach you, but fruitlessly.

As to my precious bill, I must beg you to pay it into the hands of my partners in the Row, and I would say, the thirteen pounds too, but that Bessy has put in a claim for that fraction for herself; but then how to get hold of it—couldn't you just run down with it to her some fine morning? it would be a *galanterie* worthy of you. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

The following extract, with some report of his old cronies, is from a letter to his brother Peter, dated December 7, written just after he had returned from a visit of three or four days to his sister's at Birmingham, with an account of which the first part is occupied.

Newton is quite the fashion; everything he paints, his very sketches and studies are eagerly bought up. Leslie is working assiduously at his great picture, Falstaff and his companion banqueting at Master Shallow's. It will be his greatest work as to study and execution. His picture of Uncle

Toby looking into Widow Wadman's eye (which is a capital hit), is half done, and put by until the large picture is completed.

Little West, the painter, is at the country seat of Francis Baring, or at some seat in the neighborhood; being fully employed in painting up the whole country. He has been in town but once in two or three days since I have been here, when we had a merry dinner, he, Newton, and myself, at Mills' lodgings. I expect him shortly in town, to remain.

Father Luke is in Ireland, where he has been very successful. He has long had a hankering to return to London, and wrote to Newton a few days since, mentioning that the tidings of my residence here had determined him—having a grateful recollection of the strong green tea he used to drink at our lodgings. He has authorized Newton, therefore, to look out for lodgings for him.

Soon after, having received from his brother Ebenezer the "financial report" for which, as we have seen, he had applied, presenting a satisfactory statement of the amount of funds in his hands, the proceeds of his American copyright, he gives Peter to understand that he should not think it essential to *labor* in his literary vocation.

My idea [he says] is not to *drudge* at literary labor, but to use it as an agreeable employment. We have now sufficient funds to ensure us a decent support, should we choose to retire upon them. We may therefore indulge in the passing pleasures of life, and mingle amusement with our labors.

I feel disposed, now that I am in diplomatic life, to give it some little trial. The labors are not great, especially in my present situation. It introduces me to scenes and affairs of high interest, and in that way perhaps prepares me for higher intellectual labors. The very kind and flattering manner, also, in which I am treated in all circles is highly gratifying.

Between one and two months prior to the date of this extract, I find the following entry in Mr. Irving's diary, now about to be laid aside.

November 23*d.*—Dined at Sir Robert Inglis'—present Sir James Mackintosh and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce and daughter, Mr. Miller—Sir James Mackintosh proposed to me to join him, Sir Walter Scott, and Moore in their historical project.

At the close of this year, Mr. Irving was bending his thoughts to a Life of Washington, and vainly flattering himself that he would begin upon it at once, as we gather from this intimation in a letter to his brother Peter, dated December 18, written soon after some overtures from Dr. Lardner for a History of the United States, to which he was at first inclined to listen.

I have abandoned the idea of the History of the United States, but have determined immediately to undertake a work in lieu of it, which will be more universally popular; and which, if tolerably executed, must be a valuable and lasting property. I mean a Life of Washington. I shall take my own time to

execute it, and will spare no pains. It must be my great and crowning labor.

Years, however, were to elapse before this final labor of his pen was even commenced.

CHAPTER XXV.

LETTER TO GOUVERNEUR KEMBLE—AWARD OF A GOLD MEDAL BY THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE—THE OXFORD HONOR—SKETCH OF WILLIAM IV.—LETTER TO PETER IRVING—ARTICLE IN THE LONDON QUARTERLY—LETTER TO LOUIS MCLANE FROM PARIS AFTER THE ELEVATION OF LOUIS PHILIPPE—EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE SAME—TALLEYRAND—LITERARY CONCERNS—BREVOORT—DOLGOROUKI—PETER POWELL—JOHN RANDOLPH—THE VOYAGES OF THE COMPANIONS OF COLUMBUS IN THE PRESS—INTERRUPTIONS OF HIS OFFICIAL SITUATION—DISTRACTIONS OF LONDON LIFE—THE KING AND THE MISSION—NEWTON—LESLIE—KENNEY—PAYNE—RECEIVES NOTES FROM MURRAY FOR THE VOYAGES.

I OPEN this chapter with a letter of Mr. Irving to his early friend, Gouverneur Kemble, who was now occupying his bachelor home in the noble solitude of the highlands of the Hudson. It was situated nearly opposite West Point, and a few miles north of the old colonial seat of Captain Philipse, that favorite haunt of Irving, Brevoort, Kemble, and Paulding, in days long gone by. Kemble was now the proprietor of an extensive foundery, from which he occasionally supplied the government with cannon, and to "the forges and fires" of which the letter alludes:

LONDON, Jan. 18, 1830.

MY DEAR KEMBLE:

I am most heartily obliged to you for your letter, which smacks so much of old times and early fellowship; and I take

it the more kindly of you, because I believe I was in your debt for one or two previous letters, which from the hurry of various affairs I had suffered to remain unanswered. I had hoped and designed to have been by this time once more among you all in New York, and had trusted to find in you a boon companion, to keep me in company and countenance in my old bachelorhood, and to have philosophized good-humoredly with me on all we had seen and experienced. This diplomatic appointment, however, has toppled down all my air castles, and has fixed me for a time amidst the smoke and fog of London. I have a most craving desire to visit old friends and old scenes; and there is no place I should feel greater delight in beholding than our ancient nest in the highlands. The poor captain is gone! and I should miss him sadly, but I have an idea that I should relish your stronghold of Cold Spring hugely. I cannot act up to your advice in keeping myself thin, to mount your hill without blowing; I have a villainous propensity to grow round and robustious, and I fear the beef and pudding of England will complete the ruin of my figure.

I was surprised a few days since by a visit from our old *convive* S——, whom I have often dined in company with at your house and the captain's. He looks a little the worse for wear; his face has grown to a dusky red, heightened by a very scanty shock of white hair. We had a good deal of talk about old times, and he expresses a resolution to revisit New York immediately, should we be successful in reopening the direct trade with the West Indies; in which case he seems sanguine of making a great deal of money. * * He introduced to me a young gentleman by the name of Brush, whose father I used likewise to see at your house, and who is on the

point of sailing for Spain, for which country I shall give him some letters.

I often see a lady who boasts of having enjoyed your intimacy while in London. I mean Miss ——, who now is an ancient spinster, but a very merry and bustling one. Her mother is about eighty years of age, and a relic of the ancient tory times of New York; being one of those who left it, I believe, at the close of the Revolution. Bating her high tory notions, she is a thorough American; that is to say, as far as love for the soil goes; for otherwise, I believe she looks upon the nation as little better than a rebellious race.

Why cannot you leave your forges and fires in the highlands for a season, and take a lounge for a few months in London? The crossing of the ocean at present is nothing; and you might be back before your fires had gone out or your irons grown cold; and return too with a whole budget of materials for after thought and after talk. By all accounts you must have made money enough to be able to take the world as you please; and having neither wife nor child to anchor you at home, I do not see why you should not now and then take a cruise. Think of this. I should be delighted to meet you in London, and you and Peter and myself would have some cozy hours together.

Give my affectionate regards to James Paulding and his wife, and to such of our old cronies as are within hail.

I am, my dear Kemble,

Ever very affectionately your old friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

On his birthday, the third of April, the author received verbal intelligence that the Royal Society of

Literature had that day voted him one of their fifty guinea gold medals. "What makes this the more gratifying," he writes to Peter at Birmingham "is that the other medal is voted to Hallam, author of the Middle Ages."

Two days afterwards, he received the following official announcement of the intended honor:

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE,
PARLIAMENT STREET, April 5, 1830.

SIR:—I have the honor to acquaint you that at a meeting of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature, held on Saturday last, for the purpose of awarding the two Royal Medals annually placed by his Majesty at the Society's disposal, to be adjudged to the authors of Literary works of eminent merit, or of important Literary Discoveries, one of the Medals was adjudged to you.

You are consequently requested to attend at the anniversary meeting of the Society, to be held at this place on Thursday the 29th instant, at three o'clock, in order to be presented with the said Medal.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
RICHARD CATTERMOLE,
Secretary.

This medal has a figure of Mercury on one side; on the other the head of George IV., with the inscription Georgius IV. Reg: Soc: Litt: Fundator et Patronus: MDCCCXXIII. Round the rim of the medal is inscribed: Washington Irving. Litt: Human: Insigni.

It is a curious incident connected with its history,

that after his return to America, this medal was once secretly stolen, and as furtively restored; the thief, during the confusion of a fire in the neighborhood, taking it from the safe of his brother's office, where it was deposited, and afterward slyly opening the door of that brother's residence at night and throwing it into the hall; a compunctious restitution to which the inscription no doubt contributed.

In less than a month after the presentation of the gold medal, as if honors, like misfortunes, should not come single, the modest author found himself committed for the degree of LL.D., which the University of Oxford proposed to confer on him. "Overruling the ultra-modesty of your scruples," writes the Rev. Arthur Matthews, May 19, "I have not hesitated to *commit* you with the academical authorities of Oxford, where you will be due on the 23d of June, the day fixed for the ceremony of annual commemoration in the theatre, at which it is usual to confer honorary degrees." It was not without great diffidence and reluctance that Mr. Irving yielded to a compliment which so many are found to covet. The reception of the proposed honor, however, was deferred to another year, in consequence of the dangerous illness and impending death of the king, which would throw a gloom over everything, and deprive the ceremony of all *éclât*.

"I have heard nothing further on the subject of the Oxford honor," he writes to Peter, June 6, 1831,

when the year had nearly rolled round, and the appointed time was approaching, "and hope the matter may be dropped." It was not dropped, however, for after sealing his letter, he opens it again to inform his brother in a postscript that the degree was unanimously awarded him; that the day of the ceremony was the 15th of June, when he must certainly be there. He accordingly repaired to Oxford at the appointed time, when the proposed dignity of LL.D. was conferred. The ceremony was somewhat embarrassing to the modest recipient of the honor, who, on advancing to receive the complimentary degree, was greeted with prolonged acclamations from the students, mingled with cries of Diedrich Knickerbocker, Ichabod Crane, Rip Van Winkle, Geoffrey Crayon, Columbus, Sketch Book, Bracebridge Hall, &c. I have heard him say that he was quite overcome, though all the time contending with a laugh at the vociferous and saturnalian applause. The ceremony over, he hurried back to London to take leave of Mr. McLane, who was then on the eve of returning to America. Though by no means insensible to this compliment to his character and literary fame, he never used the title. In a letter of Nov. 25, 1851, to Donald G. Mitchell, the popular author of Reveries of a Bachelor, whose writings he had enjoyed "with peculiar relish," and who was proposing to dedicate some new volume to him with the title appended to his name, he writes in accepting what he deems the "overflat-

tering" compliment: "I would only suggest that in your dedication you would omit the LL.D., a learned dignity urged upon me very much 'against the stomach of my sense,' and to which I have never laid claim."

The following letter, addressed July 27, to his brother Peter, then on a visit to his sister at Birmingham, after the death of George IV., and before the coronation of his successor, gives a playful sketch of the new monarch, William IV.

* * * The king keeps all London agog; nothing but sights, and parades, and reviews. He is determined that it shall be merry old England once more. Yesterday morning there was a splendid review in St. James's Park, at which all the world was present. Then a royal breakfast at the Duke of Wellington's, attended by the dignitaries of the court and several of the foreign ministers, Mr. McLane among the number. In the afternoon there was held a chapter of the order of the Garter, for the installation of the King of Wurtemburg. Then a grand dinner at the palace, at which Mr. and Mrs. McLane "assisted." Mr. McLane and the king became so thick that some of the *corps diplomatique* showed symptoms of jealousy. The king took to him especially, when he found he had begun the world by being a midshipman. The king and Mrs. McLane also had some pleasant discourse. * * In the evening there was a brilliant dress ball at the Duke of Wellington's, at which I was present. The king was there in great spirits, notwithstanding the busy day he had been through. He spoke to everybody right and left in the most affable manner, and I ob-

serve he has an easy and natural way of wiping his nose with the back of his forefinger, which I fancy is a relic of his old middy habits. Upon the whole, however, he seems in a most happy mood and disposed to make every one happy about him, and if he keeps on as he is going, without getting too far out of his depth, he will make the most popular king that ever sat on the English throne.

The following letter was written just after news of the flight of Charles X. from the French capital, and touches briefly upon some literary arrangements. The "article in the Quarterly" for which Lockhart, its conductor, sends him fifty guineas, was a review of the Conquest of Granada, published in that periodical in May. It was a mere illustrative and explanatory review, written by him at the special request of Murray, a year after the publication of the work, to clear up some misconceptions, to which the use of that fictitious personage, Fray Antonio Agapida, had led, and did not contain a line commendatory of the work, though it was afterwards made the foundation of an ignoble charge against him, that he was not above puffing his own works. He had not asked or expected any compensation for it. Some of the observations in this article were afterwards embodied by him in a "Note to the Revised Edition" of the Chronicles, published at New York by G. P. Putnam, in 1850. The reader will find the Note at the end of the Introduction to the volume.

[*To Peter Irving, Birmingham.*]

LONDON, August 8, 1830.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Henry and myself set off this evening at six o'clock for Southampton, to cross on the steamboat to Havre. Mr. McLane has been kind enough to permit me to make out Henry's passport as attached to the legation; this will be a peculiar protection to him in entering and coming out of France. I trust, however, the sanguinary struggle is over; by the last accounts all is tranquil at Paris. It has been a brilliant revolution. I cannot but regret that I was not at Paris at the time. However, I shall get there in time to witness some of the effects. The excitement and exultation of the Parisians, &c., &c.

I hope they will make no terms with the Bourbons.

I shall now expect to see Spain in a complete combustion.

* * * I received a letter from Lockhart this morning from Scotland, enclosing me Murray's check on a banking house in London for fifty guineas, for the article in the Quarterly, and hoping that I would contribute further articles occasionally.

Six days later (Aug. 9) he writes to Mr. McLane from Paris:

I have just returned from the Chamber of Deputies, where the Duke of Orleans has taken the oath, signed the charter, and been hailed king. His appearance, manner, and language were manly, frank, and dignified. The whole ceremony was simple and noble, and conducted with perfect good sense and good taste. The English papers will, of course, give all the

details. Mr. Rives was the only member of the diplomatic corps present, except a young gentleman of the name of Cradock, who is attached to the British embassy. The new king will be called "Louis Philippe." His elevation to the throne appears to give general satisfaction. There is no great show of enthusiasm, for, in fact, the feelings of the Parisians are a little exhausted by their recent excitement. There is, however, what is likely to wear much better than enthusiasm; universal cheerfulness and rational content. People seem generally convinced that they have taken the most effectual measure to produce tranquillity and to ensure the perpetuity of the great political blessings they have attained. All Paris is quiet; everything goes on as usual, and you would scarcely credit your senses that this capital a few days since was a scene of civil war, and at the mercy of the rabble.

McC—— is here, under the military title of colonel. He witnessed some of the scenes of the revolution from his window, with pen in hand, writing reams of letters to his friends in America. He is hotter in the head than ever, and seems to think a revolution one of the simplest and safest remedies possible for any political malady. He thinks he knows exactly how to administer the dose and superintend its operation. C—— is here, and they have consultations together. God help the inflammable South!

After Mr. Irving's return to London, Mr. McLane took a little holiday to visit the curiosities at Paris, during which interval, his Secretary of Legation addressed him a letter (dated Sept. 17), of which I give the following extracts:

* * * Before you receive this, you will doubtless have read in the newspapers the shocking accident that has befallen Mr. Huskisson at the great ceremony of opening the Liverpool and Manchester railroad, where he was run over by one of the steam carriages, and one of his thighs and legs crushed and lacerated in so dreadful a manner as to render it impossible at the time to perform an amputation. His life is despaired of, and it is very probable we shall this evening hear of his death.

It is said that the Duke of Wellington but very recently made overtures to Palmerston, the two Grants, and Melbourne, to receive them into the cabinet, but that they *refused* unless Huskisson should be admitted. It is added, that after much demur and consideration the duke intimated that even this point might be accommodated. If such should really be the case, the melancholy accident in question has effectually removed a great obstacle to an important change in the cabinet. At any rate it has relieved the present cabinet from a formidable opponent, who, if not propitiated, would have made himself felt in the coming session. It is a heavy loss, however, to the country.

Talleyrand's appointment * seems to be but little relished in this country, and indeed it is an unworthy one. The new government should have shown some regard to morals as well as talents in such a conspicuous appointment. And, in fact, the talents of Talleyrand are not of the kind suited to the day and the crisis. The policy is of the dissolute, heartless kind of the old school; the trickery and intrigue of cabinets and saloons; not the policy suited to a free country and a frank and popular government. I question the greatnèss of any political talent that is not based upon integrity.

* Talleyrand was appointed minister to England.

As to Talleyrand, he cares for nobody and nothing. His patriotism is a mere local attachment, like that of a cat which sticks by the house, let who will inhabit it.

On Mr. McLane's return to London, the Secretary took a diplomatic furlough which he passed in the family group at Birmingham, suspending the printing of "The Voyages of the Companions of Columbus," then in progress, and taking down with him some manuscripts upon which he hoped to get to work.

My visit to Birmingham [he writes to Peter from London, October 19] was for ten days, and it was a truly delightful one. Irving was there, and Will returned a few days before I came away from a tour in Wales, so that we had a gathering of all the family. I cannot tell when I have enjoyed myself so serenely. It was such a treat after the hurry and scurry, and heartless bustle of London. Every morning I wrote in the nice little study, and every evening chatted, and laughed, and dozed in the necromantic arm chair which you must well remember. * * *

I have finished three of the Alhambra tales, and worked upon three others. Dolgorouki, who has read those finished, speaks in the most encouraging terms of them, and from his knowledge of the country, and the places and people, he is enabled to judge of their local verity.

Brevoort is here, and will not return to Paris before the early part of next month; we are rambling about London together.

Poor Mrs. McLane is confined to her bed with an attack of acute rheumatism, that deprives her of the use of her limbs,

and subjects her to excruciating pain. * * It throws quite a gloom over our home circle, for she is our sunshine.

Brevoort had crossed the ocean in the spring. Mr. Irving had written to him from London, May 31, when his brother Peter was with him:

I look forward with the greatest delight to the prospect of our once more meeting, and should have endeavored to be at Havre to greet you on your landing on this side of the Atlantic, but I am so trammelled by official and other duties that I find it impossible to leave England. Do let me hear from you and tell me your plans, and whether it is probable you will soon pay London a visit. Peter is with me, and will be rejoiced to take you once more by the hand.

In another letter to Peter, three days later (Oct. 22), he has further allusion to Brevoort and Dolgorouki, and gives us likewise a glimpse of John Randolph, and Peter Powell. "Peter Powell has come back from Italy," said Wilkie to him, "and we shall now have him serving up to us the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo." In the view of the painter, there was no grotesque perversion to which his daring mimicry was not equal.

I received last evening your letter dated Sunday, 17th, which, though you set out by saying you had nothing of any interest to say, proved one of the most pleasing and satisfactory that I have received from you for a long time, for it showed me that you were enjoying a cheerfulness of spirit and

golden serenity of mind, worth all the world's wealth and glory, and quite above it all. Your dreamy morning in the Louvre and Tuilleries was quite in character. I hope and trust, my dear brother, you will be spared to enjoy many, many such, and that the rest of your life will be passed in an easy literary leisure among those scenes that are most to your taste and fancy.

I have been profiting also by the late fine weather to make a few rambles about the metropolis and its vicinity, with Brevoort and Dolgorouki. Yesterday, which was such a delicious autumnal day as is rarely seen in England, we went down to the Gallery at Dulwich, and afterwards dined at a country inn; returning to town part of the way on foot, part per coach.

Peter Powell returned lately from his Italian tour, or rather sojourn; as short and merry as ever, and still more learned in painting, intending, I believe, to devote himself to landscape painting, by way of helping to make both ends meet.

Randolph is here, and more meagre and eccentric than ever. He says he left St. Petersburg on account of ill health; the climate not agreeing with him, and because it was no longer necessary for the object of his mission that he should reside there. He gave me a very minute account of his presentation to the emperor and empress, with each of whom he had long conversations, and I believe made the empress laugh at least as much by the point of his conversation as by any peculiarity of manner. The story of his kneeling to the emperor must have arisen from what he relates himself; that in advancing, as one of his legs is contracted and somewhat shorter than the other, he limped with it in such a manner that he supposes the emperor thought he was about to bend one knee, as he made a movement as if to prevent such a thing and

said "No, no." Randolph, however, is too well informed on points of etiquette, and too lofty a fellow to have made such a blunder. I have no doubt, however, that he has left behind him the character of a rare bird.

Randolph, however "well informed on points of etiquette," had his own notions about doing things, and I have heard Mr. Irving give an amusing account of his presentation at court in London, as it came under his own notice. Mr. McLane and Mr. Irving called for him in a carriage, and they found him prepared to accompany them with black coat, and black small clothes, with knee buckles, white stockings, and shoes with gold buckles, a sword, and a little clack hat. They looked wonderingly at his dress, so likely with his odd figure to attract observation. He pointed to his gold buckles. "No sham about them. Rundell and Bridge, by ——!" To some observation, as to the propriety of his dress, "I wear no man's livery, by ——!" But, said Mr. Irving, the object of a court costume is to avoid awkwardness and challenge; there is a convenience in it; and at all events you don't want a sword. "Oh now, Irving, as to a sword, you need not pretend to teach me about that; my father wore a sword before me, by ——!" Mr. Irving explained that the sword belonged to a different costume, but was out of place in that dress. This seemed to strike Randolph, and he unbuckled his sword afterwards, and left it in the carriage. As he was about to enter the antechamber, where the foreign ministers are

in waiting, he was, as Mr. Irving had feared, stopped by the usher. Mr. Irving immediately explained who he was, and he was permitted to pass. "There now, Randolph," said he, "you see one of the inconveniences of being out of costume." In the antechamber, the foreign ministers eyed him curiously. Admitted to the presence chamber, he preceded Mr. Irving, made his bow to royalty in his turn, and then passed before other members of the royal family. As he went by the Duke of Sussex, the latter beckoned Mr. Irving; "Irving," said he, with his thumb reversed over his right shoulder, and moving it significantly up and down, half suppressing a laugh at the same time; "who's your friend, Hokey Pokey?" Mr. Irving, jealous for the honor of his country, replied with emphasis: "That, Sir, is John Randolph, United States Minister at Russia, and one of the most distinguished orators of the United States."

Some time afterwards, Mr. Irving was dining with the Duke of Sussex, and he inquired after McLane, who had returned to his own country; then, pursuing his inquiries, he added with a significant smile, "and how is our friend Hokey Pokey?"

Randolph, said Mr. Irving, in concluding these anecdotes, a long, gaunt, thin, poke of a fellow, with no beard, small features, bright eyes, attracted attention wherever he went—he was queer, but always wore the air and stamp of a gentleman.

I asked what impression he made by his conversa-

tional powers. "He was remarkable in this respect," he replied; "but he was not at home among the London wits. I dined with him when Sidney Smith and others were present, but he did not shine. *He was not in his beat.*"

The following extract of a letter to Peter Irving, dated London, Oct. 29, 1830, gives a little insight into his literary labors:

I am jogging on with the printing of the voyages. Murray has returned from Scotland, and expresses himself highly pleased with the part of the work that is already in print. I have received the sketches from Spain of the convent of La Rabida, Palos, the arms of the Pinzons, &c., which will be engraved as illustrations. The whole of the edition of the abridgment of Columbus (ten thousand copies) is, I am told, already sold.*

The three legends that I have finished are, The Three Beautiful Princesses, The Moor's Legacy, and the Garden of Lindaraxa; they are considerably altered and improved; and the hints you noted down have been of great service.

To his brother Ebenezer, to whom he had been transmitting a duplicate copy of the Voyages of the Companions of Columbus for publication in America, simultaneously with its publication in England, he sends, Nov. 22, this glimpse of his difficulty in making his diplomatic and literary life go hand in hand.

I hope to be able in the course of the winter to complete some writings of a fanciful nature which I have in hand, but

* It will be recollected he had given the Abridgment to Murray.

really I am so hurried and hampered in London that I have no time for anything. I feel my official situation a terrible sacrifice of pleasure, profit, and literary reputation, without furnishing any recompense.

Ten days later (Dec. 3) he writes to Peter, snugly quartered "in the old Hotel de Breteuil" at Paris:

My literary concerns remain in *statu quo*. I have not been able to think of them since last I wrote you. As this gust of diplomacy is now blown over and the bustle of visiting, &c., incident to a change of ministry, I hope to be able to resume my pen a little on my own account.

* * * The court continues to be a busy one. There are levees every week, and we have attended all except the last one. The queen has likewise given a grand evening party at the palace, to which I was invited. It was really brilliant. The magnificent suite of state apartments were thrown open, admirably lighted up, and crowded by the rank, fashion, and beauty of the country—the gentlemen all in uniform or full dress, and the ladies befeathered like so many birds of paradise. I was presented to the queen, and received by her in a very kind and complimentary manner. There had been a grand dinner that day at court, at which Mr. McLane was present. It was just after the issuing of the order in council, which completed the arrangement between the two countries. The king was particularly attentive to him, drank wine twice with him, and the second time gave as a kind of toast to him, "Perpetual friendship between my country and yours." When Mr. McLane had his formal audience to present his new letter of credence, the king received him quite in a hearty, sociable manner, and

after expressing his sincere intention of cultivating the most friendly relations with our country, took occasion to speak in very handsome terms of General Jackson, and charged Mr. McLane to communicate to the old general his personal good will and his esteem for his character and conduct. Our diplomatic situation, therefore, at this court is as favorable and gratifying as we could desire, being treated with marked respect and friendliness by the royal family, and by the various members of the administration, both of the old and new ministry; and all this appears to be spontaneous; as, while we have fulfilled all the usual forms of mere civility and etiquette, we have never courted any favor or attention, but have rather held ourselves in reserve, and let the advance be made from the other party.

I trust the general effect of our mission here will be to place the relations of the two countries on a more amiable footing, generally, and at the same time to establish freer intercourse personally for our diplomacy at this court, where it was formerly received with coldness and reserve. Nothing can be more easy and frank than the manner with which at present we are enabled to carry on our business with the ministers and at the public offices. These considerations in some measure reconcile me to the interruption this diplomatic episode has made in my quiet literary life, and console me amidst the official bustle, and the distractions of court pageantry and London life, which after all have no longer novelty or charm for me, and are a grievous tax upon my spirits.

Dolgorouki has received orders from his court, regularly attaching him to the embassy here, with a great augmentation of his appointments. He will therefore remain in London.

This is very gratifying to me, as he is a very interesting

and valuable companion, and I believe is most sincerely and strongly attached to me. He has taken up his quarters in Maddox street, so that he is close at hand. I find him a great stimulator to me in literary matters.

I dined a few days since with David Wilkie, who is getting on with his picture of John Knox preaching. I believe you have seen the study for it. It will, I think, be his grandest production, and will distance all modern competition in his art. It is admirable to see the simplicity of the man, surrounded by the splendid productions of his genius. Theodore * called on him a few days since with a young American about his own age, who had a great desire to see Wilkie. Honest David laid by his pencil, and attended to the two lads as if they had been the most important connoisseurs. He showed them all his paintings, sketches, drawings, &c. Theodore came home quite in raptures.

Newton has three subjects in hand: One, Bassanio reading the letter, and his wife anxiously watching him. The subject is not striking, but he will make a beautiful picture of it by the effect of coloring, dresses, &c. Another is, Lear reclining in a chair, with the physician on one side, and Cordelia on the other. The figure of Lear, as merely sketched, is very grand. I think the picture will be very effective. The third is a pretty little thing from Pope's Rape of the Lock—Belinda contemplating herself in her toilet glass. It will have the charm of Newton's grace and color.

Leslie is employed on a small picture of Petruchio in the scene with the tailor, &c. I have not seen it.

* A son of his brother Ebenezer, who had visited him at Madrid in 1828, and was now about to return to the United States.

Kenney has made his appearance of late, more weazen than ever. He has a romantic drama in blank verse coming out at Drury Lane, founded on a Spanish subject, and I believe taken originally from a Spanish play. It has some striking scenes, but I think the "situations" are produced by rather extravagant means. Still John has a coarse palate and strong stomach, and relishes powerful dishes.

Payne has also revisited the glimpses of the sun, and has dined with me. He is as fresh and fair as a rose, and appeared to be in marvellous good spirits, notwithstanding that he was as usual up to the ears with negotiations for some half a dozen pieces of various kinds. He left a three act comedy with me for perusal a long time since, which has really some very good scenes, and is accepted at the theatre on condition that he will reduce it to two acts, which, in fact, would be an improvement. As I have heard nothing from Payne on the subject for some time past, I apprehend that he has forgotten this one of his multifarious offspring.

I close the record of this year with the following passage from a letter to his brother Peter, who was now suffering under a return of his headaches, which had made him sensitive to all the noises and interruptions of Paris, without being able to enjoy its amusements. He had therefore retired to Havre, for "a little quiet life, under the wing of the worthy Tom Tug," as Washington was fond of styling Peter's true and kind-hearted friend, the American Consul Beasley. "Give Tom Tug a hearty embrace for me," is one of his affectionate messages to Peter.

The letter from which the extract is taken, is dated December 21, 1830. The volume is the Voyages of the Companions of Columbus; a work to which he had been prompted by Peter.

A few days since I sent the last page of the volume of Voyages to the printer, and have since received three notes of hand from Murray, dated Dec. 17, at six, nine, and twelve months, for £175, making five hundred guineas, or £525. I have endorsed them over and remitted them to H. Van Wart, with orders to pass them to your credit. They will form a fund, therefore, which you can draw against whenever you please.

CHAPTER XXVI.

VISITS BIRMINGHAM—VERPLANCK—PAULDING—SLIDELL'S YEAR IN SPAIN, AND THE REVIEW IN THE LONDON QUARTERLY—BARGAIN WITH CAREY & LEA FOR THE VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS—LETTER TO BREVOORT—A CHANGE IN THE EMBASSY—THE AUTHOR CHARGÉ—LETTER TO LOUIS McLANE—ARRIVAL OF MR. VAN BUREN, THE NEW MINISTER—LETTER TO LOUIS McLANE—RELIEVED FROM THE LEGATION—LAST MEETING WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT—NEWTON'S SECOND LIKENESS—LETTER TO MRS. PARIS—BARLBOROUGH HALL—HARDWICKE CASTLE — NEWSTEAD ABBEY—DERANGEMENT OF LITERARY PLANS—REFORM AND CHOLERA.

IN the beginning of this year, Mr. Irving went to his sister's at Birmingham, where he remained four or five weeks, hoping to do something "in the way of composition," and whence he writes to Peter, February 3:

It will grieve me to leave this most comfortable and delightful little nest, where one is surrounded by so many domestic enjoyments, with nothing from without to "molest one or make one afraid." I should have enjoyed my visit much more, however, could I have turned it to advantage in a literary way. I came down prepared for the purpose, with my trunk half filled with manuscripts; but, though I had every convenience and facility for literary occupation, I have been

visited by one of the most inveterate fits of mental inertness that I have ever experienced. It is excessively provoking, as I had counted upon this quiet recess to put all my literary plans for the spring and summer in a state of forwardness, and now they are thrown completely aback; but there is no helping these matters, any more than there is the winds and tides when they set against one. * * *

In a postscript he adds:

In a letter which I have just received from Verplanck, who is reëlected to Congress, he says: "I have a copyright bill before Congress with which I have taken great pains. It consolidates, enlarges, and explains our laws on that subject, which are full of confusion and doubt. It extends the term to twenty-eight years, with powers of renewal for a like term by the author or his widow at the expiration. I hope to get the bill through before the 4th March puts an end to this Congress."

E. I. writes me that James Paulding has just concluded a work in two volumes, called The Dutchman's Fireside, for which the Harpers have given him $1,400. I see by the papers that James has likewise gained the prize offered by one of the theatres for the best three act comedy. It is called The Lion of the West; his hero a rodomontading Congressman from the Western States. It does not appear to be as yet on the stage.

It had afterward great success on the stage, with Hackett as Nimrod Wildfire.

On his return to London he writes to Ebenezer, February 22:

I send a copy of Slidell's Year in Spain, which I corrected for the press, and got Murray to publish in a very creditable style. It will give the lieutenant a complete launch in literature.

Send the copy, and also the number of the Quarterly Review, to Mr. Slidell's father, with my kind regards.

The copy of the Quarterly, which he here requests to be sent to Mr. Slidell's father, contained a Review of the Year in Spain, which was written by himself, and no doubt helped the success of the work in England.

This review was given gratuitously to the Quarterly, and with the explanatory article on the Conquest of Granada before alluded to, constituted his only contributions to that periodical, of which he had before written, when Murray had offered him 100 guineas an article: "It is so hostile to our country that I cannot bear to lift my pen in its service." The Review was most distinguished for this hostility during the editorship of William Gifford, now dead.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

LONDON, March 1, 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

* * * I have been unwell, with a slight fever for four or five day's past, but am once more abroad. I fancy it was partly bilious and partly brought on by the hurry, excitement, and distraction of this London life, particularly at this season and in the present times. I had attended the queen's drawing

room, a dinner at the Duke of Somerset's, and a full dress ball at the Duke of Devonshire's; so that I had to change my dress four times in the course of the day, to racket about from post to pillar, and did not get to bed until two o'clock. The next morning I woke with a pain in my back and limbs, and in the course of the day was taken with chills, &c. The attack, however, has been but slight, and would scarcely be worth mentioning, except that it is so rare a thing for me to be troubled in this way.

I had a letter from E. I. lately. He had made a bargain with Carey and Lea of Philadelphia about the "Voyages;" they are to give fifteen hundred dollars for the privilege of printing three thousand copies, and he binds himself to allow them three years to sell off the edition, though he trusts they will sell it in less than two. I observe they advertise it to be published in one octavo volume. I think the arrangement a good one. * * * I believe I told you Murray's first edition of the abridgment of Columbus, of which he printed ten thousand copies, is sold, and he is putting another edition to press. The "Companions" seem to be very successful, and what is a good sign, are favorites with the publisher.

* * * Kenney has been trying all the season to get a tragedy performed at Drury Lane, but has been kept in suspense until he is as thin as an apothecary's spatula. I had a note from him a few days since, telling me he was to have a few "vagabonds" to dine with him to-morrow, and begging me to give him my company, as Macready was to be there and my presence might be of service to him (Kenney). If I feel well enough I shall go.

The following letter, addressed to Brevoort at Paris, will help to fill up the picture of his London life.

LONDON, March 31, 1851

MY DEAR BREVOORT:

I will not pretend to apologize to you for not having written to you for so long a time. I am weary of apologizing on this head, and by this time my friends must know the nature of my life in this tremendous Babel, which leaves me no leisure or quiet. As long as I remain in London, I shall be worth nothing either to my friends or to myself, and this I foresaw and foretold when I was advised to come here. However, this like all things else will have its end. * * *

I am just recovering from a four days' fit of illness—rather a long spell for my regular constitution. I believe it was brought on more by the excitement and the hurry, and harassing life I lead here in this time of political, literary, and fashionable tumult than by anything else. The misfortune with me is, that I embark in it with ill will, and worry myself by trying to stem the current, which after all bears me away in spite of every exertion.

I am looking out daily for Jack Nicholson, who will no doubt come charged to the very muzzle with all kinds of revolutions, conspiracies, brawls, and battles, having taken all the belligerent towns of Belgium and Holland in his route. I expect to see him rounder and more robustious than ever, having all the affairs of the world under his belt. What Jack will have to relate when he returns to New York! I think, like the innkeeper in Rabelais, he ought to invite all the quidnuncs of Wall street to a general meeting to see him burst.

We are in the beginning of an eventful week. This even-

ing will determine the fate of the present cabinet, which is in a tottering condition, and we are looking daily for decisive news from Paris. We must have tidings of moment, too, from Poland, though I fear we shall have dismal news from that quarter. However, *the great cause of all the world* will go on. What a stirring moment it is to live in. I never took such intense interest in newspapers. It seems to me as if life were breaking out anew with me, or that I were entering upon quite a new and almost unknown career of existence, and I rejoice to find my sensibilities, which were waning as to many objects of past interest, reviving with all their freshness and vivacity at the scenes and prospects opening around me. I trust, my dear Brevoort, we shall both be spared to see a great part of this grand though terrible drama that is about to be acted. There will doubtless be scenes of horror and suffering, but what splendid triumphs must take place over these vile systems of falsehood in every relation of human affairs, that have been woven over the human mind, and for so long a time have held it down in despicable thraldom.

Do, when you have leisure, as *leisure* you surely must have in abundance, write me a line, and do not stand upon the ceremony of my answering you regularly. If you could but know how I am cut up to very bits in my time and how totally I am destitute of leisure, you would not stand upon any ceremony of the kind with me.

I received your letter by Mr. ——, the gentleman who brought the poem some time since. There was a long letter, too, from the authoress, which it was quite out of my power to answer. I left the poem with Murray, on my going out of town, saying everything I could in its praise. He wrote me word that he had declined publishing it, as he did not think it

calculated to advance either the author's interests or reputation. I am continually applied to by writers to help their works into the press. Now there is no person less able to do so than I. My only acquaintance among the publishers is Murray, who is the most difficult being on earth to please. * * *

June 6, he writes to his brother Peter at Birmingham:

* * * Mr. McLane has received permission to return home, and an invitation to a seat in the cabinet. The former he avails himself of immediately, and will sail from this port either on the 22d inst. or on the 1st July, most probably the latter. The seat in the cabinet will be a matter of further consideration. I remain here as *chargé d'affaires;* though it is expressly stated that I remain on *secretary's pay.* I trust, however, another minister will be appointed with as little delay as possible, so that I shall be relieved by autumn at farthest. * * *

The following letter is addressed to Mr. McLane, who had arrived in the United States from London, early in August, and now filled the place of Secretary of the Treasury, made vacant by the recent dissolution of General Jackson's cabinet; to which the resignation of Mr. Van Buren in April, as Secretary of State, had led the way. Mr. Van Buren was now coming out to London to succeed Mr. McLane as American Minister to the Court of St. James; Mr. Irving in the interim acting as *chargé.*

[*To Louis McLane.*]

LONDON, Aug. 30, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR:

I was greatly gratified and obliged by your letter of July 31, and rejoiced to find that you were all once more safely landed on our own shores. I hope and trust that everything will go prosperously with you, and that your situation at Washington will prove as happy to yourself as I am sure it will be advantageous to the country. I am sick to very loathing of the correspondences with which our papers have been filled for some time past, and my only consolation is, that the European papers are so taken up with their own concerns, and the public mind here se bewildered with reform, revolution, and cholera morbus, that there is no space or leisure for comments upon our follies. Yet it is grievous to think that we should so shamefully use the advantages which all the rest of the world are striving at the cost of heart's blood to obtain. I look forward for better things from the new cabinet, and trust that it will not suffer private feuds and private interests to take up the time that should be devoted to the great questions and concerns of the nation. Affairs are going on here "as it pleases God," that is to say, very little to the satisfaction of man. The whigs have been so long out of harness that they do not understand well how to draw together, and the great reform omnibus moves but heavily, and has great difficulty in surmounting the impediments continually put in its way. Lord John is almost knocked up by the fatigues and perplexities he has undergone; not understanding very clearly, it is insinuated, the nature of the mighty egg he has been employed to hatch, and being worn out by being obliged to sit so long upon the nest. The anti-reformers swear that the egg is already

addled, and they begin to crow with some heart on the supposition. There is certainly some misgiving and anxiety among the conductors of the measure, and a very general discontent and impatience throughout the country. Still I trust the measure will ultimately prevail.

I will deliver your message to Lord Holland when I see him. He has asked most kindly after you whenever I have met with him; indeed you have reason to be highly gratified with the impression you have left behind you generally. It is exactly such a one as a man of honorable ambition and kind feelings should covet; a mixture of the highest esteem and respect with the most cordial good will. * * *

I trust the government will perfectly understand that in declining to continue here as secretary, I am influenced by no feeling of petty pride or mistaken etiquette. I have no idea of any derogation in returning from a casual and transient elevation as *chargé d'affaires* to the duties of the secretaryship, and should have made a point of discountenancing such false punctilio by my example, did not other considerations, of which you are well aware, induce me to desire for the present a total emancipation from official duties.

I am looking forward with great pleasure to the arrival of Mr. Van Buren, and to my release from London and its harassing life, as soon as I shall have put him up to the routine of affairs and the usages of the town. I shall then turn my attention to my own private affairs, and make preparation for my return to the United States; but I begin to fear I shall not be able to arrange them so as to return before next year.

[*To Louis McLane.*]

LONDON, Sept. 14, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR:

Mr. Van Buren arrived in town last evening and put up at Thomas's, where I had engaged apartments for him. I have not yet seen him, as I dined last evening at the palace and did not get away until late. After dinner, when we had withdrawn to the grand saloon, I had a long and very interesting and satisfactory conversation with the king, who, I should observe, has always treated me with marked attention ever since I have had charge of the legation. In the course of this conversation he alluded to Lord Palmerston who was present, and said he believed we found him a very pleasant man to transact business with. I assented to the observation fully, but added that we might testify in the same way to the members of his majesty's government generally. And I took this occasion to speak in the strongest manner of the sense entertained by you and myself of the prompt, frank, and friendly treatment we had experienced both in our official and private intercourse since we had resided at this court; of the great facilities it had given you in your negotiations, and the favorable effect it had produced in the relations between the two countries. * * *

You will perceive that the storm of war which we thought ready to burst over Europe early in the spring, still keeps back. It is whimsical that all this intestine turmoil and commotion, which has so long been rumbling in the bowels of Europe, should end in a windy explosion in the Low Countries. It is quite a subject for a caricature. All Europe armed to the teeth and drawn out in battle array to witness the sham fight between the vaporing Belgian and pugnacious Dutchman.

I have just seen Mr. Van Buren, and do not wonder you should all be so fond of him. His manners are most amiable and ingratiating, and I have no doubt he will become a favorite at this court, and will continue those amicable relations you have so advantageously established.

I am going out with him to put him in the routine of the town. Should Mrs. McLane and Rebecca be with you, I beg you to remember me to them most affectionately, as well as to all the other members of the family, ever most especially singling out my dear, darling little Sally. I am, my dear sir,

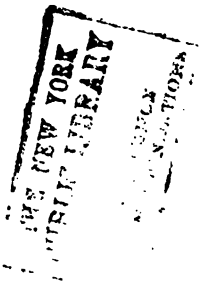
Yours ever most truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

On the 20th of September, Mr. Irving retired from the legation, and two days after he informs his brother Ebenezer that he should set off in a few days with Peter for Birmingham, where he should occupy himself diligently in preparing some writings for the press, and that he should not be able to return home till next year.

On the 28th of September, two days before his departure for Birmingham, Scott arrived in London on his way to Italy, and Lockhart, thinking he would enjoy the society of a friend, sent for Mr. Irving to dine with him. It was just after the fatigue of travel, and though Scott rallied a little afterwards, and made a better appearance; in this his final interview with Mr. Irving, he showed sadly the eclipse of his powers. It was a family dinner, Lockhart and wife (Anne Scott), himself and Scott, being all. Scott was seated when

John Gibson Lockhart.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he entered; and as he approached him and took him by the hand, "Ah! my dear fellow," said he, "time has dealt lightly with you since last we met." At dinner, amid the conversation of the others, his mind would occasionally gleam up, and he would strike in with some story in his old way; but the light would soon die out, and his head would sink, and his countenance fall as he saw that he had failed in giving point to what he was telling. The others would resume, and attempt to divert attention by talking of matters in which he might not be disposed to join. "How different," said Mr. Irving in relating this mournful experience, "from the time I last dined with him, when Scott was the life of the company, all hanging on his lips; every body making way for his anecdote or story." After dinner the ladies went up stairs, and Lockhart said to his guest, "Irving, give Scott your arm." As the latter approached, and Scott took his arm, while he grasped his cane with the other hand; "Ah!" said he, "the times are changed, my good fellow, since we went over the Eildon hills together. It is all nonsense to tell a man that his mind is not affected, when his body is in this state."

This was his last meeting with Scott, that noble spirit in whom he had so much delighted, and who, in his estimation, was only second to Shakespeare. Lockhart, in the Memoirs of his Life, errs in saying that Mr. Irving saw him frequently at this time, for though Scott remained in London for several

weeks, Irving left the second day after this interview for an absence of more than a month, which was divided between Birmingham, Sheffield, and Barlborough Hall.

From Sheffield, where he was on a visit to his nephew, Irving Van Wart, a temporary resident of the place, he addressed a letter to his sister, Mrs. Paris, dated October 14, from which it will be seen that Newton had embarked for his native country, carrying with him a likeness for which Mr. Irving had recently been sitting, and which he pronounces the best that had ever been taken of him. "My friend Newton," is his language, "who sailed from London a few days since, took with him a small portrait of me, for which I had sat at your request. It is the most accurate likeness that has ever been taken of me." *

A fortnight later, Mr. Irving addressed to the same sister the following account of some curious and interesting visits and excursions.

BARLBOROUGH HALL, Oct. 28, 1831.

MY DEAR SISTER:

* * * I left Sheffield about five days since to pay a long-promised visit to the owner of this mansion, which is in Derbyshire, about twelve miles from Sheffield. It is an old hall, built in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and the owner declares it is the original of Bracebridge Hall, for which in truth

* This second likeness of Newton's, taken about nine years after the first for his friend Brevoort, is now the property of his niece, Mrs. Storrow, a daughter of the sister to whom it was sent.

it might have stood for a model. It is in the midst of a beautiful country, and stands in the centre of one of those princely domains which render English country gentlemen little sovereigns.

I am writing in my bedchamber, one of the most delicious old panelled rooms, with stone-shafted windows, ancient portraits, silk curtains of old-fashioned needlework by some of the family dames of the olden time. Mine host, the Rev. C. R. Reaston Rodes, is a man of great wealth and greater eccentricity; a kind of *wet* parson, if I may borrow that phrase from the Quakers; as he is a complete *bon-vivant*, hunts, shoots, races, and keeps a kind of open house. His neighbors say that hospitality is his greatest vice. With all this he is an excellent scholar, something of a poet, and a most kind, generous, and warm-hearted man. He has restored the old mansion in the ancient style; keeps up the old usages, particularly the ceremonials of Christmas, and, notwithstanding his extreme buoyancy of spirit and bustle of existence, manages all his affairs and conducts his whole establishment with admirable system. Such a character and such a mansion, as you may easily suppose, furnish me much food for amusing speculation.

My worthy host has taken me all about the neighboring country to see the curious old edifices with which it abounds. We were yesterday at Hardwick Castle, an antiquated pile belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, but which he never inhabits except on a casual visit of a day at a time. The castle is maintained in its old style, with the ancient furniture, tapestry, &c. There are state apartments which Queen Elizabeth once occupied in one of her progresses through the kingdom, and there is another apartment in which poor Mary, Queen of Scots, was once confined. The bed and all the furniture re-

main as in her time. There is an immense picture gallery, with the portraits of all the Cavendishes and their connections, and of various of the British monarchs. This curious old pile stands on the brow of a hill with a lordly park about it, and commanding a wide and beautiful prospect.

The duke's agent, Mr. Ashby of Ashby Hall, was passing a few days at the castle collecting the rents of the estate. He was absent at the time of our visit, but having been informed of it beforehand, he had ordered a lunch to be prepared for us in one of the huge chambers of the old castle. His daughter, a young lady of about eighteen or nineteen, did the honors of the castle, and received us in the most charming manner. I cannot express to you, my dear sister, my emotions when I beheld in this charming little creature, almost a counterpart of what I recollect you to have been at her age. The same figure, the same height, the same or nearly the same features, the same color and expression of eyes, the same carriage, and almost the same voice. The effect was so strong upon me, and increased so much as I gazed upon her, that I had to turn off to a window to conceal my agitation. * * *

Oct. 30th.—Since I wrote the above I have made an excursion with Mr. Rodes to Newstead Abbey, once the seat of Lord Byron, which is about seventeen miles from this. It is now in the possession of a Colonel Wildman, who was once school mate of Lord Byron's at Harrow, and who has an enthusiastic veneration for the bard. He is a gentleman of immense fortune, and is expending enormous sums in putting the old abbey in complete repair. It is a most ancient, curious, and beautiful pile, of great extent and intricacy; and when restored will be one of the finest specimens of the mingled conventual and baronial buildings in England. Everything

relative to Lord Byron is preserved with the most scrupulous care. The bedroom he occupied, with all its furniture as it stood, many of his books; his boxing gloves, &c., &c.

The monument erected by him to the memory of his favorite Newfoundland dog, Boatswain, still stands in the garden; and a descendant of Boatswain, a huge dog which had accompanied Lord Byron to Greece, and returned with his dead body to England, now strolls about the abbey, and is a cherished favorite of Colonel Wildman. Our visit was a most interesting one, and was rendered still more agreeable by the polite attentions of Colonel Wildman, who accompanied us all over the abbey, and explained everything to us. At parting, he invited me to pass some days with him whenever I should have an interval of leisure, and expressed a wish to consult with me about various inscriptions he proposed to put up in different parts of the edifice. I had nearly omitted one little memento of poor Byron, that peculiarly touched me. On the bark of an elm, in a grove of the abbey garden, are engraved the names of himself and his sister: Byron—Augusta. These were cut by himself on his last visit to the abbey, on the day when he sold and transferred it to another. His sister was with him at the time, and they took a melancholy farewell stroll through this grove. She since pointed out the inscription, and mentioned the particulars to Colonel Wildman.

I am now on the point of taking leave of Barlborough Hall, and of my most hospitable host and his charming wife, whom I ought to have mentioned more particularly. I have promised, should I be in England, to pass the Christmas holidays with them.

London, Nov. 5th—I have just time to add a line in con-

clusion to this letter. I arrived in London about four days since, where I shall pass a little time, and then pay a visit or two in different parts of the country. I am at this time excessively busy in correcting and finishing some of my writings, and getting my literary matters in order, after the long interval of busy life that has interrupted them.

His literary plans, however, were destined to further derangement. He writes to Peter the next day (Nov. 6):

The restlessness and uncertainty in which I have been kept, have disordered my mind and feelings too much for imaginative writing, and I now doubt whether I could get the Alhambra ready in time for Christmas. * * * The present state of things here completely discourages all idea of publication of any kind. There is no knowing who among the booksellers is safe. Those who have published most are worst off, for in this time of public excitement nobody reads books or buys them. There is the double risk of a work falling dead from the press, and of the bookseller failing before the payment falls due. Those publishers who are safe, are wary of publishing until the present crisis is past, lest they should be only filling their ledgers with bad debts. You have no idea of the gloom that hangs over "the trade," and will continue to do so until reform and cholera have passed by.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LETTER FROM NEWSTEAD ABBEY—JOURNEYINGS WITH MR. VAN BUREN—LETTER TO PIERRE PARIS IRVING—ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE PUBLICATION OF THE ALHAMBRA—LETTER FROM WILLIAM C. BRYANT, TRANSMITTING VOLUME OF HIS POEMS FOR ENGLISH PUBLICATION—LETTER FROM GULIAN C. VERPLANCK—DEDICATORY EPISTLE TO SAMUEL ROGERS—REJECTION OF MR. VAN BUREN AS MINISTER—LETTER TO PETER IRVING—MILLS—MATHEWS—LESLIE—PETER POWELL—BARGAIN WITH COLBURN & BENTLEY FOR THE ALHAMBRA—EMBARKATION—LANDS AT NEW YORK—RECEPTION—PUBLIC DINNER—SPEECH.

THE following letter finds Mr. Irving again at "the romantic old pile" of Newstead, where he tells his brother Peter, he is lodged in Lord Byron's room and bed, and only vexed "that he cannot catch some inspiration from the place."

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

NEWSTEAD ABBEY, Jan. 20, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER:

Upwards of a month since I left London with Mr. Van Buren and his son, on a tour to show them some interesting places in the interior, and to give them an idea of English country life, and the festivities of an old-fashioned English Christmas. We posted in an open carriage, as the weather was uncommonly mild and beautiful for the season. Our first stopping place was Oxford, to visit the noble collegiate build-

ings; thence we went to Blenheim, and visited the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, one of the finest palaces in England. We next passed a night and part of the next day at Stratford-on-Avon, visiting the house where Shakespeare was born and the church where he lies buried. We were quartered at the little inn of the Red Horse, where I found the same obliging little landlady that kept it at the time of the visit recorded in the Sketch Book. You cannot imagine what a fuss the little woman made when she found out who I was. She showed me the room I had occupied, in which she had hung up my engraved likeness, and she produced a poker which was locked up in the archives of her house, on which she had caused to be engraved, "Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre." From Stratford we went to Warwick Castle, Kenilworth, and then to Birmingham, where we passed a part of three days, dining at Van Wart's; continuing our tour we visited Lichfield and its beautiful cathedral, Derby, Nottingham, Newstead Abbey, Hardwick Castle, &c., &c., and finally arrived on Christmas eve at Barlborough Hall, where we had engaged to remain during the holidays. Here, then, we passed a fortnight, during which the old hall was a complete scene of old English hospitality. Many of the ancient games and customs, obsolete in other parts of England, are still maintained in that part of the country, and are encouraged by Mr. Rodes. We accordingly had mummers, and morris dancers, and glee singers from the neighboring villages; and great feasting, with the boar's head crowned with holly; the wassail bowl, the yule clog, snap dragon, &c., &c. There was dancing by night in the grand tapestried apartments, and dancing in the servants' hall, and all kinds of merriment. The whole was to have wound up by a grand fancy ball on Twelfth Night to which all the gentry of the

neighborhood were invited, when Mr. Rodes received news of the death of a relative, which put an end to the festivities.

* * * After leaving the hospitable mansion of Mr. Rodes we came to Newstead Abbey, on an invitation from Col. Wildman, the present proprietor. Mr. Van Buren and his son remained but a couple of days, but I was easily prevailed upon to prolong my visit, and have now been here about a fortnight; and never has time passed away more delightfully. I have found Col. Wildman a most estimable man, warm-hearted, generous, and amiable, and his wife charming both in character and person. The abbey I have already mentioned to you in a former letter as being the ancestral mansion of Lord Byron, and mentioned frequently in his writings. I occupy his room, and the very bed in which he slept. The edifice is a fine mixture of the convent and the palace, being an ancient abbey of friars granted by Henry VIII. to the Byron family. At one end is the ruin of the abbey church; the Gothic front still standing in fine preservation and overrun with ivy. My room immediately adjoins it, and hard by is a dark grove filled with rooks, who are continually wheeling and cawing about the building. What was once the interior of the church is now a grassy lawn with gravel walks, and where the high altar stood, is the monument erected by Lord Byron to his dog, in which he intended his own body should be deposited. The interior of the abbey is a complete labyrinth. There are the old monkish cloisters, dim and damp, surrounding a square, in the centre of which is a grotesque Gothic fountain. Then there are long corridors hung with portraits, and set out with figures in armor, that look like spectres. There are ancient state apartments that have been occupied by some of the British sovereigns in their progresses, and which still bear their names. These have

been restored by Col. Wildman with great taste, and are hung with ancient tapestry, and quaintly furnished. There are large halls, also, some splendidly restored, others undergoing repairs; with long vaulted chambers that have served for refectories and dormitories to the monks in old times. Behind the edifice is the ancient abbey garden, with great terraced walks, ballustrades, fish ponds, formal flower plots, &c., all kept up in admirable style, and suiting the venerable appearance of the building. You may easily imagine the charms of such a residence connected with the poetical associations with the memory of Lord Byron. The solemn and monastic look of many parts of the edifice, also, has a most mysterious and romantic effect, and has given rise to many superstitious fables among the servants and the neighboring peasantry. They have a story of a friar in black who haunts the cloisters, and is said to have been seen by Lord Byron. He certainly alludes to him in his poems. Then there is a female in white, who appeared in the bedroom of a young lady, a cousin of Lord Byron, coming through the wall on one side of the room, and going into the wall on the other side. Besides these there is "Sir John Byron, the little, with the great beard," the first proprietor of the abbey, whose portrait in black hangs up in the drawing room. He has been seen by a young lady visitor, sitting by the fireplace of one of the state apartments reading out of a great book. I could mention other stories of the kind, but these are sufficient to show you that this old building is more than usually favored by ghosts.

We are here in the centre of Robin Hood's country, what once was merry Sherwood forest, though now it is an open country. There are some tracts of the forest, however, remaining in ancient wildness, with immense oaks several hundred

BYRON

years old, mostly shattered and hollow, and inhabited by jackdaws. I have rode through the green glades of these monumental forests, and pictured to myself Robin Hood and all his renowned band of outlaws; and I have visited many points of the neigborhood which still bear traces of him, such as Robin Hood's chair, Robin Hood's stable, his well, &c., &c., and I have the line of Robin Hood's hills in view from the windows of my apartment. I am thus in the midst of a poetical region.

For several days past the Duke of Sussex (brother to the king) has been on a visit at the abbey. His presence has caused a succession of dinners and fêtes, which has drawn to the abbey the most agreeable company of the neighborhood, and given me an opportunity of seeing all the "flowers of the forest." It has been delightful to see the old cloisters and the terraced walks of the garden enlivened by beautiful groups of ladies, and to hear the halls resounding in the evening with the harp and piano. The Duke of Sussex is a most amiable man, and puts every one at ease by his sociable and good-humored manner. I had frequently seen him at court and met him at formal diplomatic dinners, on which occasions he had always been extremely civil in his conduct toward me; but in thus meeting him in the country I experienced a more familiar cordiality.

I shall remain here a few days longer and then return to London, to attend to my literary affairs, which from various circumstances have been a little retarded. * * Give my love to all your household. Ever most affectionately your brother, W. I.

On returning from the home of Byron to London, he addressed the following letter to his nephew, Pierre

Paris Irving. The latter had just written to him respecting the manuscript of a second production of the author of the Year in Spain, which had been forwarded to him, with a view to its publication by Murray. It was entitled Spain Revisited. Mr. Irving had already, as we have seen, procured the publication of the first named work, and written a review of it for the Quarterly.

[*To Pierre Paris Irving.*]

LONDON, Feb. 6, 1832.

MY DEAR PIERRE:

I forwarded to your father by the last Liverpool packet ship a portion of a work * which I am preparing for the press, and had intended to send more by the present occasion; but I have been a little out of order and unable to get it ready, so must defer sending it until the next packet. I presume this will occasion no loss of time, as he will hardly have made the necessary arrangements for the publication of the work. I have as yet made no bargain with any bookseller here, nor shall I until my manuscript is altogether complete. Indeed, the book trade is in such a deplorable state that I hardly know where to turn to; some are disabled and all disheartened. There is scarce any demand for new works, such is the distraction of the public mind with reform, cholera, and continental revolutions.

I wrote to Mr. Slidell some time since, acknowledging the receipt of his son's manuscript, and explaining the difficulties under which I lay, as to executing his wishes concerning it. I will thank you, however, to call on him and tell him how the

* The Alhambra.

case stands. Had the MS. been sent to me early last year, when I wrote for it, I might have had leisure to prepare it for the press, and an opportunity to make a good bargain for it. But when it arrived, every moment and mood that I could devote to literature was completely engrossed, and has ever since been engrossed in working at my own manuscripts which had long lain neglected, and which I am toiling and struggling to finish that I may return home. Besides thus leaving no leisure to attend to the correcting of the manuscripts of Mr. Slidell, there is no longer a favorable opening for the publication of the work.

* * * I have received recently a volume of poetry from Mr. Bryant, in which are many things really exquisite, yet I despair of finding a bookseller that will offer anything for it, or that will even publish it for his own benefit, such is the stagnation of the literary market. When reform and cholera have passed away, and the public mind becomes a little tranquil, there will doubtless be a revival, but until then authors, like the manufacturers, must suffer. * * *

It was a few days before the date of the preceding letter, which gives such a deplorable account of the literary market, and while Mr. Irving was still at Newstead, that he received the following letter from the American poet, mentioned at the close of the extract, William Cullen Bryant, now one of the throned names of modern literature, who, having achieved a well-earned celebrity in his own country, was disposed to try what welcome he was likely to meet at the hands of a kindred nation.

[*William Cullen Bryant to Washington Irving.*]

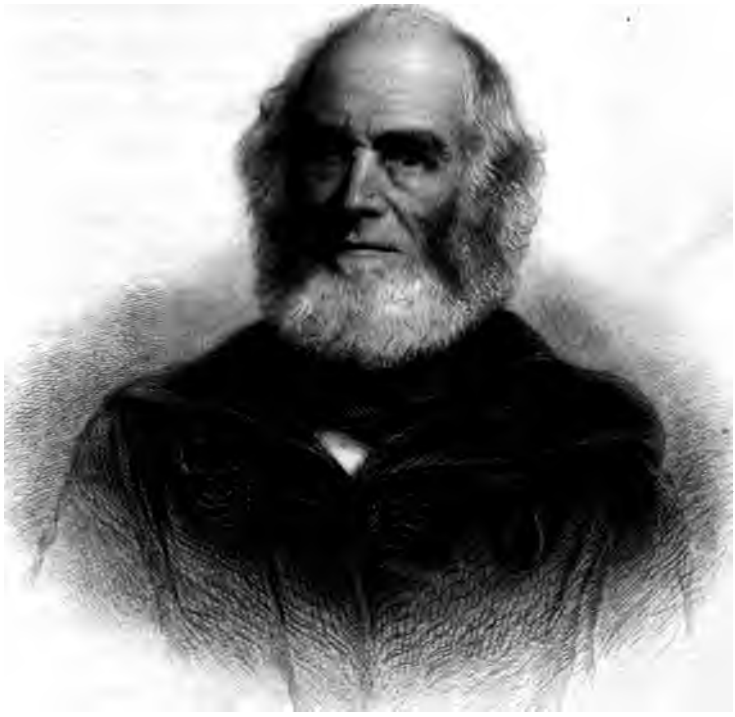
NEW YORK, Dec. 29, 1831.

SIR:

I have put to press in this city a duodecimo volume of 240 pages, comprising all my poems which I thought worth printing, most of which have already appeared. Several of them I believe you have seen, and of some, if I am rightly informed, you have been pleased to express a favorable opinion. Before publishing the work here, I have sent a copy of it to Murray, the London bookseller, by whom I am desirous that it should be published in England. I have taken the liberty, which I hope you will pardon a countryman of yours, who relies on the known kindness of your disposition to plead his excuse, of referring him to you. As it is not altogether impossible that the work might be republished in England, if I did not offer it myself, I could wish that it might be published by a respectable bookseller in a respectable manner.

I have written to Mr. Verplanck, desiring him to give me a letter to you on the subject; but as the packet which takes out my book will sail before I can receive an answer, I have presumed so far on your goodness as to make the application myself. May I ask of you the favor to write to Mr. Murray on the subject as soon as you receive this? In my letter to him I have said nothing of the terms, which of course will depend upon circumstances which I may not know, or of which I cannot judge. I should be glad to receive something for the work, but if he does not think it worth his while to give anything, I had rather that he should take it for nothing, than that it should not be published by a respectable bookseller.

I must again beg you to excuse the freedom I have taken. I have no personal acquaintance in England, whom I could ask



William Cullen Bryant

G P PUTNAM & SONS NY

to do what I have ventured to request of you; and I know of no person to whom I could prefer the request with greater certainty that it will be kindly entertained. I am, sir,

With sentiments of the highest respect,

Your obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

P. S. I have taken the liberty to accompany this letter with a copy of the work.

The letter from Verplanck which follows, probably reached Mr. Irving at the same time with the foregoing.

[*Gulian C. Verplanck to Washington Irving.*]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31, 1831.

DEAR IRVING:

My friend Bryant, some of whose poetry I know you have read and admired, has been correcting, collecting, and is about to publish a volume of his poems in New York. I need not praise them to you. A letter received from him this morning informs me that he has sent a copy of them to Murray, and has referred him to you as to the character of the work. I believe that I am answerable myself for this liberty, though he asks me "to inform him (you) of the liberty he has taken." His object is an honorable publication in Europe, though I take it for granted that profit would be acceptable, which I am happy to say is not necessary. You will receive a copy of the book, which I have not yet seen in the present shape; but his "Lines to the Past," "Lament of Romero," "Southern Wind," and everything painting our own scenery, I am sure can be eclipsed by nothing of our own day; the *first* I have thought by nothing in the language.

Few but would agree with Verplanck in this eulogy of Bryant's "Lines to the Past." Mr. Irving immediately addressed Murray on the subject, as will appear from the date of the following reply from his son, which I find among his papers.

[*To Washington Irving.*]

ALBEMARLE STREET, January 30.

MY DEAR SIR:

Mr. Bryant's volume of poems has not yet made its appearance, though I believe it is on its way. Knowing as I do my father's antipathy to everything in the shape of poetry of the present day, I doubt whether he will be disposed to publish it. If so, I will forward the volume to you when it comes to hand. Very truly yours,

J. MURRAY.

Murray, whose affairs were very much embarrassed at this time, did *not* incline to any poetical venture. Mr. Irving accordingly took the poems to Mr. Andrews, a fashionable bookseller, who agreed to publish them on condition that he [Mr. Irving] would edit them, and write a dedication, to which he cheerfully consented. But the literary market, as we have seen, was at low water at this time, in consequence of the prevalence of reform and cholera, and while the poems were passing through the press, the publisher became alarmed for the effect of an offensive line in the poem of "Marion's Men,"

> And the British soldier trembles
> When Marion's name is heard—

fearing that it would prejudice the sale of the work with the English public, and bring him in a loser.

In deference to his scruples, though giving little weight to them himself, Mr. Irving thoughtlessly consented to expunge the obnoxious adjective British, so as to make the line read

And the foeman trembles in his camp—

It was an act done in a spirit of kindness to bookseller and author, without pausing to inquire whether he had authority to make the change without the sanction of the latter, and though it never formed a ground of complaint by Mr. Bryant, it will be seen hereafter that Mr. Irving was assailed for the alteration by another, and replied, as Bryant himself has remarked, with "mingled spirit and dignity." I now give, as a part of the history of this transaction, Mr. Irving's Letter of Dedication to Rogers, prefixed to the Poems, with that poet's and Bryant's rejoinders.

[*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*]

My dear Sir:

During an intimacy of some years' standing I have uniformly remarked a liberal interest on your part in the rising character and fortunes of my country, and a kind disposition to promote the success of American talent, whether engaged in literature or the arts. I am induced, therefore, as a tribute of gratitude, as well as a general testimonial of respect and friendship, to lay before you the present volume, in which, for the first time, are collected together the fugitive productions of one

of our living poets, whose writings are deservedly popular throughout the United States.

Many of these poems have appeared at various times in periodical publications; and some of them, I am aware, have met your eye and received the stamp of your approbation. They could scarcely fail to do so, characterized as they are by a purity of moral, an elevation and refinement of thought, and a terseness and elegance of diction, congenial to the bent of your own genius and to your cultivated taste. They appear to me to belong to the best school of English poetry, and to be entitled to rank among the highest of their class.

The British public has already expressed its delight at the graphic descriptions of American scenery and wild woodland characters contained in the works of our national novelist, Cooper. The same keen eye and fresh feeling for nature, the same indigenous style of thinking and local peculiarity of imagery, which give such novelty and interest to the pages of that gifted writer, will be found to characterize this volume, condensed into a narrower compass and sublimated into poetry.

The descriptive writings of Mr. Bryant are essentially American. They transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild, nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glories of a climate, fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes. His close observation of the phenomena of nature and the graphic felicity of his details, prevent his descriptions from ever becoming general and commonplace; while he has the gift of shedding over them a pensive grace that blends them all into harmony, and of clothing them with moral associations that make them speak to

the heart. Neither, I am convinced, will it be the least of his merits in your eyes, that his writings are imbued with the independent spirit and buoyant aspirations incident to a youthful, a free, and a rising country.

It is not my intention, however, to enter into any critical comments on these poems, but merely to introduce them, through your sanction, to the British public. They must then depend for success on their own merits; though I cannot help flattering myself that they will be received as pure gems, which, though produced in a foreign clime, are worthy of being carefully preserved in the common treasury of the language. I am, my dear sir, Ever most faithfully yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LONDON, March, 1832.

MY DEAR IRVING:

I wish I could thank you as I ought, but that is impossible. If there are some feelings which make men eloquent, mine are not just now of that class. To have been mentioned by you with regard on any occasion, I should always have considered as a good fortune. What then must I have felt, when I read what you have written? If I was a vain man before, I am now in danger of becoming a proud one; and yet I can truly say that never in my life was I made more conscious of my unworthiness than you have made me by your praise.

Believe me to be

Your very grateful and very sincere friend,

SAMUEL ROGERS.

MARCH 6, 1832.

NEW YORK, April 24, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have received a copy of the London edition of my poems forwarded by you. I find it difficult to express the sense I en-

tertain of the obligation you have laid me under, by doing so much more for me in this matter than I could have ventured, under any circumstances, to expect. Had your kindness been limited to procuring the publication of the work, I should still have esteemed the favor worthy of my particular acknowledgment; but by giving it the sanction of your name, and presenting it to the British public with a recommendation so powerful as yours, on both sides of the Atlantic, I feel that you have done me an honor in the eyes of my countrymen, and of the world.

It is said that you intend shortly to visit this country. Your return to your native land will be welcomed with enthusiasm, and I shall be most happy to make my acknowledgments in person. I am, sir, very sincerely yours,

WM. C. BRYANT.

Mr. Irving was crossing the ocean on his way home at the date of the foregoing letter, which was intended to reach him in Europe. As soon as Bryant heard of his return, he addressed him this second letter of acknowledgment, which was the first received:

PHILADELPHIA, May 22, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR:

I wrote to you some time since, to express my thanks for the kind interest you have taken in the publication of my book in England, but perceiving your name in a morning paper among those of the passengers in the last Havre packet, I conclude that my letter has not reached you. I take this opportunity, therefore, of doing what my absence from New York will not permit me to do at present in person, namely, to say

how exceedingly I am obliged to you for having done so much more for my book than I was entitled, under any circumstances, to expect. I was not vain enough to hope that you would give it to the British public with the sanction of your name, or take upon yourself in any degree the responsibility of its merit. To your having done so, I ascribe the favorable reception, for such it is, so far as I am able to judge, which it has met with in Great Britain, as well as much of the kindness with which it is regarded in this country.

I am, sir, very gratefully and truly yours,

W. C. Bryant.

Having anticipated a little to give the foregoing letters, I must now go back to a period just preceding the London publication of the poems.

February 14th, Washington writes to his brother Ebenezer from London:

It is a deplorable time for publishing in England: reform and cholera! The latter has just made its appearance about the lower skirts of the city. The panic about it, however, has in a great measure subsided. I feel no apprehension of it, and even if it spreads shall not leave town until all my literary arrangements are complete.

Two days later he writes to Peter:

You will perceive, by the papers, that there are repeated cases of the cholera about the skirts of London. Never did a nation take more pains to put itself into a panic and a scrape than this. I doubt very much whether these cases are anything

worse than what they have almost every year, and certainly the experience of three or four months during which this cholera has been *raging* in various parts of the island shows it to be one of the most moderate epidemics that ever laid a country desolate.

Mr. Irving was, on all occasions of peril or panic, the reverse of an alarmist.

The letter which follows bears date on the sixth of March, and will show, among other matters of interest, how Mr. Irving regarded the Senate's refusal to confirm the nomination of Mr. Van Buren as Minister to England. The pretext for this rejection, it may be remembered, was found in a passage of that gentleman's instructions when Secretary of State, to Mr. McLane, respecting his negotiations with the English Ministry for the reopening of the trade with the British West Indies; a privilege which had been forfeited in former administrations, and which was restored under the Presidency of General Jackson. Webster and Clay opposed the confirmation, and it was lost by the casting vote of the Vice-President, John C. Calhoun.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

LONDON, March 16, 1832.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

Your delightful long letter of the 27th February, was quite a treat, and was rendered the more acceptable from my having become a little uneasy (from your long silence) lest you should

be suffering under an attack of your headaches, as you had complained slightly of it in a previous letter.

I sent off the first volume of the Alhambra by the Liverpool packet of the 1st, and am now treating, through Col. Aspinwall, with Colburn and Bentley about the publication of it here. I have directed it to be published in New York on the 1st of May. The second volume is nearly ready; but I am not determined as to whether I shall bring it out at the same time, or suffer a few weeks to intervene

Mr. Van Buren pursues pretty much the plan you thought of, when you spoke of the possibility of his nomination being rejected. Some of his friends were urgent for his immediate return, to throw himself into the Senate, and attack his foes sword in hand. We had long talks on the subject; the result was, that he determined to remain here a few weeks until he had put the affairs of the legation in a fair train; then to visit some parts of the continent, and to sail for the United States so as to be there in June; by which time the public sentiment will have had time to express itself fully and sincerely, without any personal agitation on his part. This is certainly the most dignified course, and I think will be the most popular. I look upon his rejection as a very short-sighted and mean-spirited act of hostility; and regret that Clay should have suffered party politics so far to have corroded his naturally generous and chivalrous nature as to have been concerned in it. But such a long and losing game as he has been playing, is apt to spoil the noblest temper.

The rejection by the Senate was unexpected by Mr. Van Buren, as it was by myself. We both thought there would have been talking and threatening on the subject; but that he

would have been confirmed by a bare majority. This news took him, therefore, by surprise, and when he was suffering under indisposition; but he bore it with great equanimity. There were just at the time levees, and drawing room and state dinners, in honor of the Queen's birthday. He was in doubt whether to appear at them; as it had been represented in the papers that the vote of rejection stripped him of his diplomatic functions, and rendered all that he had done nugatory, unless sanctioned by the Senate. I advised him to take the field and show himself superior to the blow levelled at him; at the same time I had the statement in the papers corrected and the fact made known, that his appointment and all his acts were valid until the end of the session of Congress, unless he should be previously recalled by the President. He accordingly appeared at all the court ceremonials; and, to the credit of John Bull, was universally received with the most marked attention. Every one seemed to understand and sympathize in his case; and he has ever since been treated with more respect and attention than before by the royal family, by the members of the present and the old cabinet, and the different persons of the diplomatic corps. This I consider an earnest of the effect that will be produced by the same cause in the United States. I should not be surprised if this vote of the Senate goes far towards ultimately elevating him to the presidential chair.

The more I see of Mr. V. B., the more I feel confirmed in a strong personal regard for him. He is one of the gentlest and most amiable men I have ever met with; with an affectionate disposition that attaches itself to those around him, and wins their kindness in return.

I presume you will see, by the papers, how royally King

Stephen* has been acting. You know he went from here, released from all his debts by an act of bankruptcy, and in bad odor with his creditors and the public. He returned, a short time since, with money in both pockets, and paid off all his debts with interest to the amount of several thousand pounds. Cooper, the actor of Covent Garden, received £1,000, which he had considered lost. One of the creditors had died in the interim; but King Stephen sought out his heirs and paid the money punctually. The papers are all loud in his praise, and it is pronounced "*a splendid instance of honesty.*"

Robert the Devil is brought out in a higgledy-piggledy manner at various theatres; the music but partially picked up by ear and by scraps. The real score of the music is purchased for the opera.

Frank Mills has caught a dramatic mania, and aided in cooking up the piece for Drury Lane. He wrote the songs, and a Mr. Beasley (not Reuben) the dialogue. The success at the two great theatres is not as great as was expected. I am glad to find Mills taking to the theatre, instead of the turf. He is likely to lose less money by Pegasus than by a race horse. I called on him a day or two before the first performance of the play, not having seen him for many months. His servant said he was not up; but I sent word that the manager of the theatre wanted to see him, and he must come out in his *robe de chambre*. There was no resisting the summons of a king of shreds and patches, and Mills was caught by one of those small hoaxes of which he is so fond. I had a very pleasant breakfast with him. We brigthened the chain of old friendship. I have since dined *tête-à tête*, and been to the play with him, and been much amused with his gossip and vagaries in his new vein.

* Stephen Price, formerly manager of the Park Theatre in New York.

The relation of this little hoax practised on Mills, who, it may be remembered, was an Oxonian, with whom he had become intimate some years before, brings to my mind a similar piece of fun which Mr. Irving played off on Mathews, the eminent comedian, to whom he had given letters to America. He was in the theatre in London, when the great mimic, after his return from his professional tour in this country, gave a dramatic monologue in which he served up Brother Jonathan in racy and relishing caricature. The travesty was very successful and was received by John Bull with great applause. After the performance, Mr. Irving stepped behind the scenes, and sent in a message to the player that an *American* was outside and wished to speak with him. Mathews, who was changing his dress, when startled at the unexpected summons, came out at once in a state of nervous excitement, still struggling into the sleeves of his coat. On seeing who his visitor was, his countenance immediately brightened, and seizing him by both hands, he exclaimed: "My God! Irving, is it you, my dear fellow? I am very glad to see you." "Yes, it is me," said Mr. Irving, "but confess that you expected to find a tall Kentuckian with a gun on his shoulder."

In some further extracts from the letter to Peter, of March 6, already given in part, he writes:

I shall endeavor, in the course of a few days, to make a flying visit to Birmingham, which must be my last one prior to my sailing for the U. S. I shall endeavor to arrange my affairs,

so as to cross from Southampton to Havre about the 1st of April, and to sail from thence by the first packet that departs.

* * * * Leslie will have three pictures at the Exhibition—a fine scene from Catharine and Petruchio—a very charming family picture of the family of the Marquis of Westminster (*ci-devant* Lord Grosvenor) and a pretty picture of two figures from Sterne's Tristam Shandy, where the French Grisette is untwisting the papers from her hair and throwing them into Tristam's hat, who is examining one of them with an air of whimsical annoyance, finding it to be his travelling remarks.

I passed an evening at Leslie's not long since, when Peter Powell acted his melodrama in great style, and gave his oratorio into the bargain; it was a great comic treat.

Mr. Van Buren will leave London about the 1st April, and will probably visit Holland before coming to Paris.

I write nothing about the cholera, because I scarcely think about it.

On the 23d of March, Colonel Aspinwall had concluded a bargain with Colburn and Bentley for 1,000 guineas, for the two volumes of the Alhambra, at six, nine, and twelve months; and Mr. Irving was now all anxiety to be on the high seas, on his way to the home from which he had so long been severed. March 28th, he sends the dedication for the American edition; and April 2d, he was to leave London for Southampton, and embark on the 3d for Havre, where he expected to meet and take leave of Peter, who remained behind unable, from the infirm condition of his health, to attempt the voyage. He em-

barked at Havre April 11, and arrived at New York May 21, after a passage of forty days.

Our voyage [he writes to Peter] was rather boisterous and wintry, excepting the latter part, when we ran to the south into the latitude of the Bermudas, and found smooth seas and summer weather. The wind headed as we approached our port, and the ship had to come to anchor outside of the bar at the Hook; but I got into a newsboat at sea, had a delightful sail up the bay, and landed on one of the wharves of the city about sunset.

His reception was most cordial. The delight with which he renewed his acquaintance with his native country overflows in his letters.

I have been absolutely overwhelmed [he writes to Peter] with the welcomes and felicitations of my friends. It seems as if all the *old standers* of the city had called on me; and I am continually in the midst of old associates who, thank God, have borne the wear and tear of seventeen years surprisingly, and are all in good health, good looks, and good circumstances. This, with the increased beauty, and multiplied conveniences and delights of the city, has rendered my return home wonderfully exciting. I have been in a tumult of enjoyment ever since my arrival; am pleased with everything and everybody, and as happy as mortal being can be.

The day on which the letter was written from which these extracts are taken, Mr. Irving had to undergo the severe ordeal of a public dinner, given to him by his early friends and townsmen, to express their gratification at his return, and to welcome him

to his native city. The warm and affectionate zeal which had been displayed in getting it up could not but be deeply gratifying, and the testimonial was so cordial that he could not decline the invitation, though loth at all times to any public exhibition of himself, or anything that savored of parade or display. "I look forward to it with awe," he writes to Peter, "and shall be heartily glad when it is over." What made it the more trying to his nerves, was that a speech would be expected from him of course, and though bred to the bar, as we have seen, he was altogether unpractised in speaking in public, and from an over sensibility of temperament could not rely upon the control of his powers on such occasions. Some of his friends, to whom he expressed his apprehensions of a breakdown, advised him to put himself in training, but he shrunk from the idea of studied preparation, and said, though in danger of a breakdown under any circumstances, he would be sure of such a result if he undertook to marshal his thoughts, and arrange his words beforehand. He must therefore trust to luck.

I was absent from the city when the dinner took place, but I have heard his early and honored friend Charles King, the President of Columbia College, pronounce it, years afterward, the most successful public banquet ever given in the United States—the occasion was so rare, the homage so spontaneous, the hilarity so inspiring. It took place at the City Hotel. When Chancellor Kent, the eminent jurist, who presided on

the occasion, had concluded a very complimentary address, he gave: "Our illustrious guest, thrice welcome to his native land."

The rest I quote from one of the newspapers of the day, the Morning Courier:

Mr. Irving on rising was greatly agitated by the warm cheers with which he was hailed. He observed that he believed most of his hearers were sensible of his being wholly unused to public speaking, but he should be wanting in the feelings of human nature if he was not roused and excited by the present scene.—After renewed cheering, he proceeded in, as nearly as can be recollected, the following words:—"I find myself, after a long absence of seventeen years, surrounded by the friends of my youth—by those whom in my early days I was accustomed to look up to with veneration—by others, who, though personally new to me, I recognize as the sons of the patriarchs of my native city. The manner in which I have been received by them, has rendered this the proudest, the happiest moment of my life. And what has rendered it more poignant is, that I had been led, at times, to doubt my standing in the affections of my countrymen. Rumors and suggestions had reached me [here Mr. I. betrayed much emotion] that absence had impaired their kind feelings—that they considered me alienated in heart from my country. Gentlemen, I was too proud to vindicate myself from such a charge; nor should I have alluded to it at this time, if the warm and affectionate reception I have met with on all sides since my landing, and the overpowering testimonials of regard here offered me, had not proved that my misgivings were ground-

less. (Cheers and clapping here interrupted the speaker for a few moments.) Never, certainly, did a man return to his native place after so long an absence under happier auspices. On my side I see changes, it is true, but they are the changes of rapid improvement and growing prosperity; even the countenances of my old associates and townsmen have appeared to me but slightly affected by the lapse of years, though perhaps it was the glow of ancient friendship and heartfelt welcome beaming from them, that prevented me from seeing the ravages of time.

"As to my native city, from the time I approached the coast I had indications of its growing greatness. We had scarce descried the land, when a thousand sails of all descriptions gleaming along the horizon, and all standing to or from one point, showed that we were in the neighborhood of a vast commercial emporium. As I sailed up our beautiful bay, with a heart swelling with old recollections and delightful associations, I was astonished to see its once wild features brightening with populous villages and noble piles, and a seeming city, extending itself over heights I had left covered with green forests [alluding, probably, to Brooklyn and Gowanus]. But how shall I describe my emotions when our city rose to sight, seated in the midst of its watery domain, stretching away to a vast extent—when I beheld a glorious sunshine lighting up the skies and domes, some familiar to memory, others new and unknown, and beaming upon a forest of masts of every nation, extending as far as the eye could reach. I have gazed with admiration upon many a fair city and stately harbor, but my admiration was cold and ineffectual, for I was a stranger, and had no property in the soil. Here, however, my heart

throbbed with pride and joy as I admired—I had a birthright in the brilliant scene before me:

"This was my own, my native land."

Mr. Irving was here interrupted by immense applause: when the cheering had subsided, he went on as follows: "It has been asked 'Can I be content to live in this country? Whoever asks that question, must have but an inadequate idea of its blessings and delights. What sacrifice of enjoyments have I to reconcile myself to? I come from gloomier climes to one of brilliant sunshine and inspiring purity. I come from countries lowering with doubt and danger, where the rich man trembles, and the poor man frowns—where all repine at the present and dread the future. I come from these, to a country where all is life and animation; where I hear on every side the sound of exultation; where every one speaks of the past with triumph, the present with delight, the future with growing and confident anticipation. Is this not a community in which one may rejoice to live? Is this not a city by which one may be proud to be received as the son? Is this not a land in which one may be happy to fix his destiny, and his ambition—if possible—to found a name? (A burst of applause, when Mr. Irving quickly resumed:)—I am asked how long I mean to remain here? They know but little of my heart or my feelings who can ask me this question. I answer, as long as I live." The roof now rung with bravos, handkerchiefs were waved on every side, "three cheers," again and again, and plaudit upon plaudit following in such quick succession, begun, ended, and begun again, that it was some time before the toast with which Mr. Irving concluded, could be heard. It was as follows—

'*Our City*—May GOD continue to prosper it."

Mr. Irving got through his speech better than he had hoped, but not so well, perhaps, as if he had not been so frequently interrupted by cheers, which had a tendency to disturb the current of his thoughts. He had no idea of closing when he did, I have heard him say, but the acclamations which followed the declaration "as long as I live," were so prolonged that it gave him time to think it was as well to stop. He had got on so far so much better than he anticipated, that he felt, he said, it might be a tempting of Providence to continue, and so he wound up. Newton, who sat near him, and feared for the effect of his nervous perturbation, observed afterwards to a relative from whom I have the anecdote: "I trembled for him, until I saw him seize the handle of a knife and commence gesticulating with that; then I knew he would get on."

The day succeeding the dinner, Newton addressed the following letter to Peter Irving, who had been warmly remembered by his old friends at the festivity, with many regrets for his continued absence, which had now been prolonged to twenty-three years.

NEW YORK, May 31.

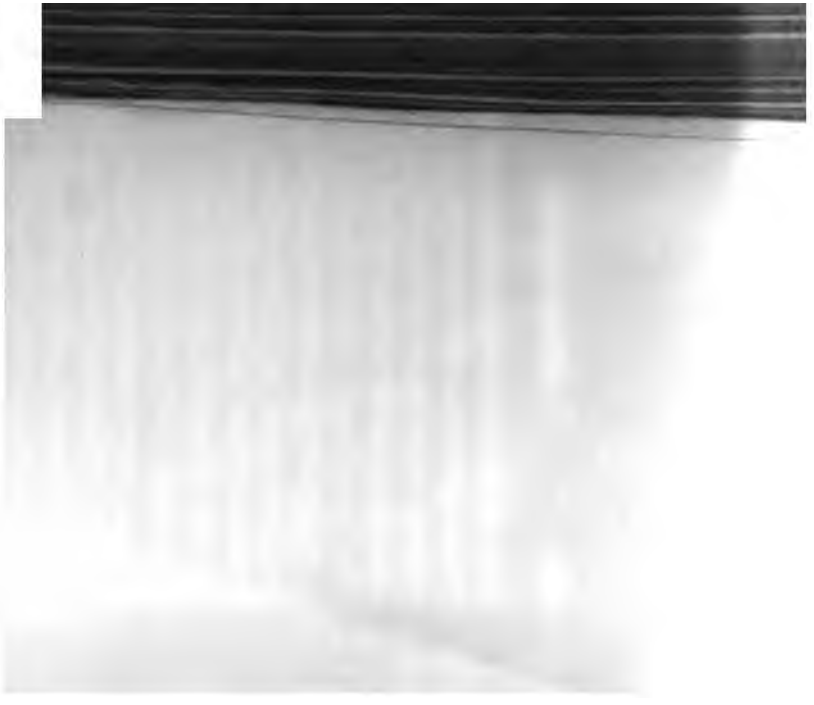
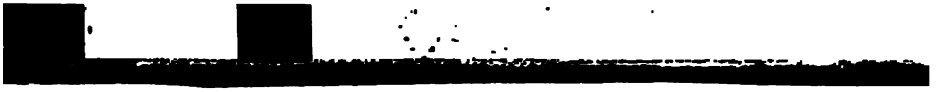
MY DEAR SIR:

The packet sailing to-day, and Washington being out of town, I seize a moment to write you a few lines that you may be, as soon as possible, aware of the happiness which he and all around him are enjoying from his welcome arrival here—his delight seems to be boundless, and it ought to be so, for I do not know how either his pride or his affections could be more

gratified than by the enthusiastic and kind reception he meets with—it is really an era in this place! A public dinner was given to him yesterday, attended by all the *élite* of the place and neighborhood—an assembly of nearly three hundred persons: it was *the* most interesting occasion of the kind I ever witnessed—conducted in the best taste and demonstrating the best feelings. Washington was a little nervous at the prospect of a *speech;* but the real feeling of the moment burst forth, and he not only got on well, but with real eloquence.

Among the many genial and happy speeches made on the occasion, that of John Duer, the accomplished scholar and eloquent advocate, which preceded his toast to

"The Memory of the Dutch Herodotus, Diedrich Knickerbocker,"

is still remembered with delight by those who had the good fortune to hear it, for the brilliancy of its wit and the refinement and delicacy of its humor.

END OF VOLUME II.